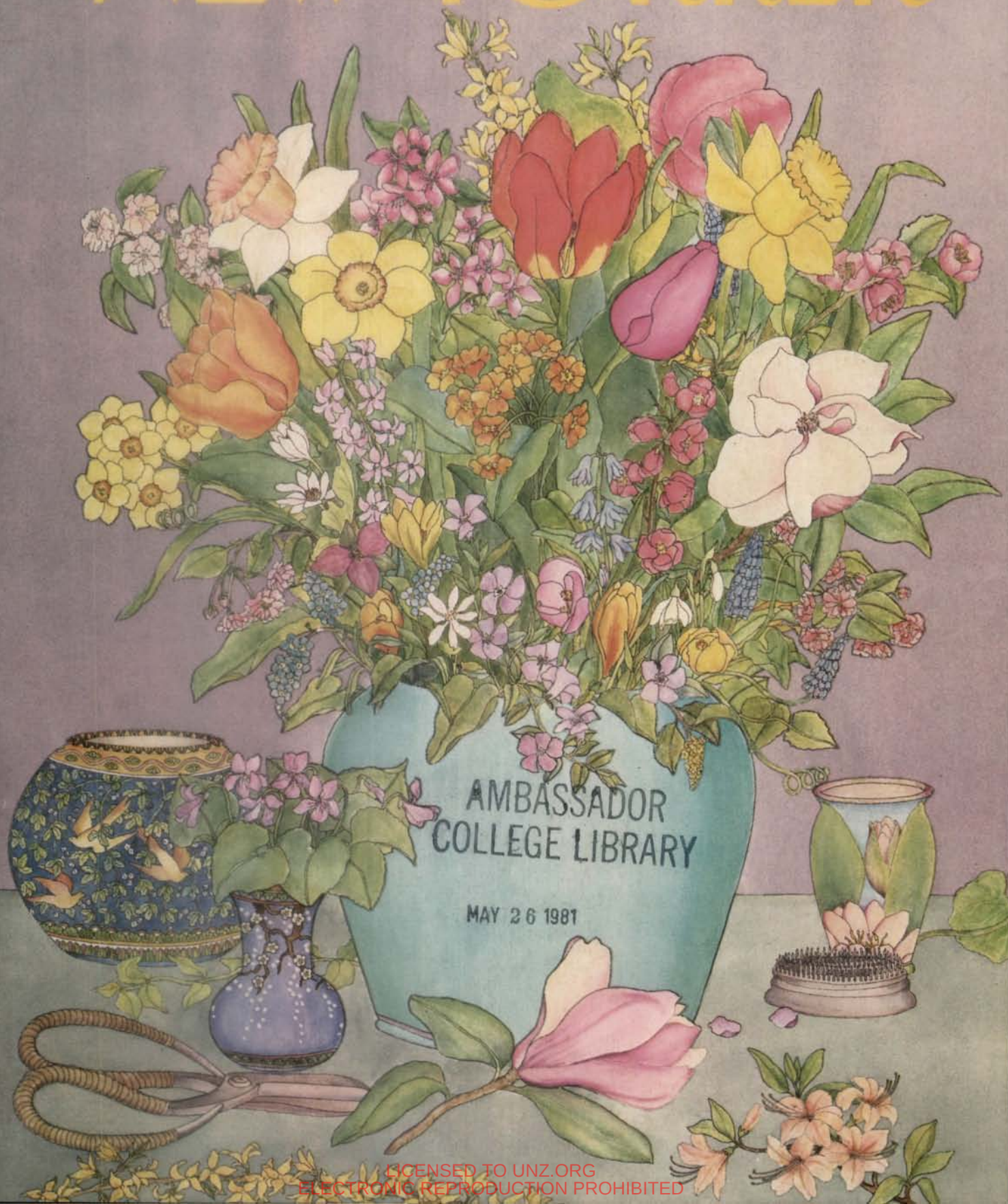


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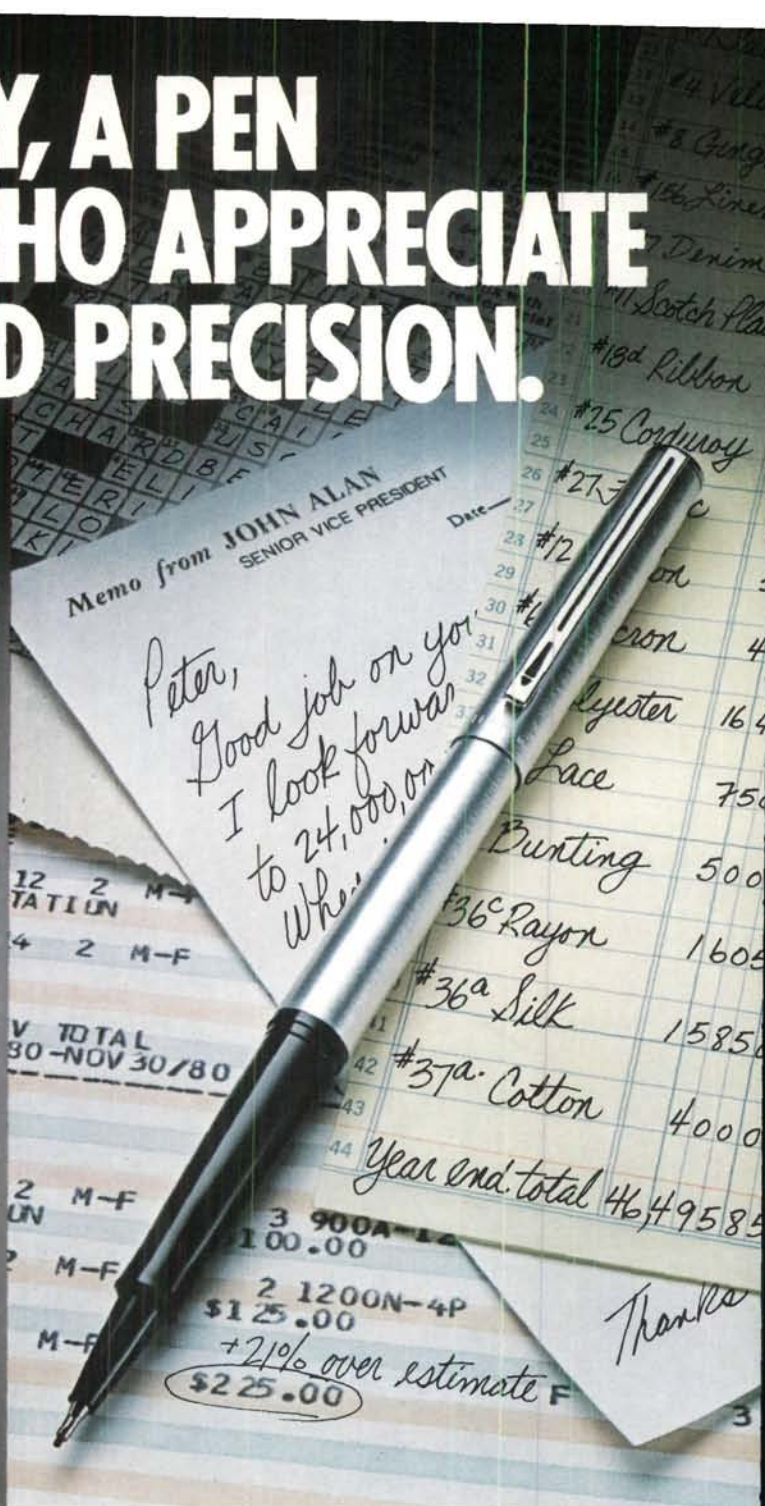
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AFTER STARDRIVE—A delightful little musical oddity about a young wife's encounter with a visitor from outer space and its aftereffects. Deirdre O'Connell is enchanting in the leading role, and Walter Hadler is appropriately peculiar as a local veterinarian. Book and music by Kathleen Cramer and O-Lan Shepard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursday through Saturday, May 21-23, at 7:30; Sunday, May 24, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday through Saturday, May 28-30, at 9:30; and Sunday, May 31, at 2 and 9:30.)

AM, MEN—A quite engaging entertainment composed of selections from men's writings about women, as recited by Jack Betts, Curt Dawson, and Stephen Lang, and as supervised by the witty, glamorous Jane White, who occasionally joins in with a recitation of her own. Paul Shyre was the selector and director. Lively songs by Will Holt. (Reviewed in this issue.) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

AMADEUS—A highly intelligent, Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Ian McKellen plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Tim Curry plays the hapless Mozart; and Jane Seymour plays his pretty, perky wife. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CLOUD 9—A comedy by Caryl Churchill, directed by Tommy Tune. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 5.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Claudia McNeil in a revival of *RAISIN*, the 1973 musical based on Lorraine Hansberry's play "A Raisin in the Sun." Robert Nemiroff and Charlotte Zaltzberg wrote the book, Judd Woldin the music, and Robert Brittan the lyrics. The final production of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028. Closes Sunday, June 7.)

FIFTH OF JULY—Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE FLOATING LIGHT BULB—Woody Allen gives us, not for the first time, his view that life is a misery but that telling about it can be very funny. An excellent cast adds welcome vigor to his rue: Beatrice Arthur, Jack Weston, Brian Backer, Danny Aiello, Eric Gurry, and Ellen March. The director is Ulu Grosbard. (5/4/81) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

THE HAGGADAH—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

HEDDA GABLER—A satisfactory revival that bypasses the play's greatness but turns up

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considerable feeling and humor all the same. With Susannah York in the title role, very ably supported by Philip Bosco, Harris Yulin, Roxanne Hart, and Katherine Squire. (5/18/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

I CAN'T KEEP RUNNING IN PLACE—A dismal non-musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

IT HAD TO BE YOU—An implausible but amusing comedy laid in Greenwich Village and starring as ill-assorted lovers Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna, who are also its authors. (5/18/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-

6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC—Singing better than she has ever sung before, Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday, May 24, at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, May 20, at 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's *THE STUDENT PRINCE*. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

THE LITTLE FOXES—A rip-roaring melodrama, in which Lillian Hellman examines greed and family life in the Old South. With Elizabeth Taylor, Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe, all in fine form. Austin Pendleton directed. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT—This production of O'Neill's autobiographical drama has a distinguished black cast, but it seems rather tame, on the whole, in spite of a stunning performance by Al Freeman, Jr., as Jamie Tyrone. A presentation of the Richard Allen

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Center for Culture & Art. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (3/16/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

LUNCH HOUR—Jean Kerr has written some funny lines for two not very plausible couples to recite in the course of working out a conclusion to a totally implausible affair. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays, except May 26, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Memorial Day at 3.)

MARCH OF THE FALSETTOS—William Finn's clever, talented musical about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

MARRY ME A LITTLE—Seventeen songs by Stephen Sondheim that were eliminated from his shows during rehearsal are sung by Suzanne Henry and Craig Lucas in this abbreviated musical. Some of the songs are charming; the performance is only pretty good. (3/23/81) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

NED AND JACK—A play by Sheldon Rosen, staged by Colleen Dewhurst. Opens Thursday, May 21. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Samm-Art Williams' play *HOME* in a return engagement. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

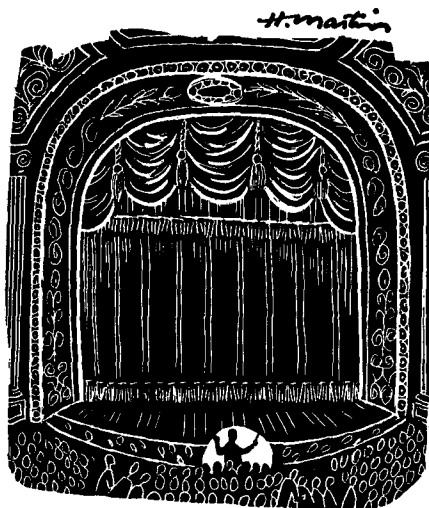
PIAF—An ill-written, hit-or-miss account of the life and early death of the sad little "kid sparrow" who was one of the greatest musical-hall singers of our time. Jane Lapotaire invents an authentically touching person out of mere scraps of words and songs. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinee performances. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE—Linda Ronstadt, Kevin Kline, George Rose, and Rex Smith in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ROSE—A well-written but badly constructed play about a schoolteacher in the English Midlands. The heroine is played by Glenda Jackson, and her mother is played by Jessica Tandy. The author is Andrew Davies. (4/6/81) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ST. MARK'S GOSPEL—Alec McCowen as Mark, in a solo performance that never dwindles into recitation. The words are from the King James Version. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

SOPHISTICATED LADIES—Gregory Hines and half a dozen fellow dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays, except May 26, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and



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Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Memorial Day at 3.)

A TASTE OF HONEY—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl who, having been deserted by her whorish mother, finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

WALLY'S CAFÉ—A comedy by Sam Bobrick and Ron Clark, with James Coco, Rita Moreno, and Sally Struthers. The director is Fritz Holt. Previews through Wednesday, May 27. Opens officially on Thursday, May 28. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Memorial Day at 3.) ... **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) ... **BARNUM**: Jim Dale will be returning to the title role of this little musical on Tuesday, May 26. Until then, Tony Orlando is subbing for him. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L.

King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD**: Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE**: A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donald Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsis directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **EVITA**: A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,760 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET**: Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoover who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **MORNING'S AT SEVEN**: A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **ONE MO' TIME**: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **SUGAR BABIES:** Ann Miller and Mickey Rooney pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Memorial Day at 3.) ... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Diana Canova and Ted Wass, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays through Mondays, at 2:30 and 8.)

THE CIRCUS—Another big basketful of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey goodies. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays and Memorial Day at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

ERIC BENTLEY SINGS CABARET SONGS—A program of songs by Brecht and Weill, Jacques Prévert, and others, including some of Bentley's own works. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, at 11:15.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 20: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "In G Major." ... Thursday evening, May 21: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Who Cares?" ... Friday evening, May 22: "Scotch Symphony," "Sonatine," "Lille Suite," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." ... Saturday matinee, May 23: "Concerto Barocco," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." ... Saturday evening, May 23: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." ... Sunday matinee, May 24: "Concerto Barocco," "Walpurgisnacht," "Kammermusik No. 2" and "Who Cares?" ... Sunday evening, May 24: "Apollo," "Rondo," "Scotch Symphony," and "The Concert." ... Tuesday evening, May 26: "Lille Suite," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." ... Wednesday evening, May 27: "Concerto Barocco," "Other Dances," "Scotch Symphony," and "The Concert." ... Thursday evening, May 28: "Lille Suite," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." ... Friday evening, May 29: "Concerto Barocco," "Scotch Symphony," and "Symphony in C." ... Saturday matinee, May 30: "Lille Suite," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Who Cares?" ... Saturday evening, May 30: "Concerto Barocco," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday matinee,



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May 20, and Thursday evening, May 21: "Raymonda," "Jardin Animé," "La Fille Mal Gardée," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty." ... Wednesday evening, May 20: "Raymonda," "Jardin Animé," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty." ... Friday evening, May 22: "Jardin Animé" and "Giselle." ... Saturday matinee, May 23: "Airs" and "Giselle." ... Saturday evening, May 23: "Theme and Variations" and "Giselle." ... Monday evening, May 25: "Concerto" and "Giselle." ... Tuesday evening, May 26: "Raymonda," "La Sonnambula," and "Rodeo." ... Wednesday matinee, May 27: "Les Sylphides," "The Moor's Pavane," "Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo." ... Wednesday evening, May 27: "Fancy Free," "Sphinx," "Pas de Deux," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty." ... Thursday evening, May 28: "Interplay," "Other Dances," "La Sonnambula," and "Jardin Animé." ... Friday evening, May 29: "Fancy Free," "Sphinx," "Bournonville Pas de Trois," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty." ... Saturday matinee, May 30: "The Leaves Are Fading," "La Sonnambula," and "Push Comes to Shove." ... Saturday evening, May 30: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Fancy Free," "The Moor's Pavane," and "La Sonnambula." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 13.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, May 20, at 8: "Night Creature," "Places," "The Still Point," and "Concerto in F." ... Thursday May 21, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "Les Noces," and "Revelations." ... Friday, May 22, at 8: "Phases," "The Still Point," and "Concerto in F." ... Saturday, May 23, at 2: "The Lark Ascending," "Inside," "Les Noces," and "Memoria." ... Saturday, May 23, at 8: "The River," "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," and "District Storyville." ... Sunday, May 24, at 2: "Butterfly," "Places," "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." ... Sunday, May 24, at 7:30: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "The River," and "Memoria." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

SYDNEY DANCE COMPANY—A one-week engagement by a twenty-member contemporary dance company from Australia that is making its first appearance here. Wednesday, May 27, at 7, and Saturday, May 30, at 8: "Viridian," "Dialogues," and "Daphnis and Chloé." ... Thursday, May 28, at 8, and Saturday, May 30, at 2: "Shéhérazade," "Sequenza VII," "One," "Eclipse," "Third Conversation," and an excerpt from "An Evening." ... Friday, May 29, at 8, and Sunday, May 31, at 2 and 7:30: "Poppy

... Impressions of the Life and Art of Jean Cocteau." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

DAN WAGONER AND DANCERS—Wednesday, May 20; Friday, May 22; and Sunday, May 24: "Spiked Sonata" (première), "Lila's Garden Ox," and "A Play, with Images and Walls." ... Thursday, May 21, and Saturday, May 23: "Summer Rambo," "Spiked Sonata," and "A Play, with Images and Walls." (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St., between Nassau and Gold. 924-0027. Evenings at 8.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **THEATRE DU MOUVEMENT:** Wednesday, May 20, and Friday, May 22, at 8; and Sunday, May 24, at 2. ... **HARRY STREEP'S THIRD DANCE THEATRE:** Thursday, May 28, and Saturday and Sunday, May 30-31, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

ELEO POMARE DANCE COMPANY—Presenting four premières: "Turns," "Sets," "Zen Telegram," and "Hopper Paintings," plus repertory works. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday through Saturday, May 20-23, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 24, at 5. For tickets, call 675-1136.)

DANCERS AND MUSICIANS OF BALI—A company of forty-two including a gamelan orchestra. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400. Thursday through Sunday, May 21-24; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 26-27; and Friday through Sunday, May 29-31, all at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, May 23-24; Wednesday, May 27; and Saturday and Sunday, May 30-31, all at 2.)

CHIANG CHING DANCE COMPANY—Three programs of premières and repertory works. (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Tuesday through Thursday, May 26-28, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

BALLET HISPANICO OF NEW YORK—Four performances of "Fuenteovejuna," a new work based on the sixteenth-century play by Lope de Vega. With guest dancer José Molina. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday through Saturday, May 28-30, at 8, and Sunday, May 31, at 2. For information about tickets, call 362-6712.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. Hard-bop tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** leads a trio on Friday and Saturday, May 22-23; on Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, the Adele Foster trio will occupy the four-foot-high bandstand. Sets begin at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHT'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. Cornettist and jazz critic **DICK SUDHALTER** works with bassist **JAY LEONHART**, pianist **MIKE ABENE**, and drummer **RONNIE BEDFORD** through Sunday, May 24; on Tuesday, May 26, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEN** will arrive with two very fine players, bassist **CECIL MC BEE** and drummer **BILLY HART**. On Mondays, clarinetist Rick Hardeman's trio is on the bandstand. Music nightly from nine.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred), in its liberal musical tastes, and in the promptness of its show times. Wednesday, May 20, the New Limelighters and Buskin & Batteau; Thursday, May 21, the Plastics; Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** and his quartet, along with vibraharpist **GARY BURTON**'s quartet; Sunday, May 24, those stunning flat-pickers and singers from North Carolina, **DOC & MERLE WATSON**; Thursday, May 28, bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA** & **THE RISING SUN BAND** and jazz singer **JOE LEE WILSON**; and Friday and Saturday, May

29-30, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** with a band that will include guitarist **JOE BECK**, pianist **WARREN BERNHARDT**, drummer **JOE LA BARBERA**, and saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN**, on the same bill with drummer **ROY HAYNES'** quintet. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Unchanged for years, this comfortable bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, a wonderful sideman who was Ella's accompanist for years, and wrote the hard-bop classic "Freight Trane," is performing with bassist **RED MITCHELL** Mondays through Saturdays. On Sunday, May 24, pianist **LARRY WILLIS** will be buoyed by **RED MITCHELL**. Music from nine-forty-five.

CACHACA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** has teamed up to play with guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing piano in the Belmians Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ELLIS LARKINS**, who is as graceful and retiring a soloist as he is an accompanist—he's supported over the years Helen Humes, Joe Williams, Sylvia Syms, Ella Fitzgerald, and Larry Adler—performs from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, May 20, the Shakes, Sonny Ken & the Wild Ideas, and Nationals; Thursday, May 21, the Coup, Alienation, and Afraid of the Dark; Friday, May 22, Revelons, Alienation, and Jack Spunk; and Saturday, May 23, B-Girls and Roustabouts. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country- and Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, **ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated, with bassist Jimmy Lewis and pianist Gerald Cook as her backup team. Sundays and Tuesdays belong to Lu Elliott, who was an Ellington vocalist during Al Hibbler's era. She says she used to

watch Hibbler from the wings singing "On the Sunny Side of the Street;" now Miss Elliott gets to sing it and a whole gang of Ellington and Strayhorn standards as well. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St. at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern Seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Thursday, May 21, Bosom Buddies; Saturday, May 23, Fly By Night String Band; Sunday, May 24, guitarists Woody Mann, Ian Buchanan, and Bob Zaidman; Thursday, May 28, Cathy Fink & Bruce Hutton; and Saturday, May 30, the Double Decker String Band from Washington, D. C. Music from about eight-fifteen Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesdays through Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, May 24, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** will head up a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, very crowded, low-ceilinged, belowstairs mostly mainstream-jazz room. Percussionist **AIRTO** and his Brazilian-jazz-rock band is here through Sunday, May 24; on Tuesday, May 26, **TITO PUENTE** will arrive with his marimba, his timbales, and his Latin-jazz group. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The singers' schedule: Wednesday, May 20, Anita Moore; Thursday through Saturday, May 21-23, singer and guitarist Wendel Stuart; Monday, May 25, Priscilla Baskerville; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 26-27, Juanita Fleming; Thursday, May 28, Carmen Lundy; and Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, Marion Cowings. On Sundays Argentine pianist **JORGE DALTO** and a Brazilian jazz band back up the wonderful singer **ANGELA SUAREZ**. Music every night after eleven. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. And on Sundays from five to ten, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** has the floor.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. **DICK WELLSTOOD** can be found at the dining-room piano, playing just about everything that crosses his mind in a seamless stride style on Wednesday, May 20, and Tuesday through Saturday, May 26-30. Thursday through Monday, May 21-25, **RED RICHARDS** mans the keyboard. Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

HORS D'OEUVRE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist Chuck Folds directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level

for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: Thursday, May 21, VHF and Joey Balin; Friday, May 22, the Del-Byzanteens and the Bloods; and Saturday, May 23, the Speedies and Autonomy. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays.

JAZZMANIA'S STUTZ, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—Friday through Sunday, May 22-24, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**, will be in charge of a quartet that will feature tenor saxophonist **GARY BARTZ**; and Friday through Sunday, May 29-31, saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** will gig with bassist **MIKE FLEMING**, pianist **HILTON RUIZ**, and drummer **WALTER PERKINS**. Music from nine; and if you hang around really late on Fridays and Saturdays, you might catch a set by Mr. Morgenstern, who directs a quintet at about two in the morning.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tidle-wink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters, and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. **ROLAND HANNA**, a pianist who is sometimes clipped and percussive, at other times undulating and romantic, but always a powerhouse, works with bassist **PAUL WEST** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays are the property of pianist and singer **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **BOB BODLEY**. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, May 20, **OTIS BLACKWELL**, the Memphis legend who wrote "All Shook Up," "Return to Sender," "Don't Be Cruel," "Great Balls of Fire," and "Fever," Sunday, May 24, Kinky Friedman; Monday, May 25, **LEON REDBONE**, who plays guitar and sings rags and other old-timey stuff in a smooth, gliding, laid-back baritone; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 26-27, Johnny Paycheck; Thursday, May 28, soul singers **SAM & DAVE**; and Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, guitarist **ARLEN ROTH**, a flashy Nashville-style picker, and his band. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A music back room with a view of a garden and a roster of singers. Johnnie Ray, whose recordings of "The Little White Cloud That Cried," "Broken Hearted," and "Cry" resulted in the three most touching hits of 1951, is the singer in residence. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll at the top of the stairs: The lineup: Wednesday, May 20, Vec-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tors, Voltage, and Zaine Grae; Thursday, May 21, Rousers, Doids, and Emmy; Friday, May 22, Cheap Perfume and Karnival; Saturday, May 23, the Heros and the Outsets; Sunday, May 24, Levi & the Ripcords and the Chasers; Monday, May 25, the Times, Points, and Article; and Tuesday, May 26, New Race, Artifax, and Band of Outsiders. Music after eleven.

MICHAEL PHILLIPS, 994 First Ave., at 54th St. (888-0018)—Thursdays through Saturdays, this pretty restaurant, which offers nouvelle cuisine and nouvelle interior design—that is, uncluttered—might be called **BROOKS KERR**, because that is when the stride pianist and singer performs here. (It's actually named for its owner.) Mr. Kerr's sets begin at ten-thirty and end at two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (Arthur's), sings Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band and a guest clarinetist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that a Woody Allen film was being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sell tandoori pompano; it is this club. Thursdays through Saturdays, **MONTY ALEXANDER**, a crescendo-loving piano soloist with Caribbean roots, leads his combo, and blues and jazz guitarist **YOSHIAKI MASUO'S** band will play on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 26-27. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday and Thursday, May 20-21, Roomful of Blues plays blues and rock; Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, **KENNY RANKIN**, the pleasant pop-jazz folkie, will be on hand; and on Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, **GEORGE GERDES**, a funny, off-the-wall monologist and an adept sixties-style folk-rocker, will lead his band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. From ten to two, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** takes over the keyboard with a repertory of Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy).

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the R.C.A. Building. **SY OLIVER** guides his bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, May 20, **SAM & DAVE** and **BO DIDDLEY**; Thursday, May 21, **MADNESS**, a jumping English ska band, and Jah Malla; Friday, May 22, Rare Earth and Gary U.S. Bonds; Saturday, May 23, Rare Earth and Get Wet; Sunday, May 24, Edgar Winter and Secrets; Monday, May 25, New Models; and Tuesday, May 26, the JAM. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

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ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Four singers—Meg Bussert, Steve Elmore, Martin Vidnovic, and Laura Waterbury—are appearing in the tribute of the month, "Thank Heaven for Lerner and Loewe." Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten. The lineup: Wednesday, May 20, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN'S** trio; Thursday and Friday, May 21-22, vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI** and his quartet, with **STEVE KHAN** on guitar; and Saturday and Sunday, May 23-24, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** and pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH** will co-pilot a quartet. Closed Mondays.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good pianists and bassists. Through Saturday, May 23, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**, one of the busiest piano-bass teams around; Sunday through Tuesday, May 24-26, singer and pianist **Johnny (Blue Boy) Perry**; Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, clarinetist **Rick Hardeman's** trio; and Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, pianist **KENNY BARRON** and his trio. Music from nine-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays, and from eight Sundays through Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. **ILINOIS JACQUET**, the flame-throwing tenor saxophonist and bassoonist, heads up his quartet, which features bassist **SLAM STEWART**, through Saturday, May 23; on Monday, May 25, the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA** will play non-depressing swing music; and on Tuesday, May 26, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** will arrive with a quintet. On Sundays **JUNIOR MANCE** goes at it with his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPIATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—This agreeable room is a ground-floor loft space fitted out with exposed brick walls and a bar that has carpeted sides and well-padded, high-backed swivel bar stools. Wednesday, May 20, and Monday, May 25, drummer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** leads his trio; Thursday through Saturday, May 21-23, trumpeter **Tex Allen** and singer **Felicia Allen** will share the bandstand; and Tuesday through Saturday, May 26-30, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will be on hand with his quar-

ter. Music from about ten, give or take a half hour. Dining. Closed Sundays.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues, R. & B., and reggae music: Wednesday, May 20, Jah Love & the Survivors; Thursday, May 21, Cobras and Sister Rose; Friday, May 22, Liquid Liquid; Saturday and Sunday, May 23-24, Chicago-blues guitarist **EDDIE KIRKLAND**. If you wander in on Tuesday night, you'll find the **UPTOWN HORNS**, a basic-blue soul octet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school-stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin somewhere after ten.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, May 20, Rachel Faro; Thursday, May 21, Norman Nardini & the Tigers and the Hardbeats; and Friday, May 22, Boulevard Jacks. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **ABBEY LINCOLN** is singing here with assistance from pianist **CEGAR WALTON** and his trio through Sunday, May 24; on Tuesday, May 26, pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** will join forces with trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** and a bassist and a drummer. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A tranquil, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by Hank Johnson, and Thursdays through Sundays by Tony Regusis. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Wednesday through Sunday, May 20-24, trumpeter **Franc Williams** leads a swing quartet; on Monday, May 25, saxophonist **Percy France** will be present; on Tuesday, May 26, the great drummer **JO JONES** will show how it's done with just brushes and a high-hat; and on Wednesday, May 27, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** will bring in his Jazz Sultans. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SISTER SLEDGE—With Kleer and T. S. Monk. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, May 21, at 7:30.)

U2—With Teardrop Explodes. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, May 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

FLY BY NIGHT STRING BAND—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, May 29, at 8.

B. B. KING—With Bobby Blue Bland and Albert King. (Palladium. Saturday, May 30, at 8.)

GREENE SPACE—Friday, May 22: Leroy Jenkins & Oliver Lake. . . . Saturday, May 23: Apex. . . . Friday, May 29: Arthur Rhamess trio. . . . Saturday, May 30: Jemeel Moondoc trio. (Greene Space, 105 Greene St. 925-3775. Shows at 8 and 9:30.)

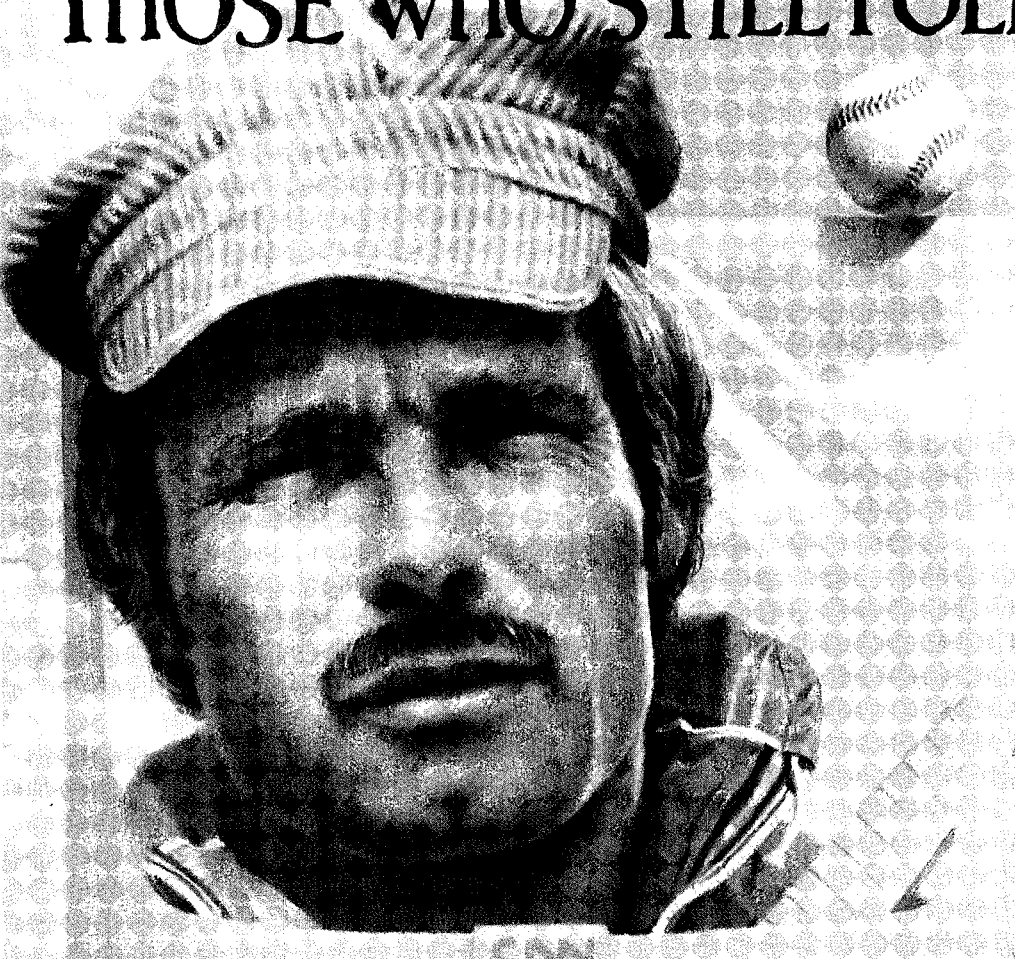
IRVING PLAZA—Friday, May 22: Richard Hell and Nona Hendryx. . . . Saturday, May 23: Delta 5 and Liquid Liquid. . . . Saturday, May 30: Fad Gadget and Our Daughter's Wedding. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, May 20-21, at 10: Mike Clark combo. . . . Friday through Sunday, May 22-24, at 10: David Amram quintet. Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SAVOY—Wednesday, May 20, at 9: Franken & Davis. . . . Thursday through Sunday, May 21-24, and Tuesday through Friday, May 26-29, at 9: James Taylor. . . . Saturday, May 30, at 8:30 and 11:30: Chaka Khan and



HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM.



Ted Turner does lots of things people advise him not to do. And he succeeds at them. He turned Atlanta's WTBS-TV into a "Superstation" using a communications satellite and recently founded Cable News Network, the world's first 24-hour TV news network. He bought the Atlanta Braves and moved them out of last place; won the 1977 America's Cup after being fired in the '74 races; and was named "Yachtsman of the Year" four times.

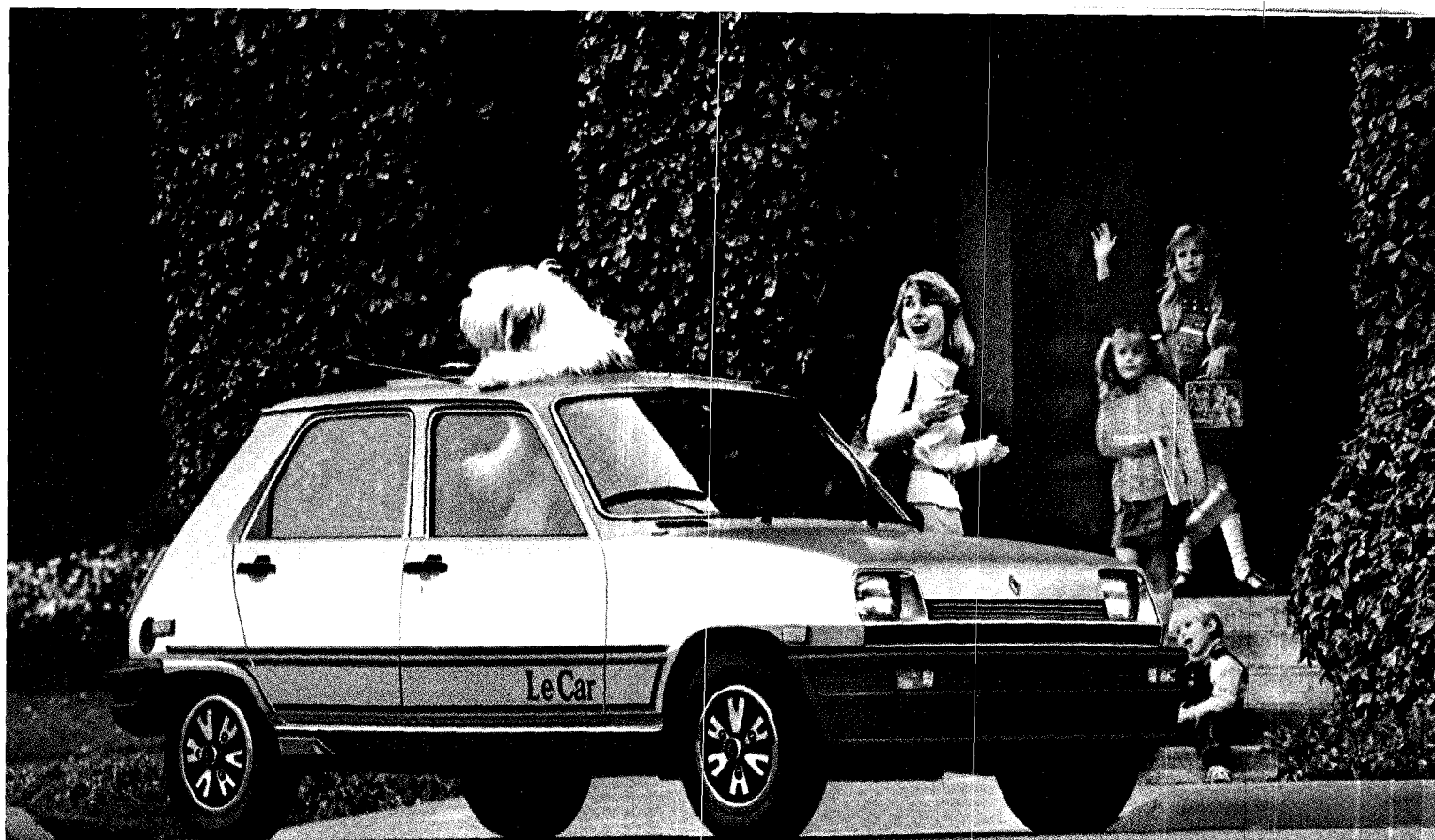
Ted Turner puts his feelings where his mouth is. He also puts a great scotch there: Cutty Sark. And while he's been called Captain Outrageous by some, one thing's sure: Ted Turner's enjoying himself.

Ted "Captain Outrageous" Turner

The Scotch with a

following of leaders.

CUTTY SARK®



Renault presents the 5-door Le Car.

The best selling car in Europe just got better.

The surprising little Le Car got better the only way Europe's number one car could get better. By adding two more doors. So now, along with its 2-door, Le Car has a 4-door sedan, too. Both with a wide-opening hatchback.

It may surprise you that we could even fit two more doors on our little Le Car. But then, Le Car is full of surprises.

Le Car has ample leg and head room, and an uncommonly smooth ride. Surprised? Well, Renault was designing cars around *people* before Ford or General Motors even began putting pistons in an engine block.

With its rack-and-pinion steering, Michelin radials, independent four-wheel suspension, and front-wheel drive traction, Le Car is surprisingly quick and maneuverable.

And the peppy 5-door Le Car squeezes out every pint of every gallon with the same fuel-efficient* miserliness as the 3-door.

39	HWY*	29	EST
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Surprise! Renault has made more front-wheel drive cars than anyone else in the world. Over 18 million, in fact. Renault has quite a surprising world racing record, too.

Including wins at Le Mans, on the Grand Prix circuit, and in the World Rally Championship. That's world class technology at work.

The final surprise is also the biggest. Le Car has more dealers than any other

European import in America. Over 1300 Renault and American Motors dealers are making service a pleasure.

So if you like pleasant surprises, you'll love Le Car.



RENAULT

Over 1300 Dealers

AMERICAN MOTORS

*Use EPA estimates for comparison only. Actual mileage may vary. Highway mileage probably lower. California higher.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mtume. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—The participants will include the Ad Hoc, Philip Glass, Jonathan Haas, the Steve Reich Octet, Sun Ra, and the Lar Lubovitch Dance Company. The beneficiary is WNYC. (Carnegie Hall, 247-7459. Wednesday, May 27, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JANKEL ADLER (1895-1949)—Fifty drawings covering his whole career. Through June 6. (A.M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

SHUSAKU ARAKAWA—Two exhibitions mounted by the Ronald Feldman galleries: recent drawings (at 33 E. 74th St.) and paintings from about twenty years ago (at 31-33 Mercer St., between Grand and Canal Sts.). Both through Saturday, May 23.

JANE B. ARMSTRONG—Sculptures, chiefly of animals. Through June 6. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Color-field paintings. Through June 4. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Recent collages whose topics are the thirties. Through June 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

TONY BECHARA—Pattern paintings done in mosaic-like quarter-inch squares of color. Through Saturday, May 30. (Arman, 817 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

MAURICE BRIANCHON (1899-1978)—Scenes of the French countryside and seashore, plus still-lives. Through June 3. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—About twenty-three of his boxes (all miniatures) on the gallery walls. Through July 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CHARLES DEMUTH (1883-1935)—A show of seventy drawings and watercolors, none of them ever exhibited before. Through Saturday, May 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

GINO FALCONI—Romantic figure studies of women, some nude, some blindfolded, some shown in filmy robes, by an Italian artist who takes his titles (and his inspiration) from García Lorca's poetry. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 23. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St.)

ERNEST FIENE (1894-1965)—Paintings and works on paper from the years 1925-55 of city scenes (New York, Pittsburgh) viewed through the eyes of a German immigrant. Through Saturday, May 23. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

ERICH HECKEL (1883-1970)—Woodcuts, etchings and lithographs. Through June 27. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

LINDA LINDBERG (1915-73)—Abstract Expressionist paintings and works on paper. Through June 6. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

CARLOS MERIDA—A retrospective of the graphics, plus drawings, of the Mexican artist. Through June 14. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

LOUIS SCHANKER (1903-81)—Paintings from the thirties and forties, by an artist who died this month. Through Saturday, May 30. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

FRITZ SCHOLDER—Recent paintings and prints (abstractions of solitary figures), plus five new bronzes. Through June 9. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HONORÉ SHARRER—A selection of paintings done over the past four decades, ranging from social themes of the fifties to recent works imbued with a droll sort of surrealism—a blasé Europa poised on the back of a sleepy white bull, for instance. Through June 5. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

YVONNE THOMAS—Abstract Expressionist paintings from 1955 to 1962. Through June 6. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

RICHARD THOMPSON / BETYE SAAR—Cowboys subjugated by modern life is the theme of these

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paintings (and one funny wooden-cutout installation) by a New Mexico New Imagist. / Recent collages. Through Saturday, May 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

KEN TISA—Small paintings, in various mediums, of dancing figures simplified almost to silhouettes. Through June 6. (Art Latitude, 29 E. 73rd St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Matisse, Monet, Klee, Renoir, Braque, and about fifteen of their contemporaries. Also, two drawings—a Seurat and a Cézanne. Through June 12. . . . **DAVIDSON**, 43 E. 78th St.: Watercolors and drawings, some never seen in this country before, by an impressive crew (Cassatt, Daumier, Morisot, Renoir, van Gogh). Thirty works in all. Through June 6. . . . **EX LIBRIS**, 160A E. 70th St.: Prints, film posters, drawings, and porcelains by Russian Futurists and Constructivists and other early-twentieth-century Europeans. Two Alexander Rodchenko drawings, a Piet Zwart poster, a Sonia Delaunay gouache, two works on paper by Liabov Popova. Through June 12. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Landscapes by thirteen contemporary American representational painters. Included are Fairfield Porter, Jane Freilicher, Alex Katz, William Beckman, and Rackstraw Downes. Through Friday, May 29. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 19 E. 70th St.: Seventeenth-century Old Master paintings from Italy (Pietro da Cortona), Holland (Hendrick Terbrugghen), and France (Simon Vouet). Through June 5. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by artists (John Hartell, Leonard LaHotan, Robert DeLonga) who have had one-man shows here during the past season. Through June 6. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: New paintings and sculptures by artists regularly associated with the gallery (Aleichinsky, Antes, and Corneille, among them). Through June 12. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A new selection from the storerooms of this gallery includes a Modigliani portrait of a woman, a Picasso still-life (with a fallen dove), and a Dufy painting, entitled "La Débarcadère," depicting figures on a pier. Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **PAUL ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Sixteen Old Master drawings. Through Friday, May 22.

SCULPTURE—Works by Charles Arnoldi, Tony DeLap, Nigel Hall, and William Tucker. Through Saturday, May 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

VITO ACCONCI AND PINCHAS COHEN GAN—Two installations. Through Saturday, May 30. (Proetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

NEIL ANDERSON / JOE FIORE—Watercolors of autumn leaves, shown on the ground as they await the rake. / Recent landscapes and seascapes, some of them of the pounding sea at Pemaquid Point. Through Wednesday, May 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT ARNESON—New ceramic sculptures, in-

cluding numerous self-portraits (one of which is his largest to date) and busts of Philip Guston and Francis Bacon. The larger works have been mounted on ceramic columns created with each subject in mind. Through Saturday, May 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

ELENA BORSTEIN—Recent paintings and pastels. Through June 6. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN BUCKLEY—High-spirited abstract paintings, several of which invoke city walls. Through Saturday, May 23. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER (1898-1976)—Graphics (about thirty) and some gouaches. Through Friday, May 29. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St.)

JILL CANNADY—Expertly rendered pastels: a battered doll, fifteen hats stacked on a girl's head, portrait studies, curios in a basket. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, May 23. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

SARAH CANRIGHT—Tall, angular shaped canvases painted over with sparse abstract designs on a dark field. Through Saturday, May 30. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—Recent paintings with the circus as a theme. Through June 12. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM N. COPLEY—Humorous and occasionally bawdy paintings and drawings. Through June 13. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

NANCY DAVIDSON / TOM WATCKE—Decorative wall pieces done with oil sticks on fanlike arrangements of cutout paper. / Wooden sculptures in which raw birch timbers are neatly sawed into a sort of cat's cradle. Through Saturday, May 30. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

ELAINE DE KOONING—Paintings and quick sketches, sometimes verging on the abstract, which catch the nub of baseball and basketball action—the stance of the players, the ambience. Through Friday, May 29. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St.)

JAMES ENSOR (1860-1949)—Sixty-one etchings from the years 1886 to 1904 of people seen from his characteristically satirical viewpoint; eighteen of them were hand-colored by the artist. There are also some landscapes among the demons and skeletons. Through June 13. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

JEAN FEINBERG—New abstract oils, larger in scale than her earlier works, and several of them framed in wreaths of twigs. Through Saturday, May 23. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

MARY FRANK—A new series of sculptures made up of separate sheets of ceramic on which faces, arms, torsos, and so on have been molded. There are also works on paper, some in color. Through June 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER / SAM FRANCIS—Monotypes and drawings on woodblock proofs. Through Saturday, May 30. / Large white canvases dotted with bright primary colors. Through Friday, May 22. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

O. LOUIS GUGLIEMI (1906-56)—Oils from the nineteen-forties and fifties. Through June 20. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30. A complementary show is at the Whitney Museum.)

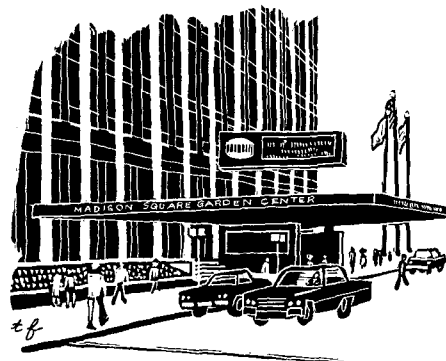
DIMITRI HADZI—Tabletop-size sculptures of granite, basalt, and gabbro, whose polished facets are contrasted with the rough surface of the natural stone. Through June 6. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

CAROL HAERER / ROSS NEHER—Turbulent abstract paintings. / Abstract works on paper—waving vertical columns, for the most part—derived from episodes in the New Testament. Through Saturday, May 23. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St. Open Tuesday evenings until 7:30.)

GRACE HARTIGAN—New works by this Abstract Expressionist, conveying impressions of marketplaces and store windows. Through Saturday, May 30. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

BRYAN HUNT—Large cast-bronze sculptures mostly in the shape of a falling stream of water, plus related drawings. Through June 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

WOLF KAHN—New England landscapes (lonely



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

farmhouses, patches of bright-yellow wild flowers, rows of outbuildings, all done in soft colors. Through June 6. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

WILLIAM KING—More than thirty new figure sculptures in painted wood and bronze. Through Friday, May 22. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA (1886-1980)—A memorial exhibit of about sixty oils dating from 1908 through 1975, many from museums and private collections. Included are two early portraits (Hans Tietze and Erica Tietze-Conrat, Alma Mahler), a portrait from the mid-thirties of his wife, Olda, and "View of Downtown Manhattan with the Empire State Building," done in 1966. Through June 13. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

WINIFRED LUTZ—Delicate wall sculptures of cast handmade paper. Through Saturday, May 30. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

CHUCK MAGISTRO—Doorways and shuttered windows in Italy and in the Caribbean were the inspiration for these paintings, which incorporate canvas, wooden panels, wire mesh, and acrylics. Through Thursday, May 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

OLIVIA MUNROE/ELLEN STAVITSKY—Works on paper (oil, pastel, and gesso). / Collages made of torn and cut pieces of painted paper. Through Saturday, May 30. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

PAUL NARKIEWICZ—Watercolors of the Tuscan countryside. Through June 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

CAMILLE PISSARRO (1830-1903)—About thirty drawings of peasants in the fields, women sewing, and so on. Through June 13. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

MARK ROTHKO (1903-70)—Surrealist paintings from the years 1930-46, about thirty-five in all. Through Saturday, May 30. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT RYMAN—Large paintings in which a lacy surface effect is achieved by countless criss-crossed brushstrokes in pure white. Through June 5. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

JAMES TORLAKSON—Realist watercolors. Through June 13. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BREWSTER**, 41 W. 57th St.: Five artists regularly associated with the gallery—Leonora Carrington, Harry McCormick, Paul Reynard, Ivan Rabuzin (paintings), and Francisco Zuñiga (sculptures and drawings). Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings, most of them on loan, by Austrian Expressionists, including Gustav Klimt, Alfred Kubin, Oskar Kokoschka, and Egon Schiele. Through Saturday, May 30. . . .

GLADSTONE, 41 W. 57th St.: Summertime is the theme; Eric Fischl, Charles Traub, and Judith Shea are among the more than twenty painters, photographers, and sculptors. Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **GOODMAN**, 38 E. 57th St.: New paintings by Anselm Kiefer, Jeffrey Lew, Allan McCollum; an installation by Alan Sonfist; a lamp by Christopher Sprout. Through June 6. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Some seventy-two paintings and sculptures have been got together, spanning nearly two hundred years of American art: a Gilbert Stuart portrait, a Bierstadt oil of the Sacramento Valley, an oil and tempera by Shahn, three bronzes by Leonard Baskin. Through Friday, May 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: A show of drawings by eight painters (Bishop, Cadmus, Etting, Mayhew, Palmer, Prestopino, Thon, Vickrey). Through Saturday, May 30. . . .

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TOUCHSTONE, 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings, photographs, and sculptures by sixteen Conceptualists (Alice Aycock, Joseph Beuys, Jody Pinto), demonstrating an assumed connection between ritual and landscape. Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **URDANG**, 29 W. 57th St.: One new work apiece (painting, sculpture) by five artists—Heidi Glück, Joshua Neustein, David Reed, Joel Shapiro, and Richard Tuttle. Through Friday, May 29.

GALLERIES—SoHo

IVOR ABRAHAMS—Semi-abstract sculptures, some in cast bronze and some in cement, based on classical figures. Through June 6. (Cunningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

ALICE AYCOCK—This artist, who is working in steel now instead of wood, has devised an apparatus called a "Savage Sparkler," which consists mainly of three barrel-like parts—two spinning one way and the third the other. It is ten feet high and noisy. There are also maquettes for two other conceptual works, and related drawings. Through Tuesday, May 26. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

FRANCESCO CLEMENTE—Recent frescoes, paintings, and drawings by an Italian artist. Through Saturday, May 30. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

HUGO CONSUEGRA/ DOMINGO GARCIA—Abstract paintings and drawings by this Cuban artist. / Recent paintings. Through June 6. (Cayman, 381 West Broadway.)

CAROLE EISNER—Hard-edge geometric abstractions. Through Tuesday, May 26. (Weiner, in temporary quarters at 112 Greene St.)

EDWARD EVANS—Airbrushed acrylic paintings that suggest crumpled fabrics or metal. Through Thursday, May 28. (West Broadway, 431 West Broadway.)

RAINER FETTING AND HELMUT MIDDENDORF—Male figures in a shower by the former, and gyrating rock-and-rollers by the latter, both of them Berliners who paint in a deliberately harsh style. Through June 4. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

DAN FLAVIN—Fluorescent-light sculptures. Through Sept. 4. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

MICHAEL GOLDBERG/ DAVID HAXTON—Large canvases on which bold, simple forms are painted, partly with a bronze powder (leaving a shiny surface) or a liquefied pastel (leaving a matte surface). / Large color photographs, most of them devoted to rolls of paper pierced with various cutout patterns. Through Saturday, May 23. (Sonabend, 420 West Broadway.)

JAMES HAYARD/ FRANK ROTH—Illusionist paintings in which strips of color seem to float several inches out in front of the picture plane. / New oils by an Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, May 23. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

TIMOTHY HENNESSY—An installation in which the gallery ceiling, walls, and—in places—floor are covered with large cotton or silk hangings painted on both sides in Byzantine designs. Through June 6. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

LOUISE KRAMER—New sculptural pieces—geo-

metric forms cut out of steel, aluminum, or cardboard, and sometimes painted. Through Saturday, May 30. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

WENDY MENG—Large, precise watercolors of city vistas, mostly downtown Manhattan. Through Saturday, May 30. (Josef, 113 Prince St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

ELIZABETH MURRAY—Clusters of shaped canvases grouped together in large abstract compositions. Through Saturday, May 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

FRANK OWEN—Lengths of rope, strips of wood, and string shown in high relief on molded acrylic that has been fixed to canvas and painted in bright colors. Through June 3. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

MILO REICE—Large, startling paintings of Biblical and mythological subjects—a crucifixion in which the Christ figure is a female, for instance. Through Saturday, May 30. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

HALINA RUSAK—New paintings. Through June 10. (SoHo 20, at 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

MARIANNE STIKAS/ GEORGE SCHNEEMAN—Large paintings of inviting-looking portals. / Portraits (frescoes on cinder block) and erotic vases. Through Saturday, May 30. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

MICHAEL TODD/ MICHAEL LUCERO—Abstract metal sculptures. / Figurative ceramic sculptures. Through Saturday, May 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

DAVID TRUE—Paintings of deer, one to a canvas and almost life-size. There are also drawings of the heads of satyrs. Through Saturday, May 30. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

JACK YOUNGERMAN—Large sculptures, reminiscent of Oriental screens, cut out of heavy plate steel or aluminum. There are also large paintings of similar design. Through June 19. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.) . . . **Maquettes** for the sculptures at the Washburn, and for the Youngerman "Sculpture Grove" that was recently installed at the southeast corner of Central Park, are on exhibit at the Washburn Gallery at 42 E. 57th St., along with a number of embossed watercolors. Through June 5.

SCULPTORS' DRAWINGS OVER SIX CENTURIES (1400-1950)—A hundred and forty drawings, practically all of them prefiguring works of sculpture. The artists range from Bernini and Canova to David Smith and Noguchi. Through June 20. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

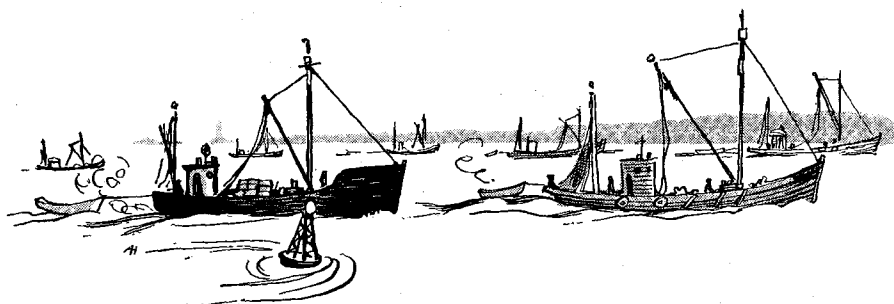
GROUP SHOWS—At the **BAYARD**, 456 West Broadway: Paintings and works on paper by three Canadian realists (Ken Danby, Tom Forrestall, and D. P. Brown). Through June 28. (Opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **CASTELLI**, 142 Greene St.: One work each by nearly fifty well-known painters and sculptors, including Christo, Jasper Johns, and Roy Lichtenstein. Through Saturday, May 30. . . . **EMPIRE SAFE COMPANY SHOWROOM**, 103 Grand St., at Mercer St.: Twelve artists were asked to choose from a selection of both old and new safes and transform them into works of art. What resulted were paintings and sculptures by Richard Haas, Bill Barrell, Suzan Pitt, Lance Richbourg, among others. Through June 20. (Closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Tom Boutis, James Brooks, and Clinton Hill are among the seventeen artists in this gallery's annual show of works on paper. Through June 13. (Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

GROUP SHOW—A survey of art in New York from the forties through the seventies, selected by John Bernard Myers. Included in the sweep of forty-five artists and their styles are Rothko, Pollock, and Hofmann (paintings) and Hare and Frank (sculptures). Through Saturday, May 30. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREDRICH CANTOR—Current photographs of Paris and paintings on paper. Through Friday,



May 29. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ALFRED CAPEL-CURE (1826-96)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of calotypes by this British amateur, whose subjects included architecture, his family, and the English countryside. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

ROBERT DOISNEAU—About a hundred photographs, including some of his better-known works from the past ("Les Pains de Picasso," "Les Animaux Supérieurs"). Through Saturday, May 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

THOMAS EAKINS (1844-1916)—Forty vintage and nineteen modern prints of people in motion and people in repose, which were used in the classes the artist taught and as studies for his paintings. Through Saturday, May 30. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

GRACE KNOWLTON—A series of black-and-white photographs entitled "White Corners," all shot within the confines of an interior hallway. A first for this artist, known previously as a sculptor. Through June 13. (Aaron Ber- man, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE / MAXWELL HENDLER—Photographs of black male nudes. / Watercolors by a California realist. Through June 6. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MARY ELLEN MARK—A series of photographs entitled "Falkland Road," a study of the prostitutes in the red-light district of Bombay. Through Saturday, May 30. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

CHARLES MARVILLE (1816-79)—Photographs of the streets of Paris (1852-70) before, during, and after the city's reorganization by Baron Haussmann. A loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through June 26. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 6.)

RAY K. METZKER—Twenty-four black-and-white abstractions. Also, a number of large photographs. Through Saturday, May 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

TOD PAPAGEORGE—Recent photographs by the chairman of the Photography Department at Yale. Through Saturday, May 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MARC RIBOUD / JUDITH NATAL—Photographs of life in China, Naples, Morocco, and Vietnam by a French photojournalist. / Photogravures. Through June 13. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

HUMPHREY SPENDER—Photographs of (unaware) people taken in the thirties for the British anthropological project called Mass-Observation. Also a portrait of the artist's brother, Stephen Spender. Through Saturday, May 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of modern and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Paintings by Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Rothko, Oldenburg; sculptures by, among others, Moore and Lipchitz. The latter selection includes sculptures from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years, as well as pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Starts Thursday, May 21. . . . ¶ "Leonardo da Vinci: Nature Studies from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle," a show of fifty drawings—landscapes, botanical studies, and designs for waterways. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "German Masters of the Nineteenth Century" (Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp Otto Runge, and Adolf von Menzel, among about thirty) contains some hundred and fifty paintings and drawings on loan. Through July 5. . . . ¶ A full display of the Lehman Collection's nearly two hundred eighteenth-century Italian drawings, with its indispensable Canaletto's, Guardi's, and Tiepolo's (father and son). Through May 31. . . . ¶ A loan show of seventy-three European terra-cotta sculptures which chronicles the practice of clay modelling from the Renaissance to modern times. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Before Photography," a show whose point is the correlation between painting and photography. It consists of forty paintings and

drawings (by Constable, Corot, and their early-nineteenth-century contemporaries) and an equal number of early photographs (by William Henry Fox Talbot, Gustave Le Gray, and others). Through July 5. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by Cézanne, Matisse, Léger, Lois Lane, James Biederman, and numerous others. Through June 2. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Forty calotypes made by Alfred Capel-Cure in the middle of the last century. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of Arshile Gorky. . . . ¶ A companion show of forty paintings by Europeans who influenced Gorky's work. Both shows through July 19. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Memorial Day, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A comprehensive show of works by the portrait artist Chuck Close, some of them gigantic. Through June 21. . . . ¶ "Decade of Transition": nearly a hundred and fifty works (painted, drawn, or sculpted during the nineteen-forties) from the museum's permanent collection. The cast and styles are diverse: Wyeth, Marsh, Shahn, Rothko, Pousette-Dart, Pollock, and others. Through July 12. . . . ¶ A show of American paintings (1700-1900) on loan from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The artists—who, if they did not actually settle in Boston, had some ties to that city—include Gilbert Stuart, Washington Allston, Fitz Hugh Lane, and Winslow Homer. Through June 14. . . . ¶ Eighteen surrealist paintings by the artist O. Louis Guglielmi (1906-56) from the years 1934 to 1942, depicting the poverty he witnessed here during the twenties and the Depression as the son of Italian immigrants. Included in the exhibit are "South Street Stoop," "Memory of the Charles River," which contains memorial portraits of Sacco and Vanzetti, and "The Tenements." Through July 5. A show of later oils has been mounted at the Andrew Crispo Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (The Whitney is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

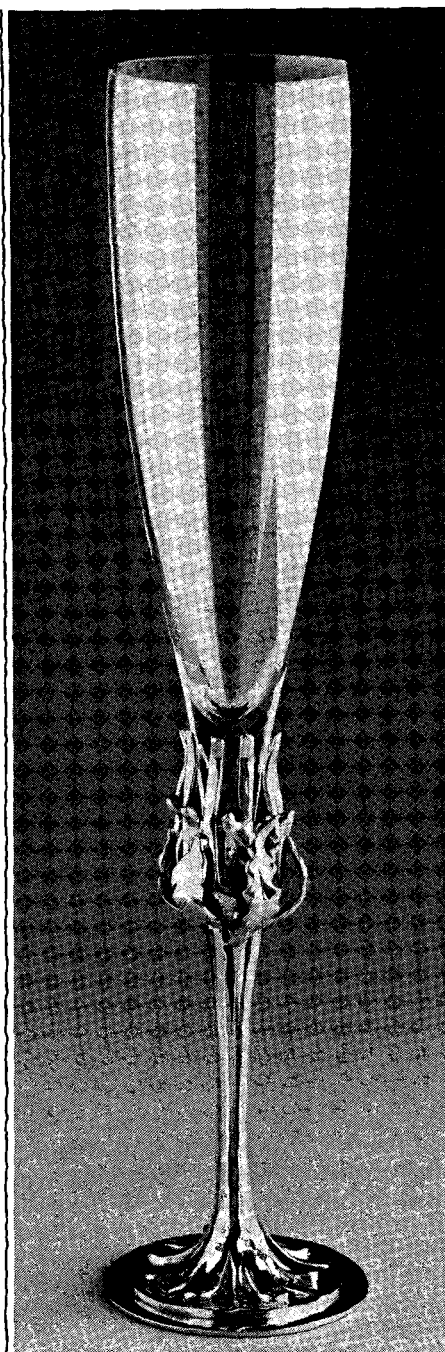
BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of nineteenth-century French realist paintings and drawings—genre scenes, still-lives, portraits, and landscapes—by little-known and well-known artists, among them Courbet, Degas, and Millet. Through June 7. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A survey of Saudi Arabian culture, past and present. The primary focus is on the Bedouin and his environment, and the centerpiece of the exhibit is a thirty-one-by-thirteen-foot black tent (with divisions for men, women, and domestic activities) housing traditional woven carpets and leather cushions, and displays of the nomads' clothing (a wedding dress), jewelry (nose rings, forehead ornaments), and kitchen implements (bowls for preparing cooking paste and serving camel's milk). Also ancient artifacts. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of art works and manuscripts by newly elected members of the Academy and by winners of this year's awards. Manuscripts and musical scores by, among others, Louise Glück, William Stafford, Jay Wright, Ben Bellitt, Edward Field, Edward Hoagland, Bernard Malamud, Mark Strand, and Donald Martino. Paintings and sculptures by Jack Twor- kov, George Segal, and others. Starts Thurs- day, May 21. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—"The Clay Figure": Works by twelve sculptors, among them Mary Frank, Robert Brady, and Richard Shaw. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of al-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

most sixty Northern Chinese Tz'u-chou vessels, a pottery whose white slip is customarily decorated with animals, birds, and flowers. The pieces date from the tenth century to the sixteenth. Through Sunday, May 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—"The Royal Abbey of Saint-Denis in the Time of Abbot Suger," a show of forty pieces (monumental sculptures, stained glass, and liturgical vessels) once part of the abbey, which under the direction of the abbot was one of the high points of twelfth-century ecclesiastical architecture and ornamentation. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Eighty scene and costume designs for theatre and opera productions in nineteenth-century Germany. Through June 7. . . . ¶ Laminated carved furniture made in the shop of the New York cabinetmaker John Henry Belter between 1844-63. Through Sunday, May 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A survey of twentieth-century Israeli art, showing more than a hundred works by thirty-six major artists. Through Wednesday, May 27. . . . ¶ A loan show of prints derived from stories in the Hebrew Scriptures; the artists include Dürer, Rembrandt, Blake, Pascin, and Chagall. Through July 26. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A quilt show in two parts. At this museum: Twenty-one items (mostly quilts but also coverlets and bedspreads) including one mid-nineteenth-century bridal quilt in a Bird of Paradise pattern, for which the templates, cut out of a Poughkeepsie newspaper, are intact. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ At the Fashion Institute of Technology: Sixty quilts. (Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.) Both shows through Aug. 23.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of gifts received in the past two years from new members on the occasion of their acceptance into the Academy. There are a number of self-portraits (James Wyeth, Chaim Gross, Will Barnett) included in the paintings, prints, and sculptures. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "French Drawings from a Private Collection—Louis XIII to Louis XVI," more than sixty works (none of which have been seen publicly in New York before) from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Included in the show is the only Chardin drawing in America, plus works by Le Brun, Corneille, Greuze, and others. Through June 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of drawings, renderings, and scale models for eleven visionary projects commissioned by the Architectural League of New York in recognition of its centenary. Each project is the work of an architect-artist team; some of the pairings are Richard Meier and Frank Stella; Emilio Ambasz and Michael Meritt; and Susana

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Torre and Charles Simonds. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Drawings, some directly on the wall, by contemporary artists from all over the country. Four of the artists are Dotty Attie, Charles Gaines, Liliana Porter, and Richard Yarde. Through Saturday, May 23.

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Aluminum and Masonite cut-outs by Gary Falk and installations by Brigid Kennedy, Ladd Kessler, and Peggy Yunque. Through June 13.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615.—James Byrne (video), Sunday, May 24, at 8:30; Disband (performance), Friday and Saturday, May 29-30, at 8:30.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Two group shows are among the many current exhibitions: paintings, drawings, and sculptures by eight artists (Red Grooms, Ed Ruscha, William Wiley) whose works are intentionally humorous; and photographs by twenty-four artists (Jan Groover, Sheila Metzner, William Wegman) commissioned to do portraits containing "a woman and a consumer item." Through June 14.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Christoph von Dohnanyi conducting the opening performances of "The Romantic Era," a series of eleven concerts presented through Friday, June 19. Wednesday, May 27, at 8: A Weber-Mendelssohn-Schubert program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, May 29, and Monday, June 1, at 8: A Schubert-Reinecke-Doppler-Schumann program, with James Galway and Julius Baker, flute.

CARNEGIE HALL FESTIVAL CONCERTS—Pinchas Zukerman conducting the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra and acting as violin soloist. The opening performance in a series of thirteen concerts devoted to the orchestral, choral, and chamber music of Schubert and Bartók, presented through Thursday, June 11. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 28, at 8.)

AMERICAN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Rohan Joseph directing an all-Bruckner program, with Mary Shearer, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; John Gilmore, tenor; Stephen

West, bass; and the Oratorio Society of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 26, at 8.)

MUSICA SACRA "BASICALLY BACH"—The first in a series of five concerts, this one a performance of the B-Minor Mass, directed by Richard Westenburg, with June Anderson, soprano; Lorna Myers, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, May 30, at 7:30.)

UNIVERSAL SYMPHONY—Noel De Costa conducting a program of music by Carl Nielson, George Walker, Ulysses Kay, and Ed Bland. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, May 30, at 9.)

NEW AMSTERDAM SINGERS—Clara Longstreth directing. (Broadway Presbyterian Church, Broadway at 114th St. Wednesday, May 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-2737.)

GLEE CLUB OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK—George Mead and Paul LaMedica directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 29, at 8.)

RECITALS

ITZHAK PERLMAN—Violin, with Samuel Sanders, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 20, at 8.)

ILANA VERED—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 21, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—The final three in a series of six concerts, each devoted to music by composers of the same nationality. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 21, at 8, a program of French music; Tuesday, May 26, at 8, a program of Scandinavian music; and Thursday, May 28, at 8, a program of Russian music.)

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS—A program of music by Luciano Berio and Peter Maxwell DaFies, Philip Glass, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 23, at 8.)

TWILIGHT INTERLUDE ORGAN CONCERTS—The last in a series of one-hour concerts, this one played by Gillian Weir. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 27, at 5:30.)

HELEN-URSULA KATZ—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 27, at 8.)

LEAGUE-ISCAM—The final concert of the season will be a program of music from Germany. With Jane Bryden, soprano; Jerry Grossman, cello; Eric Ewazen and Allan Feinberg, piano; and Clifton Hardison, percussion. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 28, at 8.)

PATTERSON-BAR DUO—A flute-and-piano recital. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 29, at 8.)

RAVI SHANKAR—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 30, at 8.)

CAROLINE STOEISSINGER—Piano, with the Composers String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 30, at 8.)

NEW YORK RENAISSANCE BAND—A program entitled "A Celebration of Springtime." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 30, at 8.)

THRUSTON JOHNSON—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 30, at 8:30.)

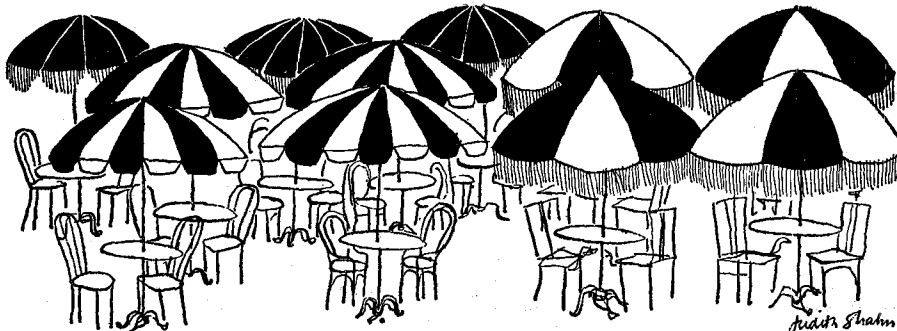
MISCELLANY

MEREDITH MONK: A MUSIC CONCERT WITH FILM—Miss Monk and her vocal ensemble in a two-week engagement of experimental music. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 265-0822. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 31.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, May 20, at 8. . . . ¶ CLEVELAND, Friday and Saturday, May 22-23, at 8, and Sunday, May 24, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Monday, May 25, at 2:05, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 26-27, at 8:05. . . . ¶ CHICAGO, Friday, May 29, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 30, at 2:05.

BICYCLING—Three events taking place in Central Park, all beginning and ending near the Tavern-on-the-Green. A twenty-four-hour marathon around the Park, sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company, will get under way at noon on Saturday, May 23. For information, call 1-914 253-3301. . . . ¶ The Grand Prix of the Self Cycling Circuit U.S.A., a twen-



ty-five-mile race, will get under way at ten-thirty on Tuesday, May 26. . . . ¶ The Lowenbrau Grand Prix, a fifty-mile race, will get under way at eleven-forty-five, on Tuesday, May 26.

HOCKEY—Stanley Cup Playoffs: Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. The fifth and seventh games, if necessary, will be played Thursday, May 21, at 8:05, and Tuesday, May 26, at 8:05.)

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 27. The Shuvee Handicap, Wednesday, May 20; the Acorn, Saturday, May 23; the Peter Pan, Sunday, May 24; the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 25; and the Edgemere Handicap, Saturday, May 30. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Memorial Day at 11:15.)

RUNNING—The L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten thousand metres, with close to five thousand women participating, will start at eleven on Saturday, May 30, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green and finish at almost the same place.

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Anderlecht of Belgium, Wednesday, May 20, at 9. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Dallas, Monday, May 25, at 2:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, except Memorial Day, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

PROSE AND DRAMA READINGS—Susan Cheever and Francine du Plessix Gray reading from their own fiction. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, May 26, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Arthur Miller reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, May 27, at 8.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view Saturday through Monday, May 23-25; Saturday and Sunday, May 30-31; and Saturday and Sunday, June 6-7, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ On Sunday, May 24, a conducted walking tour of Greenwich Village, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will meet at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets at 2. For information about tickets, call 534-1672.

AUCTIONS—At **SOOTHEY'S**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 20, at 8: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh B. Block. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 472-4705. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 21, at 2: Modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 21, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings, as well as sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 472-4705. . . . ¶ Friday, May 22, at 10:15 and 2: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 28, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, May 22. . . . **SOOTHEY'S**, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, May 27-28, at 10:15 (continuing all day): Furniture, decorative works of art, and rugs. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 23. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 20, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 21, at 10: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Friday, May 22, at 10: Printed books and manuscripts. . . . **PHILLIPS**, 525 E. 72nd St. Thursday, May 21, at 6: Books, autographs, and manuscripts. Exhibition hours: Wednesday, May 20, from 10 to 5; and Thursday, May 21, from 10 to 2.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 24: "Bass on Bass," a program of films by and about the graphic designer Saul Bass. Mr. Bass will be present on Thursday and Friday, May 21-22, at 8.

May 25: Theatre closed.

From May 26: "Amor de Perdição" (1978; directed by Manoel Oliveira; in Portuguese), a four-and-a-half-hour film.

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through May 26: "Heartworn Highways" (James Szalapski), a documentary of country music, with Guy Clark, Charlie Daniels, David Allen Coe, and others.

From May 27: "A Celtic Trilogy" (Kathleen Dowdey), a documentary film.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through May 21: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (†) and "The Stunt Man." (†)

May 22-28: "Excalibur" (†) and another feature, to be announced.

From May 29: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington, at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through May 21: "Blazing Saddles." (†)

From May 22: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through May 21: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner).

From May 22: "Thief." (†)

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through May 21: "Excalibur." (†)

From May 22: "Improper Channels" (Eric Till), with Alan Arkin and Mariette Hartley.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Starting May 22: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

Theatre 2: Starting May 22: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.

Theatre 3: Starting May 22: "Outland" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Fame." (†)

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through May 21: "Beyond the Reef" (Frank C. Clark), with Dayton Ka'ne.

From May 22: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"This Is Elvis" (Andrew Solt and Malcolm Leo).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through May 21: "Eyewitness." (†)

From May 22: "Death Hunt" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Blazing Saddles." (†) From May 22: "Excalibur." (†)

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through May 28: "Thief." (†) From May 29: "The Haunting of Julia" (Richard Loncraine), with Mia Farrow and Keir Dullea.

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Airplane!" (†) From May 22: To be announced.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Just a Gigolo" (David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "A Second Chance" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Anouk Aimée.

Theatre 2: "Café Express" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams. From May 22: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Cheaper to Keep Her" (Ken Annakin), with Mac Davis. From May 22: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Clint Eastwood and Michael Horse.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through May 21: "Excalibur." (†)

From May 22: "Improper Channels" (Eric Till), with Alan Arkin and Mariette Hartley.

LOEWS NEW YORK I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through May 21: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†) From May 22: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.

Theatre 2: "Happy Birthday to Me" (J. Lee Thompson), with Melissa Sue Anderson.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

May 20: "Atlantic City." (†)

May 21: Theatre closed.

From May 22: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through May 21: "The Stunt Man." (†)

May 22-28: "Eyewitness." (†)

From May 29: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)

"Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through May 21: "Beyond the Reef" (Frank C. Clark), with Dayton Ka'ne.

From May 22: "The Legend of the Lone

Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Clint Eastwood and Michael Horse.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner). From May 22: "Outland" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Happy Birthday to Me" (J. Lee Thompson), with Melissa Sue Anderson. From May 22: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through May 21: "Blazing Saddles." (†)

From May 22: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST. I AND 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Kill and Kill Again" (Ivan Hall), with James Ryan. From May 22: "Death Hunt" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin.

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams. From May 22: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Through May 28: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

From May 29: To be announced.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Nighthawks" (directed by Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams. From May 22: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Clint Eastwood and Michael Horse.

Theatre 2: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovoi.

Theatre 2: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.

Theatre 3: Through May 21: "Ms. 45" (Abel Ferrara), with Zoë Tamerlis. From May 22: "Glenn or Glenda" (1952; Edward D. Wood), with Bela Lugosi.

Theatre 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

HAROLD CLURMAN, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

May 20: "Mean Streets" (†) and "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight." (†)

May 21: "Mean Streets" (†) and "Bang the Drum Slowly." (†)

May 22: "Bang the Drum Slowly" (†) and "Taxi Driver." (†)

May 23: "Taxi Driver" (†) and "Bloody Mama." (†)

May 24: "1900." (†)

May 25: "L'Age d'Or" (†), "Un Chien Andalou" (†), and "Freaks." (†)

May 26: "Freaks" (†) and "The Devil Doll." (†)

May 27: "The Devil Doll" (†); and "The Vampire Lovers" (1971; Roy Ward Baker).

May 28: "The Vampire Lovers," and "Martin" (1972; George A. Romero), with John Amos.

May 29: "Martin," and "Carrie." (†)

May 30: "Carrie" (†) and "Sisters." (†)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Alice in Wonderland" (†); and "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Lion of the Desert" (Moustapha Akkad), with Anthony Quinn and Oliver Reed.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through May 21: Three films directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, all X-rated and all in Italian: "The Decameron" (1971), "The Canterbury Tales" (1972), and "The Arabian Nights" (1973).

From May 22: "Airplane!" (†)

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Mom said it was from my fairy godmother. I thought, 'Could it be?' Oh yes! I love 'em. I've been begging for heels just forever. Yes. Yes. They fit. They're just like the ones I wanted. Oh, Mom told you, didn't she? They'll really go with my new dress for the dance. I feel like Cinderella already! Thanks, Aunt Connie."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess." (†)

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The Valley" (1972; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Atlantic City." (†)

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

Theatre 2: Through May 26: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia. From May 27: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Theatre 3: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: Through May 28: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni. From May 29: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through May 26: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†) May 27-28: "Charles Dead or Alive." (†) From May 29: "La Salamandre." (†)

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Excalibur." (†) From May 22: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Clint Eastwood and Michael Horse.

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†) From May 22: "Excalibur." (†)

Theatre 3: Through May 21: "Blazing Saddles." (†) From May 22: "Improper Channels" (Eric Till), with Alan Arkin and Mariette Hartley.

Theatre 4: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovoi. From May 22: "The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter" (Connie Field), a documentary film.

Theatre 2: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

OLYMPIA TRIPLEX, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia. May 22-28: "Excalibur." (†) From May 29: "Melvin and Howard." (†)

Theatre 3: Through May 21: "Ms. 45" (Abel Ferrara), with Zoë Tamerlis. May 22-28: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams. From May 29: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Blazing Saddles." (†) From May 22: "Outland" (directed by Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Cheaper to Keep Her" (Ken Annakin), with Mac Davis. From May 22: "Death Hunt" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin.

Theatre 3: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.

Theatre 4: Through May 21: "Cattle Annie and Little Britches" (Lamont Johnson), with Burt Lancaster and John Savage. May 22-28: "Savage Harvest" (Robert Collins), with Tom Skerritt and Michelle Phillips. From May 29: "This Is Elvis" (Andrew Solt and Malcolm Leo).

Theatre 5: Through May 21: "Airplane!" (†) From May 22: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

Theatre 6: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)

Through May 21: "Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver.

From May 22: "Improper Channels" (Eric Till), with Alan Arkin and Mariette Hartley.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Thief." (†)

Theatre 3: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)

Theatre 4: "Atlantic City." (†)

EMBASSY 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)

Through May 21: "Alice in Wonderland" (†); and "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.

From May 22: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

Through May 21: "Last House on the Left" (1972; Wes Craven), with David Hess; and "The House by the Lake" (1977; William Fruet), with Brenda Vaccaro and Don Stroud.

From May 22: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Happy Birthday to Me" (J. Lee Thompson), with Melissa Sue Anderson.

Theatre 2: Through May 21: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner). From May 22: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through May 21: "Beyond the Reef" (Frank C. Clark), with Dayton K'ne.

From May 22: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Clint Eastwood and Michael Horse.

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

"Excalibur." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Through May 21: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

From May 22: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through May 21: "Kill and Kill Again" (Ivan Hall), with James Ryan. From May 22: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.

Theatre 2: "Ms. 45" (Abel Ferrara), with Zoë Tamerlis.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

May 20: "L'Immortelle" (1963; directed by Alain Robbe-Grillet; in French), with Françoise Brion and Jacques Doniol-Valcroze; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

May 21: "Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Madame Bovary" (1934; Jean Renoir; in French), with Valentine Tessier, Pierre Renoir, Max Dearly, and Robert Le Vigan.

May 22: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972; George Roy Hill), with Michael Sacks; and "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings.

May 23: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "A Thousand Clowns" (1965; Fred Coe), with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam.

May 24: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

May 25: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

May 26: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kuro-

sawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian).

May 27: "The Rocking Horse Winner" (†); and "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

May 28: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Serpent's Egg" (†).

May 29: "Cabaret" (†); and "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol.

May 30: "Love and Death" (†) and "Sleeper" (†).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

May 20: "Bellissima" (1951; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Anna Magnani and Walter Chiari; and "The Lady Without Camelias" (1953; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Lucia Bosé.

May 21: "Deliverance" (1972; John Boorman), with Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox; and "The Longest Yard" (1974; Robert Aldrich), with Burt Reynolds, Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters.

May 22: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada.

May 23: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Innocent" (1976; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill.

May 24: "Auntie Mame" (1958; Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne; and "Gypsy" (†).

May 25: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani; and "Two English Girls" (1972; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

May 26: "Andrei Roubiev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

May 27: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.

May 28: "To Be or Not to Be" (†) and "The Great Dictator" (†).

May 29: "Urban Cowboy" (†); and "Nashville" (1975; Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.

May 30: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 21: "Airplane!" (†); and "The Big Bus" (1976; James Frawley), with Stockard Channing, Joe Bologna, and John Beck.

May 22-23: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Music Lovers" (1971; Ken Russell), with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.

May 24-26: "Bananas" (1971), directed by, and with, Woody Allen; and "Sleeper" (†).

May 27-28: "Kagemusha" (1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

May 29-30: "Catch-22" (1970; Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin; and "If..." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Just a Gigolo" (David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through May 23: "White Heat" (1949; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly; and "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter.

May 24-26: "They Drive by Night" (1940; Raoul Walsh), with Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Ida Lupino, and Humphrey Bogart; and "Key Largo" (†).

May 27-30: "A Night at the Opera" (†); and "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood), with the Marx Brothers.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through May 23: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "Schlock" (1973; John Landis), with Landis and Eliza Garrett.

May 24-26: "Straw Dogs" (1972; Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George; and "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan.

May 27-30: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession" (1980; Nicolas Roeg), with Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott; and "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam).

MINI CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 21: "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty; and "The Collector" (1965; William Wyler), with Terence Stamp and Samantha Eggar.

May 22-24: "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967; John Schlesinger), with Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates.

May 25-27: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

May 28-30: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

OLYMPIA TRIPLEX 1, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through May 21: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977; Richard Brooks), with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere; and "Taxi Driver" (†).

May 22-23: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.

May 24-26: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift.

May 27-28: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent.

May 29-30: "The Boys in the Band" (1970;

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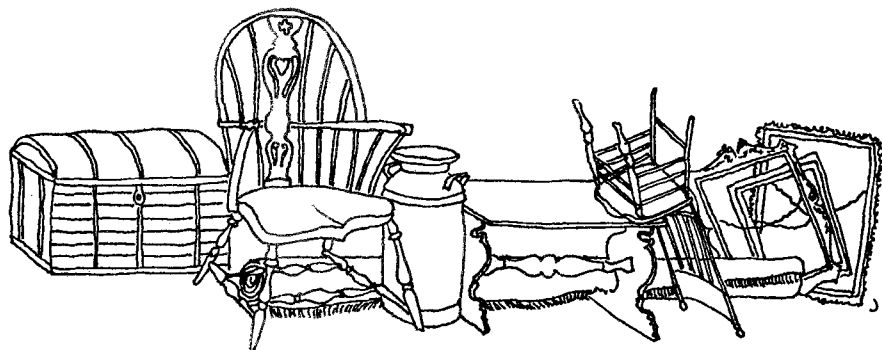
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William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

A Laurence Olivier festival:

May 20: "The Dance of Death" (1968; David Giles), with Geraldine McEwan.

May 21-23: "Henry V" (1944), directed by, and with, Olivier.

May 24-25: "Spartacus" (†)

May 26-27: "Marathon Man" (†) and "The Boys from Brazil" (†)

May 28-30: "Perfect Understanding" (1933; Cyril Gardner), with Gloria Swanson and John Halliday; and "The Divorce of Lady X" (1938; Tim Whelan), with Merle Oberon and Ralph Richardson.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 20: "The Mad Miss Manton" (1938; Leigh Jason), with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda; and "Annie Oakley" (1935; George Stevens), with Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster.

May 21: "Massacre at Central High" (1976; Renee Daalder), with Derrel Maury and Andrew Stevens; and "American Graffiti" (1973; George Lucas), with Richard Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard.

May 22-23: "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.

May 24: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976; Jean-Claude Tacchella), in French, with Marie-Cristine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "Coup de Tête" (†)

May 25: "Julia" (†); and "The Three Faces of Eve" (1957; Nunnally Johnson), with Joanne Woodward, David Wayne, and Lee J. Cobb.

May 26: "Chimes at Midnight" (†); and "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles.

May 27: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais, in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais, in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

May 28: "The Tempest" (1980) and "Jubilee" (1978), both films directed by Derek Jarman.

May 29-30: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut, in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut, in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 20: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

May 21: "Mexicali Rose" (1929; Erle Kenton), with Barbara Stanwyck, Sam Hardy, and William Janney; and "Ten Cents a Dance" (1931; Lionel Barrymore), with Barbara Stanwyck, Ricardo Cortez, and Monroe Owsley.

May 22: "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea; and "You Only Live Once" (1937; Fritz Lang), with Sylvia Sydney, Henry Fonda, Jean Dixon, and Barton MacLane.

May 23: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles.

May 24: "A Slight Case of Murder" (†) and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (†)

May 25: "To Be or Not to Be" (†); and "We're Not Dressing" (1934; Norman Tharog), with Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, and Carole Lombard.

May 26: "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley, Jimmy Durante, and Richard Travis; and "The Petrified Forest" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.

May 27: "Terror by Night" (1946), the thirteenth in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series; and "Dressed to Kill" (1946), the fourteenth, and last, in the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

May 28: "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau, in French); "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo, in French); "L'Affaire Est dans le Sac" (1932; Pierre Prévert, in French); and "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" (1962; Robert Enrico, in French).

May 29: "And Then There Were None" (1945; René Clair), with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward, and Judith Anderson; and "Dead of Night" (†)

From May 30: "Murder at the Gallop" (1963) and "Murder Ahoy" (1964), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)

A series of Japanese films directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with English subtitles: May 21 at 2:30: "The 47 Ronin of the Genroku Era, Part I" (1941). ... May 21 at 6: "The Downfall of Osen" (1935), with Isuzu Yamada. ... May 21 at 8:30: "Oyuki the Madonna" (1935; no English subtitles), with Isuzu Yamada. ... May 22 at 2:30: "The 47 Ronin of the Genroku Era, Part II" (1942). ... May 23 at 2:30: "The Love of Sumako, the Actress" (1947), with Kinuyo Tanaka. ...

May 23 at 5: "The Picture of Madame Yuki" (1950), with Michiyo Kogure. ... May 24 at 2:30: "Miss Oyu" (1951), with Kinuyo Tanaka. ... May 25 at 2:30: "The Downfall of Osen". ... May 25 at 6: "Lady Mushashino" (1951), with Kinuyo Tanaka. ... May 28 at 2:30: "The Love of Sumako, the Actress". ... May 29 at 2:30: "The Picture of Madame Yuki". ... May 30 at 2:30: "A Woman of Rumor" (1954), with Yoshiko Kuga. ... May 30 at 5: "Victory of Women" (1946), with Kinuyo Tanaka and Michiko Kuwano. (Later Mizoguchi films are being shown through June at Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. 832-1155.) ... Other, non-Mizoguchi, films scheduled during this period: May 22 at 6: "Cast a Dark Shadow" (1955; Lewis Gilbert), with Dirk Bogarde, Kathleen Harrison, and Margaret Lockwood. ... May 23 and 24 at 2:30: "Me and My Gal" (1936; Raoul Walsh), with Joan Bennett and Spencer Tracy. ... May 24 at 5: "Chapayev" (1934; Sergei and Georgi Vasilyev, in Russian, with English subtitles). ... May 25 and 26 at noon: "Hands" (1928; Stella Simon and Miklos Bandy, a German film), "The Hand of Adam" (1975; Murray Grigor, a Scottish film), and "Castro Street" (1966; Bruce Baillie). ... May 26 at 2:30: "Chapayev". ... May 26 at 6: "Farming and the Land" (1979) and "Marlene" (1980), both documentary films directed by Michael Hall. ... May 28 at 6: "Jason and the Argonauts" (1963; Don Chaffey), special effects by Ray Harryhausen. ... May 28 at 8:30: "Mighty Joe Young" (1949; Ernest B. Schoedsack), special effects by Willis O'Brien and Ray Harryhausen. ... May 29 at 6: "Jason and the Argonauts". ... May 30 at noon: "The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad" (1958; Nathan Juran), special effects by Ray Harryhausen. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)

May 20 at 8: Films by Janis C. Lipzin, Howard Guttentplan, and Andrej Zdravic. ... May 21 at 3: A video program by Edin Velez, Suzanne Tedesco, and Dimitri Devyatkin. ... May 21 at 8: A program of films by Ken Jacobs. ... May 21 at 10: A program of films by George and Mike Kuchar. ... May 22 at 8: "We Stole Away" (1964; Ken Jacobs). ... May 22 at 10: Three films directed by Ericka Beckman. ... May 23 at 2: A video program by Joan Jonas. ... May 23 at 8: "Songs 1-22" (1964-65; Stan Brakhage). ... May 24 at 8: "The Sky Socialist" (1965-67; Ken Jacobs). ... May 26 at 8: A video program by Velez, Tedesco, and Devyatkin. ... May 27 at 3: A video program by Bill Viola. ... May 27 at 8: "We Stole Away". ... May 28 at 8: "23rd Psalm Branch" (1966-67; Stan Brakhage). ... May 29 at 8: Three films directed by George Kuchar. ... May 30 at 2: A video program. ... May 30 at 8: A program of films by Ken Jacobs.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

L'AGE D'OR (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dalí, who had collaborated two years before on "Un Chien Andalou" (see below). With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. (Harold Clurman; May 25.)

AIRPLANE!—It has the best trailer of recent years, but the movie is just more of the same: cheerfully clunky gags. If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges,

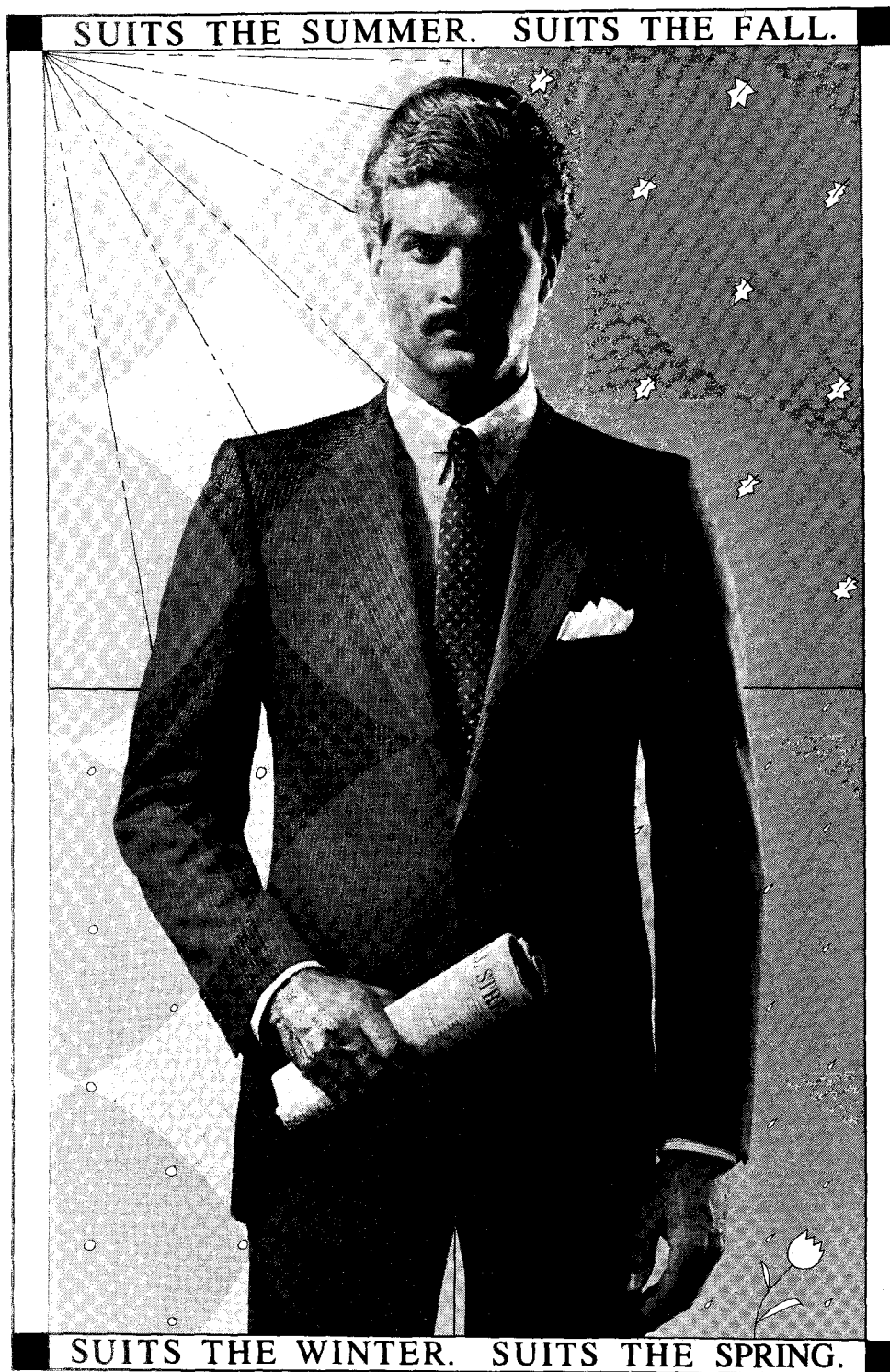
and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Coronet, Criterion Theatres, and Cinema Village; through May 21. ... Festival; starting May 23.)

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsy and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Guild. ... Embassy 5; through May 21.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE (1944)—Adapted from Joseph Kesselring's black comedy, this laborious farce was actually made in 1941, but by contract it couldn't be released until the Broadway production—which ran and ran—finally closed. Maybe the success of the play magically rubbed off on the movie, because it has always been inexplicably popular. The sane theatre-critic hero, Cary Grant, tries to convince his sweetly lethal little aunts (Jo-

sephine Hull and Jean Adair) that it isn't nice to put arsenic in the elderberry wine that they serve their guests, but they just don't understand why he gets so upset. You may not, either; the director, Frank Capra, has Grant performing in such a frenzied, dithering manner that during much of the action he seems crazier than anybody else. His role was shaped as if for Fred MacMurray, and Grant was pushed into overreacting—prolonging his stupefied double takes, stretching out his whinny. Capra's hick jollity turns Grant into a manic eunuch. The hero's aggressive fiancée, here rewritten into a cuddly, innocuous little dear, is played by Priscilla Lane. The villains—murderers who are less couth in their methods than the innocently mad aunts—are Peter Lorre, as himself, and Raymond Massey, impersonating Boris Karloff; some people roar at their antics. With James Gleason, Edward Everett Horton, Jack Carson, John Alexander, Grant Mitchell, and the famous thirteen corpses. Adapted by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein; score by Max Steiner. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 24.)

ATLANTIC CITY—The story is a prankish wish-



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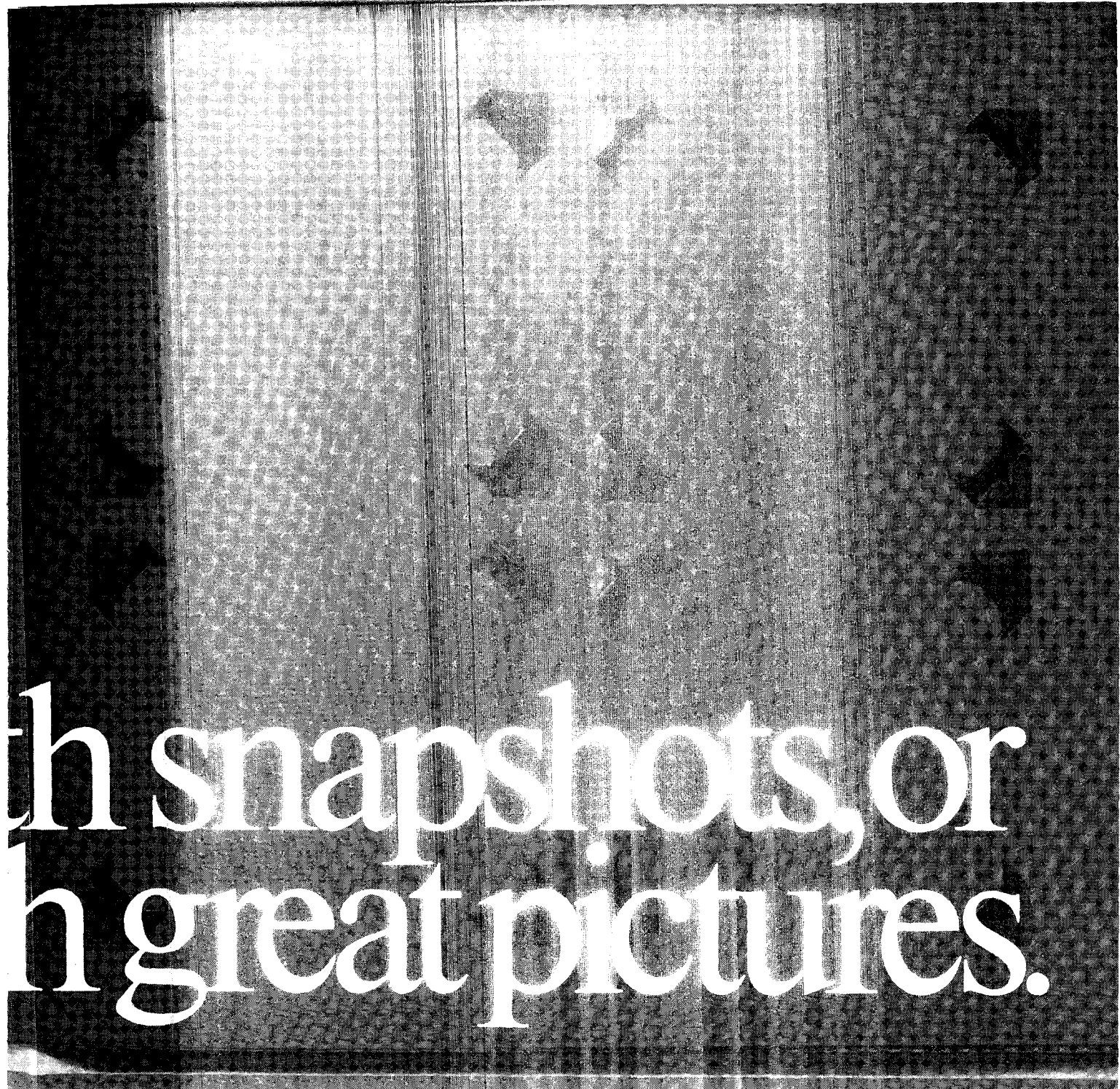
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fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes the director, Louis Malle, a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Paramount, and Embassy. . . ♣ Loews Tower East; May 20.)

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY (1973)—A fictional story, with very good offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Harold Clurman; May 21-22.)

BLAZING SADDLES (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence; the old gags here never were very funny; rehearsed, they just seem desperate. (Gramercy, Manhattan, 86th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres; through May 21.)

BLOODY MAMA (1970)—Shelley Winters as incestuous Ma Barker, whose monstrous moronic brood includes a killer (Don Stroud), an addict (Robert De Niro), an alcoholic (Clint Kimbrough), and a masochistic homosexual (Robert Walden). Robert Thom wrote and Roger Corman directed. With Pat Hingle, Bruce Dern, and Diane Varsi. (Harold Clurman; May 23.)

THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL (1978)—Franklin J. Schaffner's large-scale version of Ira Levin's novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent, you can't keep from laughing. Peck, in his jungle hideaway, staring into the future as he walks unconcernedly among the mutants he has created, just doesn't have it in him to inspire primitive terror; his effects are all on the surface, and he looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter (a fictional counterpart of Simon Wiesenthal). Olivier does a flirtatious impersonation of such actors as the late Albert Basserman and Felix Bressart, with their querulous, whiny voices and their fussiness—their way of seeming almost helpless yet resourceful, sagacious, and totally good. He takes off on this cloying humanistic style just enough to be very funny, and then, in the key sequences, he rises above his Viennese singsongy charm and demonstrates that the harmless-old-bore act of the aged can be a way of saving oneself for the things that count. He's the only reason to see this movie. It starts from the dumb idea that Hitler's closest associates—whom he dragged down with him—would want him cloned. Nazism here is comic-book mythology, a consumer product. With James Mason and an enormous international cast that includes Rosemary Harris, Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, Lilli Palmer, Jeremy Black, Steven Guttenberg, Denholm Elliott, John Dehner, John Rubinstein, David Hurst, Michael Gough, and Prunella Scales. Screenplay by Heywood Gould. A Lew Grade production. (Regency; May 26-27.)

CABARET (1972)—A great movie musical, made, miraculously, without compromise; taking its form from political cabaret, it's a satire of temptations. In a prodigious balancing act, Bob Fosse, the choreographer-director, keeps

the period—Berlin, 1931—at a cool distance. We see the decadence as garish and sleazy, yet we also see the animal energy in it—everything seems to become sexualized. The movie does not exploit decadence; rather, it gives it its due. With Joel Grey as our devil-doll host—the master of ceremonies—and Liza Minnelli (in her first singing role on the screen) as exuberant, corruptible Sally Bowles, chasing after the life of a headliner no matter what; she has such gaiety and electricity that she becomes a star before our eyes. The metallic songs, by John Kander and Fred Ebb, have a distinctive acrid flavor. Adapted for the screen by Jay Allen, with the assistance of Hugh Wheeler, from Christopher Isherwood's "Goodbye to Berlin" stories, the play and movie of "I Am a Camera," and the Broadway musical "Cabaret." With Michael York, Helmut Griem, Marisa Berenson, and Fritz Wepper. Cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 29.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (68th St. Playhouse. . . ♣ Cinema Studio; through May 26. . . ♣ Lincoln Plaza; starting May 27.)

CARRIE (1976)—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (Harold Clurman; May 29-30.)

CHARLES DEAD OR ALIVE (1969)—A film by the Swiss director Alain Tanner, made before his "La Salamandre" (see below). The hero is a fifty-year-old third-generation watchmaker who suddenly starts, on his firm's hundredth anniversary, to undo his soul as if he were taking a watch apart to see the works. There are moments in this politically complex, spirited black-and-white movie when he seems to feel that the mainspring has broken. Michel Simon's son, François, plays the hero very finely. In French. (Cinema Studio; May 27-28.)

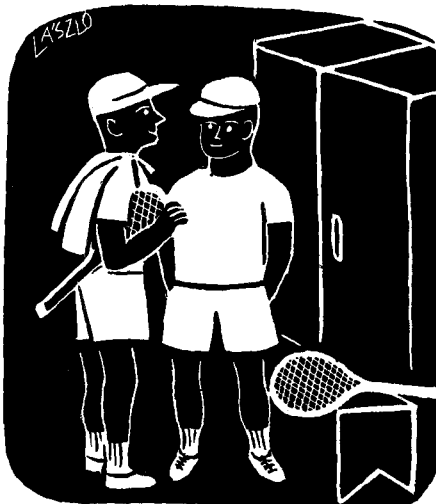
UN CHIEN ANDALOU (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the sliced eye, Luis Buñuel's and Salvador Dalí's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dalí as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Harold Clurman; May 25.)

CHIMES AT MIDNIGHT (1967; also known as "Falstaff")—One of Orson Welles' best and least seen movies. It is damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds, and during the first twenty minutes one may want to walk out, because although Shakespeare's words on the soundtrack are intelligible, the sound doesn't match the images, and often we can't be sure who is supposed to be talking. But then despite everything—the use of doubles in long shots, the editing that distracts us when we need to concentrate on the dialogue—the movie begins to be great. Welles brought together the pieces of Falstaff that Shakespeare had strewn over the two parts of "Henry IV" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with cuttings from "Henry V" and "Richard II," and fastened them into place with narration from Holinshed's "Chronicles" (read by Ralph Richardson). Those of us who resisted our teachers' best efforts to make us appreciate the comic genius of Shakespeare's fools and buffoons will not be surprised that Welles wasn't able to make Falstaff very funny; he's a great conception of a character, but the charades and practical jokes and the carousing and roistering seem meant to be funnier than they are. The movie does have a great Shakespearean comic moment, though: garrulous Falstaff sitting with Shallow (Alan Webb) and Silence (Walter Chiari), rolling his eyes in irritation and impatience at Silence's stammer. Though Welles' performance as Falstaff is short on comedy, it's very rich, very full. Oddly, we never really see the friendship of Falstaff and Prince Hal—played extraordinarily well by Keith Baxter—but John Gielgud's refined, monkish Henry IV gives the film the austerity it needs for the conflict within Hal to be dramatized. The film is a near-masterpiece. Welles' direction of the battle of Shrewsbury is unlike anything he has ever done—indeed, unlike any battle ever done on the screen before. It ranks with the finest of Griffith, John Ford, Eisenstein, Kurosawa. The compositions suggest Uccello, and the chilling, ironic music is a death knell for all men in battle. The soldiers, plastered by the mud they fall in, are already monuments. It's the most brutally sombre battle ever filmed, and it does justice to Hotspur's great "O, Harry, thou has robbed me of my youth." With Margaret Rutherford, Jeanne Moreau, Marina Vlady, Norman Rodway, Fernando Rey, Tony Beckley, and Beatrice Welles as the page boy. Shot on Spanish locations, which are photographically stylized—to suggest a slightly unrealistic world. (Thalia; May 26.)

COUP DE TÊTE (1980)—A broad, unsatisfying satire about an unjustly jailed misfit who is suddenly catapulted to fame and respectability by his overnight success as a soccer star in a provincial French town. The film suffers from jarring uncertainties of tone and from our own home-bred familiarity with the banalities and foolishness of contemporary sports madness. With Patrick Dewaere. In French. (1/28/80) (Thalia; May 24.)

DEAD OF NIGHT (1946)—Civilized five-part movie about the supernatural, with several classic episodes. The most celebrated: Michael Redgrave as a schizophrenic ventriloquist tormented by his dummy (directed by Cavalcanti); Googie Withers and Ralph Michael in the story of a mirror that reflects a crime of an earlier century (directed by Robert Hamer). Redgrave's overpowering performance—a small work of art—lifts the movie above the elegant, sophisticated entertainment it aspired to be. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 29.)

THE DEVIL DOLL (1936)—Creepy. Some bits are fairly certain to return in nightmares. Lionel Barrymore, a fugitive convict masquerading as an old lady, sells dolls to his enemies. The dolls are miniaturized people (Grace Ford and Arthur Hohl) who steal and kill. Tod Browning directed this adaptation of A. A. Merritt's "Burn Witch Burn!" With Maureen O'Sul-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

livan, Frank Lawton, and Rafaela Ottiano. (Harold Clurman; May 26-27.)

EXCALIBUR—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. Merlin (Nicol Williamson, who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit of this movie; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. Also with Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Made in Ireland. (4/20/81) (Loews 83rd Quad, and National. . . . ¶ Murray Hill and Beekman; through May 21. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Triplex; May 22-28. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting May 22.)

EYEWITNESS—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. With Christopher Plummer, Irene Worth, Morgan Freeman, Steven Hill, Pamela Reed, and Kenneth McMillan. (3/23/81) (Gotham Cinema; through May 21. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; May 22-28.)

FAME (1980)—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's fictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. The picture, which was written by Christopher Gore and directed by Alan Parker, is great fun when its attractive, semi-anonymous youngsters are allowed to get on with their hoofing and warbling, but the weight of so much snuffy, pubescent hokum sinks the vehicle about midway through its interminable voyage. With Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody—the last of whom gives a subdued, exemplary performance as a dedicated drama teacher. The music is by Michael Gore, lyrics by Dean Pitchford. (5/26/80) (34th St. East.)

FREAKS (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naive, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Harold Clurman; May 25-26.)

FROM MAO TO MOZART—ISAAC STERN IN CHINA—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (New Yorker. . . . ¶ Waverly; through May 28.)

THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT (1971)—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestation Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (Harold Clurman; May 26.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR (1940)—Chaplin plays a

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small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napoleon, dictator of Bacteria. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 28.)

GYPSY (1962)—An extremely unpleasant version of the Broadway musical based on Gypsy Rose Lee's memoirs. Rosalind Russell is the psychopathic stage mother who uses and destroys everyone within reach of her excruciatingly loud voice. Natalie Wood is the daughter Russell rants at, and Karl Malden gets it, too. Mervyn LeRoy's direction is heavy and coarse, and the script and other credits match. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 24.)

JULIA (1977)—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. After a while, it becomes apparent that Zinnemann and Sargent are trafficking in too many quotations and flashbacks only because they can't find the core of the material. The film's constraint is frustrating, since Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character; she could crack the cautious, contemplative surface and take us places we've never been to. With Rosemary Murphy and Hal Holbrook. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; music by Georges Delerue. (Thalia; May 25.)

KEY LARGO (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overacting. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 24-26.)

LOVE AND DEATH (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this

beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 30.)

MARATHON MAN (1976)—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled crosscutting that there isn't the clarity needed for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (Regency; May 26-27.)

MEAN STREETS (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a ripper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie and Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy. (Harold Clurman; May 20-21.)

MELVIN AND HOWARD—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Olympia Triplex; starting May 29.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—It was said that the Marx Brothers considered this their best film; it isn't, but it was their greatest hit. Two beautifully stuffed American targets—grand opera and high society—are left dismantled, flapping like scarecrows. (If you ever could listen to "Il Trovatore" with a straight face, you can never do so again.) Many writers have tried to analyze Marx Brothers wit, coming up with little monographs on "dissociated thinking," "disguised social protest," or "commedia dell'arte." Think about it too much and sanity, like a lettuce leaf, begins to wilt and curl at the edges. The Marx Brothers keep turning corners you didn't know were there, and while you're trying to break down the content of lines like Groucho's "You big bully, why are you hitting that little bully?" you miss the series of non sequiturs that are piling up on top of it. George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind did the script; Sam Wood directed. The cast includes Groucho's perennial grande dame innamorata, Margaret Dumont, the most stately of stooges (her smirking dowager is rather like a comic derivative of Edna Purviance in Chaplin's movies). There are also the vocalizing lovers, Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones, whom Irving Thalberg, the producer and a master diagnostician of popular taste, put in for people (what people?) to "identify with," and the cruel villain, Walter Woolf King. (Incredible as it may seem, the banal romantic melodrama which intermittently wrecks the movie proved sound at the box office.) This comedy has its classic sequence: the stateroom scene, which is widely regarded as the funniest five minutes in screen history. It will sustain you through the dreadful duets. With Sig Rumann. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 27-30.)

1900 (1977)—Bernardo Bertolucci's utopian folly is about two boys born in the North Italian region of Emilia-Romagna on the



same day in 1901. Alfredo (Robert De Niro) is the heir to the vast landholdings of his grandfather (Burt Lancaster), and Olmo (Gérard Depardieu) is the bastard grandson of the patriarch (Sterling Hayden) of the peasant clan that lives on those holdings and labors for a share of the crop. "1900" is a romantic moviegoer's vision of the class struggle—a love poem for the movies as well as for the life of those who live communally on the land. (The belief that permeates the movie is that Communism will preserve the folk culture of the peasants.) It has all of Bertolucci's themes and motifs; one could call it the Portable Bertolucci, though it isn't portable. It's like a course to be enrolled in, with a guaranteed horror every hour. The cast includes Dominique Sanda, Alida Valli, Donald Sutherland, Stefania Sandrelli, and Laura Betti. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Ennio Morricone. The European version ran over five hours; the version that Bertolucci (under duress) prepared for the United States runs four hours and five minutes, plus intermission (Harold Clurman; May 24.)

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of James M. Cain's hot tabloid novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack Nicholson does a runthrough of his overdeliberate, sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" as though still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. With John Colicos as greasy Nick, the husband; Michael Lerner as Katz, the lawyer; and a highly expendable episode that features Anjelica Huston as a lion tamer. The sparse yet maundering script is by David Mamet. (4/6/81) (Embassy... ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Loews New York, and Loews 83rd Quad; through May 21... ¶ 72nd Street East; starting May 29.)

THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER (1950)—An intelligent, little-known version of the D. H. Lawrence story. A child (the marvellous John Howard Davies, who also played Oliver Twist in the David Lean film) uses his second sight to rescue his parents; the painful part is that he lacks first sight—the judgment that would enable him to see that they are already destroyed. The enduringly beautiful but not notoriously gifted Valerie Hobson gives her best (maybe her only) performance as his mother. (She is phenomenal in the pawnshop episode.) With John Mills and Ronald Squire. Directed by Anthony Pelissier. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 27.)

LA SALAMANDRE (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (Cinema Studio; starting May 29.)

THE SERPENT'S EGG (1978)—Set in Berlin in 1923, this Ingmar Bergman film, made in English in Munich, is about a Jewish-American trapeze artist (David Carradine) and his sister-in-law (Liv Ullmann), who are entrapped by a mad doctor (Heinz Bennent)—a prophet who dreams of what the Nazis will accomplish in the thirties. The movie, which fills the screen with images of fear and blood, of head-splitting pain and death, and then throws in gothic political theories, is a crackpot tragedy. Everything is strained, insufficient, underfelt. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 28.)

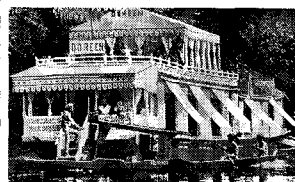
SISTERS (1973)—Brian De Palma's low-budget horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin lacks the dream-slapstick style he was to bring to his later thrillers, "Carrie" and "The Fury," but it has its share of flaked-out humor (as in the TV-game-show parody at the beginning). He achieves some virtuoso stunts, though he lurches his way through the picture, and he can't seem to get two people talking to make a simple expository point without its sounding like the drabest Republic picture of 1938. The facetious dialogue is a wet blanket, and De Palma isn't quite up to his apparent intention—to provide cheap thrills that are also a parody of old corn. He manages the thrills, though

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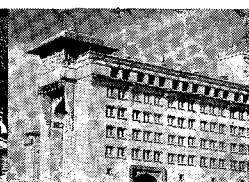


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(there are some demented knife slashings), and audiences seem to be happily freaked by Bernard Herrmann's score, with its old radio-play throb and zing. With Margot Kidder, who knows how to turn on sexiness with a witch's precision; Jennifer Salt, who gives a feeble performance as a nitwit girl reporter; and Charles Durning, Bill Finley, and Bernard Hughes. Shakily written by De Palma and Louisa Rose. (Harold Clurman; May 30.)

SLEEPER (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton and John Beck. Written by Allen and Marshall Brickman; cinematography by David M. Walsh; editing by Ralph Rosenblum; costume design by Joel Schumacher. The music is by Woody Allen with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band and the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band. (Cinema Village; May 24-26. . . . ♣ Bleecker St. Cinema; May 30.)

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER (1938)—A black farce in the manner of "Arsenic and Old Lace" (see above). It's a burlesque of gangster films, with Edward G. Robinson as a bootlegger who turns legitimate and faces one mortifying mess after another. He drives his family out for a weekend in a country house, and finds the corpses of four gangsters sitting around a table in the spare bedroom. Eventually, at a party back in town, the four are brought in and strung up on hooks in a closet. The director, Lloyd Bacon, succeeds in getting giggles out of some of these scenes, but his style is too broad, and the tone of the film is archly childish. With Allen Jenkins as a beer salesman, Jane Bryan, Bobby Jordan, Ruth Donnelly, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, John Litel, and Willard Parker. From a play by Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay, adapted by Earl Baldwin and Joseph Schrank. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 24.)

SPARTACUS (1960)—Unusually entertaining spectacular film (three and a half hours), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas as the slave gladiator Spartacus, who leads a rebellion of his fellow-slaves against the might of Rome. Spartacus makes some conscientious speeches—out of Howard Fast (who wrote the novel) by way of Dalton Trumbo (who did the screenplay)—but there's so much else going on that it's easy to brush off the moralizing. Laurence Olivier is in endearing form as Crassus, the talented Jean Simmons has never been more beautiful, and Woody Strode is magnificently noble. The large cast seems to be having a high good time. It includes Peter Ustinov, Charles Laughton, Tony Curtis, Nina Foch, Herbert Lom, John Gavin, John Ireland, John Dall, and John Hoyt. Hearst's San Simeon was used for some of the locations. (Regency; May 24-25.)

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THE STUNT MAN—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling script-writer who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through May 21.)

TAXI DRIVER (1976)—Robert De Niro is in almost every frame of Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. De Niro's inflamed, brimming eyes are the focal point of the compositions. He's Travis Bickle, an outsider who can't find any point of entry into human society. He drives nights because he can't sleep anyway; surrounded by the night world of the uprooted—whores, pimps, transients—he hates New York with a Biblical fury, and its filth and smut obsess him. This ferociously powerful film is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground." Scorsese achieves the quality of trance in some scenes, and the whole movie has a sense of vertigo. The cinematographer, Michael Chapman, gives the street life a seamy, rich pulpiness. From Paul Schrader's script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, Albert Brooks, and Scorsese himself. (Olympia Triplex 1; through May 21. . . . ♣ Harold Clurman; May 22-23.)

TESS—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France; cinematography by Geoffrey Uns-

worth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie.)

THIEF—Grandiloquent masochism of the kind an adolescent boy might fantasize. With rain outside and smoke inside, this Chicago-set movie is almost a parody of *film noir*: it's the underworld movies of the forties and fifties made volcanic and abstract and existential. This is the first theatrical feature by the writer-director Michael Mann, and he has designed it like a choo-choo train to the box office. James Caan is the big-time safecracker who wants to take his bundle and retire, marry, have a nice house, and raise a family. But the corrupt System won't let him. The film is hyper-animated by this conception of existential tragedy: the thief—a loner in pain, the embodiment of a macho mystique—must learn that he's free only when he doesn't care about life and has nothing to lose. The film sets up an improbable character in a series of rigged situations and then leaps to universal despairing conclusions. Mann belongs to the pressure-cooker school of filmmaking: Tangerine Dream's synthesized electronic music pulsates like mad, and the cinematography (by Donald Thorin) is so snazzy it overwhelms the action. With Tuesday Weld as the dazed, frizzed-out woman whom Caan marries; Willie Nelson, oozing sincerity as Caan's only friend, who dies; and Robert Prosky and James Belushi. (5/4/81) (Embassy. . . . ♣ Baronet; through May 28. . . . ♣ Bay Cinema; starting May 22.)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE (1942)—Some people have great affection for this anti-Nazi comedy-melodrama, with its knockabout seriousness. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor-husband; the plot involves the actors' disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who starts off on the wrong foot and never gets his balance; the performers yowl their lines, and the burlesque of the Nazis, who cover before their superior officers, is so crudely gleeful it isn't funny. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, Felix Bressart, Tom Dugan (as Hitler), Sig Rumann, Maude Eburne, Halliwell Hobbes, and Miles Mander. The script was written by Edwin Justice Mayer, from a story conceived by Lubitsch and Melchior Lengyel. Photographed by Rudolph Maté. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 25. . . . ♣ Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 28.)

URBAN COWBOY—Aaron Latham's article "The Urban Cowboy," featured on the September 12, 1978, cover of *Esquire*, was subtitled "Saturday Night Fever, Country & Western Style," and it was quite clearly a set of variations on the "Saturday Night Fever" theme. According to Latham, the headquarters of the young hardhats who worked in the petrochemical plants around Houston was a vast honky-tonk called Gilley's, which featured a mechanical bull, and these anomic young Southwesterners had no way to prove their manhood except by dressing up in boots and jeans and cowboy hats and trying to live out the myths of the West by riding this contraption. The film, directed by James Bridges, from a script he wrote with Latham, views its young hero, Bud (John Travolta), as rootless and ignorant. But on the assumption (probably false) that the audience believes in those antiquated macho values and wants to see them on the screen, the movie also tries to reactivate the cowboy mythology. It dredges up an ex-convict villain (Scott Glenn) out of an ancient Western, so Bud can defeat him on the bucking machine and beat him up in a fistfight as well. The picture is scappily edited, and the director seems willing to do almost anything for an immediate effect. In the best moments, satire and sultriness work together; in the worst moments, the sentimentality is so gross it makes us feel contemptuous of the moviemakers' shamelessness. With Debra Winger, who gives a steamy and very appealing performance as the girl Bud marries, Madolyn Smith as a slumming rich bitch, and Brooke Alderson and Barry Corbin as Bud's aunt and uncle. The country music doesn't supply much excitement. (7/21/80) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 29.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SHORTLY after the Pope was shot last week, we had a letter from a young friend who says that he rarely enters a church or any other place of worship. He wrote:

When I heard from a friend that the Pope had been shot, I did one of the things that most people probably do these days when they hear of an assassination attempt, or of any other sudden catastrophe, for that matter: I turned on the radio. And the radio announcers were doing what they usually do on these occasions: they were breathlessly relating every detail, important or unimportant, that they could get hold of about the shooting. It seemed to be impossible for the newsmen—who perhaps felt that they had to go on saying something, just as I had felt that I had to listen to something—to stop pouring out all these details; it was as though they thought that some fact would finally come along that would make sense of it all for everybody. But after a while I got the feeling that the details were starting to obscure rather than reveal what had happened. Even the information about the assassin—whether he was on the right or on the left politically,

was sane or insane, was part of a conspiracy or “a loner”—seemed beside the point. I turned the radio off and went for a walk on Fifth Avenue. When I found myself passing in front of St. Patrick’s Cathedral, I decided to go in. I quickly saw that although the secular world—as it is represented by the mass media, at any rate—might be at something of a loss to know how to behave in the face of grave injury or death, religious people have a clear idea of what to do: they pray. The cathedral was already half full of people praying. They were of all ages and stations in life. I saw a teen-age boy with two buttons open at his collar kneeling with his forehead down on the back of the pew in front of him, an elderly woman in a heavy coat standing quietly in front of an altar, a smartly dressed young woman with a Bendel’s shopping bag sitting stock-still and staring in front of her, a middle-aged man in a business suit kneeling with his head bowed. When I took a seat among them in a back pew, I found that any lingering interest I had had in the “story” of the shooting had vanished, and I began to think not about who the assassin might be or what the global consequences might be, or even about “the Pope,” but

about the wounded person, Karol Wojtyla, who was lying on an operating table in a hospital in Italy with his life hanging in the balance.

An Offering

WE recently attended a weekend conference at the Caspary Auditorium of Rockefeller University in honor of the sixtieth birthday of the dissident Russian physicist Andrei Sakharov. On Friday afternoon, Sakharov’s contributions to physics were recalled in various speeches and discussions. Afterward, many of the scientists we spoke to expressed surprise at how profound and wide-ranging these have been—and still are, though Sakharov is now working under almost impossible conditions. He is virtually a prisoner, under constant surveillance, in the city of Gorki. Late in the afternoon, a musical program was presented, which featured the pianists Gary Graffman and Emanuel Ax and a trio of musicians who had recently emigrated from the Soviet Union. The first artist to perform was Gary Graffman, and when he was introduced mention was made of the fact that he has been suffering from an ailment in



his right hand which has forced him to cancel over a hundred concerts. He had nonetheless been preparing a selection of piano works to be played with the left hand alone, we were told, and though he had never played the pieces in public, such was his feeling about Sakharov's mission that he was now offering this limited repertoire in Sakharov's honor. The sight of Graffman with one hand mute while the other played its soaring music was the purest and most symbolic birthday tribute to Sakharov we could imagine.

A Day in Waldo Park

THE Metropolitan Bicycle Polo Association held its first scrimmage of the season the other Sunday in Central Park, and we went up to take a look. Bicycle polo, as its name implies, is polo played on bikes instead of on horseback. The scrimmage took place on a dirt field near Seventy-second Street and Fifth Avenue. Here is what we found:

Eight men in their twenties or thirties pedalling around furiously on an assortment of speedy-looking bicycles, all of them wielding specially made mallets and most of them wearing white polo helmets, riding boots and breeches, and leather knee guards.

Twelve battered polo balls.

Four green trash cans, serving as goal posts.

A cheering section of about seventy.

Lots of shouting. For example, a player dressed in white was yelling, "Hit that ball! Hit that ball! Let's go! Hit it! Hit it! Hit it! I want it in there! Go! Go! Hit it! Damn it! Go!"

A bent bicycle wheel with three broken spokes.

A skinned knuckle.

A dark-haired, red-shirted young man named Garrett Bowden, who is the president of the Metropolitan Bicycle Polo Association. "We all got together for our first season last year, and the Association now has about thirty-five members," he told us as he caught his breath between chukkers. "But bicycle polo has an illustrious history. It was founded in England toward the end of the nineteenth century, and there used to be more than a hundred teams there. It was once very big in this country, too, but in recent decades it kind of died down. We're bringing it back."

A copy of the official rules of the United States Bicycle Polo Associa-

tion, as they were set forth in 1942.

A blond, green-shirted young woman named Wendy Brewer, who was acting as scorekeeper and referee. "At least, in regular polo—field polo—the horses work with you," she said as she caught her breath after running down the sidelines. "Polo ponies know how to turn, they shoulder each other, they really seem to understand the game. Bikes can't do any of those things, obviously. That's why the players keep colliding with each other and running into trees." How did she know so much about polo? "I played polo at Yale," she said.

An excellent view of the Frick Museum.

A white Frisbee flying across the field.

A brass quintet nearby playing Scott Joplin, Sam Pottle and Jim Henson, George Frederick Handel, and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, all with consummate grace. The members of the quintet, which had been invited for the occasion, were wearing T-shirts that read "Waldo Park Brass Players." Where is Waldo Park? "Ah," a tall

young trombonist said as he caught his breath between selections. "Waldo Park is wherever we happen to play."

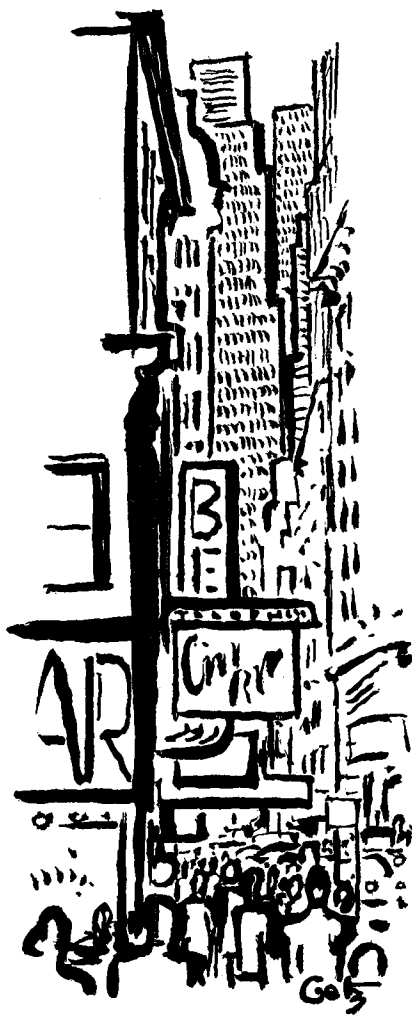
Backstage at Ringling's

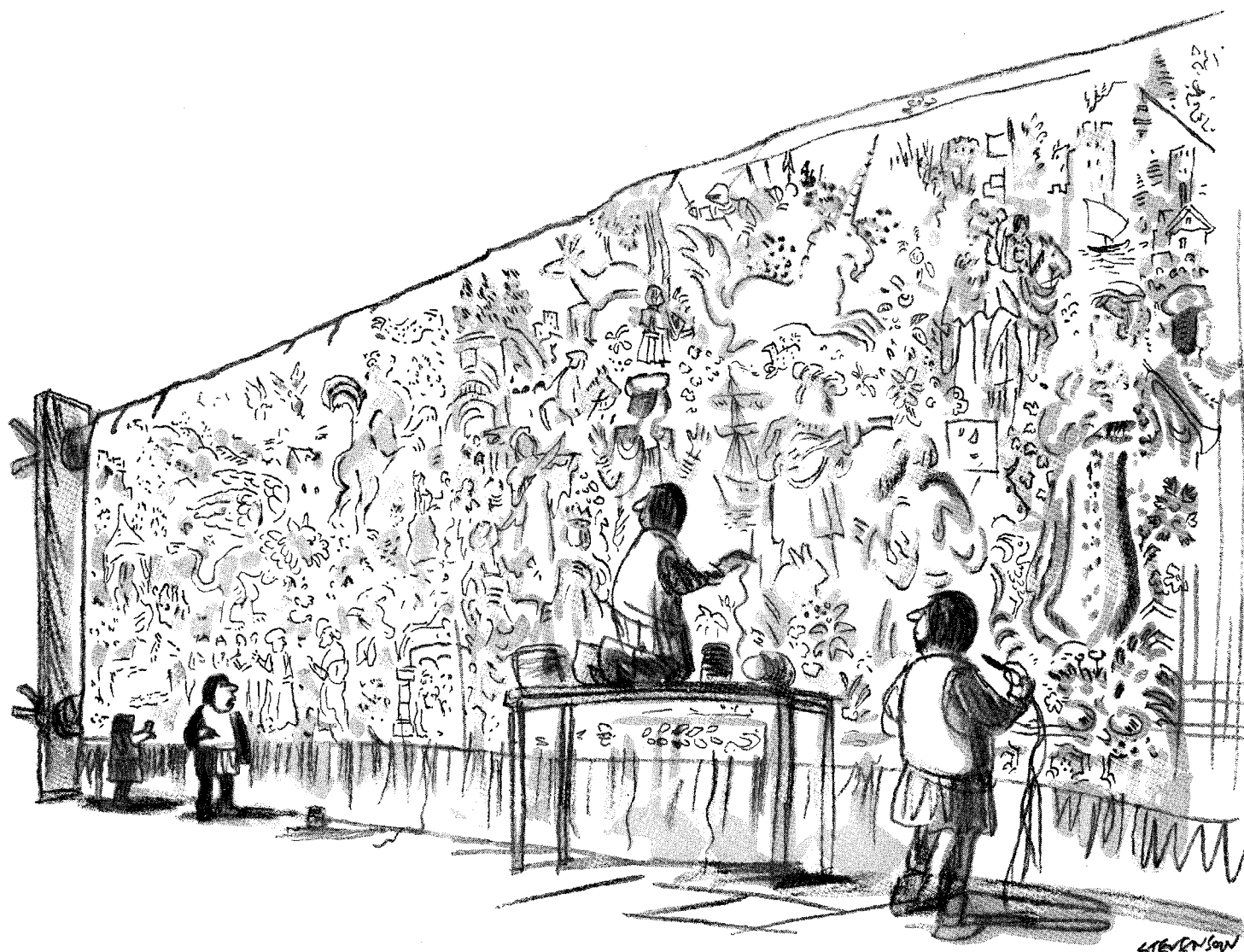
WE are on our way to visit our friend Gunther Gebel-Williams, the German-born animal trainer and superstar of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Red Show, backstage at Madison Square Garden. Since we spoke to him last, two years ago, he has (1) become an American citizen and (2) acquired a giraffe named Dickie. We heard lately that he is delighted with both momentous events.

His trailer stands in the middle of the menagerie. Over everything floats a pervasive smell of jungle. To the right of the trailer, above a partition reinforced by sandbags, appear half a neck and a beautiful head of a giraffe. It is Dickie. The head follows us, inspecting us, until we reach the trailer door.

Gunther looks different. For one thing, his gold-washed hair is cut shorter. Then, his over-all suntan, which he usually uses as body makeup, is fading and wan. The skin under the friendly, somewhat hypnotic eyes is drawn. As usual, he is probably doing too much. But the warmth and the energy of his greeting remain undiminished. His hand, from all the manual circus work he does, is as hard and rough as a farm laborer's. He smiles a wide and merry dead-white smile. The trailer is in the shape of a corridor. It consists of a living room, a kitchen, a bath, a bedroom, and a dressing room. It is mostly beige and is kept very tidy, with artificial flowers in baskets, an aspidistra hanging from the ceiling, and greeting cards stuck to a wall. Wherever Gunther goes, the trailer follows. It is his daytime house. Nights on the road are spent on the circus train, where he and his family occupy a whole car. During this nine-week New York season, the Gebel-Williamses have taken an apartment near the Garden.

It is close to one o'clock, and Gunther's wife, Sigrid—pale-blond, tall, dressed in pants and a shirt of bright turquoise—stands on very high heels at a little stove. The nails on her long hands are painted a mahogany red. Sigrid is a former Berlin model. She has exquisitely regular features in a wide face, an eternal suntan, and large





"I've lost track of the story."

turquoise-blue eyes framed by the longest imaginable false black eyelashes. This year, with great coolness, Sigrid, wearing a curly platinum-blond wig, directs about a dozen performing horses while Gunther and their ten-year-old son, Buffy, keep an eye on things from the edge of the ring. Right now, she is heating goulash she made for Gunther this morning. "Took me three hours," she says. "Did you know that Gunther has become an American citizen?" She says this with pride.

We say we have heard that he took the oath in a Tampa, Florida, courthouse in December of 1979, that he was very nervous, that he found the exam difficult, and that, finally, everything worked out beautifully.

While Gunther eats, Sigrid, armed with a swatter, starts to hunt. She says

that the flies drive her crazy—that they come from the animals' manure, and it is enough to open the door to the trailer for three of them to fly in. In family conversation, Sigrid and Gunther always speak German. Buffy, a lanky, grinning boy, runs in and soon settles down on a built-in bench with a book on hockey. He is very active in the circus, both as a performer and behind the scenes with the animals.

The conversation, after lunch, goes like this.

Gunther says, "Ursula soon has to go back to East Germany." Ursula is Ursula Bottcher, who has a spectacular polar-bear act in the Ringling Brothers' twin Blue Show.

We suggest that she could always defect.

Gunther jumps up. "What? With ten polar bears?" he cries.

Sigrid says evenly, "The bears are the property of the East German government."

With the weight of the circus world on his shoulders, Gunther says, "She has to go back. She has no choice, with the bears. It takes *five years* just to get the bears and to train them."

Through the trailer window we observe Dickie's neck and head moving back and forth above the partition.

"Like Africa, no?" says Gunther.

Tina, his stepdaughter, walks in—eighteen and coltish, with her mother's large eyes. She is in the elephant act. Her mother tries to persuade her to do the dishes.

"Come with me," Gunther says to us.

We leave the trailer. By the tigers' cages, a groom sleeps peacefully, stretched out on three chairs. Gunther

is between performances. He had one at ten-thirty this morning, and his next one is at two-thirty. There is no performance tonight. But this does not mean that he will be finished at five-thirty. Either he will round up his cats in order to hose their cages or he will "make practice." We move slowly among the cages. In an empty floor space, we find Buffy playing hockey with two friends. The puck glides easily over the slippery concrete floor. We are now with the leopards. They come forward, heads lowered, their steady, idols' eyes on their trainer. Speaking both German and English to them, Gunther puts his hand through the bars and scratches a head, or plays with an extended paw, its claws clearly retracted. Suddenly, Gunther says, "Move back, move back!" Both distracted and attracted, we had forgotten just how dangerous these animals are. They can maul you through the bars. Leopards' eyes follow Gunther as he walks on. "Look at this poor guy here," he says in front of a black panther. "His nose is running." The panther sits, still as an Egyptian sculpture. True leopard that he is, he has black-on-black spots. Gunther continues, "Some of the leopards have runny

noses that they got before the cat respiratory virus vaccine was available and before Danny started treating our animals."

Danny is Dr. Daniel Laughlin, the Director of Animal Health, Conservation, and Research for the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus. About circus animals, about the fact that the cats are kept in cages that are anything but roomy, that one of each elephant's legs is kept chained while the animals are at rest, and that they won't see much daylight during the New York run, and about other such matters, Dr. Laughlin, who is, of course, an ardent conservationist, once told me, "I have no opinion. The animals are well cared for."

We move along. We notice an inefably sad and wilting young man seated in a wheelchair, alone against a wall.

"Look at those two guys here," Gunther says. "Siberian tigers." They are together in one cage, and they are huge. They look richer, whiter, and much fluffier than the Bengals. The difference is a little like the one between a snow leopard and an African leopard. One of them rolls onto his back. Then he yawns—a slow, luxurious yawn, showing very white and

very long and very sharp canines. Gunther says, "Look. He still has his baby teeth."

We stop in front of Maharani's cage. Maharani is a rare white tigress. We knew Maharani as a cub. Now she is full-grown and extraordinarily lovely, except that she is slightly cross-eyed. Gunther says, "She is so jumpy and nervous that I don't train her much. I just let her come in and go up there and sit, so the peoples can see her." (Gunther always says "guys" for animals and "peoples" for people.) Then, concerned, he adds, "I asked Danny about her, and he said that she could have an operation when she was grown but that her problem is not serious enough to bother about."

We go past the horses and past the elephants—both Indian and African, with two young elephants, Daisy and Bambi, at the far end. A pair of camels lie completely immobile, side by side, their heads held high. Then we are back by the trailer.

"Good," says Gunther. "Dickie's lying down. Now I can clean him up." He invites us into the enclosure. In a partitioned antechamber lives the only llama in the circus. The llama and Dickie travel together in an immense trailer, which the circus acquired to take Dickie on the road.

Between photography and F. A. O. Schwarz's windows, we had an indefinite idea of a giraffe's coloring. In photographs, its hide looks the colors of a spotted ripe banana skin. In F. A. O. Schwarz's windows, the big plush giraffe is a golden red with yellow markings. None of this had prepared us for Dickie. His hide is a smoky gray-brown with off-white markings. Underfoot in his enclosure is a thick layer of sawdust over rubber matting; the rubber is to keep Dickie from slipping. The danger, Gunther explains, is that if the tall legs split sideways too suddenly and too far, the chest muscles, ligaments, and tendons tear, the animals cannot get up, and they go into irreversible shock. "This has already happened in zoos," he says, shaking his head.

Dickie is still on the bottle. He was taken from his mother shortly after his birth, in February of 1980, and Gunther has bottle-fed him ever since. "I'm the mother," he says, beating his chest. At first, using a normal half-gallon animal baby bottle, Gunther could stand on the ground. Now he has to climb to the very top of an aluminum ladder that stands propped up against



"My car may be old and faded and tired, but it's got fins. I like fins."

Dickie's pen. At first, Dickie consumed four gallons of milk a day. Now that he's on adult food, he's down to half a gallon—one feeding, at nine-thirty in the morning. Gunther, the permissive parent, says, "He likes his bottle so much I can't take it away from him." Dickie, at fifteen months, stands twelve feet high. He is expected to grow five feet more, and at that point he will be too tall to maneuver, so Gunther plans to retire him and breed him, and then perhaps—*perhaps*—buy another baby giraffe.

Gunther, armed with an enormous white rag, is wiping Dickie's flanks with wide up-and-down motions. In a low voice, he keeps up a continuous monologue. It is an unbridled flow of affection, which he suddenly interrupts to say to us, "One good kick, and you're dead." He asks us to feel Dickie's thigh. The giraffe, inquisitive, turns his neck around to investigate. The way that neck moves is a beautiful sight. The beast himself is unbelievably beautiful: the proudly

held head with the tiny, humorous horns; the long nose; the black velvet eyes, with their short brushes of downward-slanted lashes. When he walks around the arena, he moves like a mobile—one piece at a time. The legs push the body forward; the body propels the head on its endless neck. And how does a giraffe go to sleep? Lying down, Dickie twists his neck around and lays his head to rest upon his back. Dickie eats what a horse eats: oats, hay, sweet feed, and something we understood to be "mice" but which turned out to be "*Mais*," the German for corn. (His feed bag and water pail are hung up on the partition, so that he doesn't have to bend down.) Vegetables are a special treat. Outside his enclosure, resting against the sandbags, are sacks of onions, carrots, cabbages, and leeks. The vegetables do not look as if they came from the corner Korean shop—they are quite battered. As we bend down to inspect



"More coffee, honey?"

the carrots, Dickie, who is leaning over the partition, begins to drool over our head. "He is *terrible*," Gunther says. "You can't show him food."

A quarter of an hour before showtime, Gunther goes into the trailer to change. A small voice outside the trailer calls, "Gunther! Gunther!"

Sigrid opens the door. "It's *Mister* Gunther, and he's busy," she says to three boys so tiny that they look as if they were standing in a hole.

Soon Gunther comes out of his dressing room wearing black sequined tights shot with large rhinestoned silver stars, and, instead of an abbreviated sequined vest he will put on at the last minute in the wings to "do" the tigers, a sleeveless jacket of blue denim.

We leave the trailer. Everyone in sight greets Gunther. He replies with a nod and a smile and, at times, a wave of the hand. A pirouetting clown practices a trick with three papier-mâché bricks. Gunther is on his way to col-

lect Prince, a favorite tiger, who, in the wings, will jump onto the back of an elephant. Then Gunther will climb on behind Prince and, holding him on a leash, will make a spectacular entrance into the arena. (Elephants and tigers are enemies in the wild, but here Gunther has managed to bring them together.)

We notice the sad young man in a wheelchair. He is being pushed by a clown in costume, and next to him walks a young woman, also in costume, who has come from the Soviet Union with a hula-hoop act. She bends toward the sad young man and says to him consolingly, in Russian, "You are my hot little bun. You are my favorite. You mean so much to me."

In the wings, alone and unattended, becalmed, and wearing a sequined blanket with a tiger emblem on it, stands an elephant.

"Ah, there's Congo," Gunther says. "Waiting for her entrance."

MISSION TO MANDALA

IN last month's issue of *1st Brigade*, we saw Joe and Jim launch the flying skiff *Capability* from the U.S.S. *Enterprise*, floating H.Q. of the famous 1st, and set course for Mandala, mysterious island stronghold of the treacherous Celanese. Hours passed. To anxious buddies waiting for word—Rocco, Izzy, Chief Thunder, Mojo, Mike, Captain O'Connor, Nurse Norma—they seemed like days. "Mamma mia! It's-a no use-a," said Rocco, manning the scanner that was fine-tuned to pick up faint flickers from Joe and Jim's solar-powered laser signal rings. "Keep trying, Rock!" muttered Captain O'Connor grimly. "I know the boys are trying to get through to us—I just know it!" Suddenly, Izzy heard taps on his headset. "Oy veh," he sighed. "If it's bed news you vant, Keptain, boy, hef I got da bed news!" Faithful to their orders, the two youths had maintained radio silence, but by tapping on solid subterranean surfaces they had managed to send a Morse-code message by way of

the Brigade's highly sensitive seismograph, informing H.Q. that they were trapped in an abandoned mine shaft and hopelessly surrounded by screaming Celanese terrorists crazed by anti-American rhetoric and probably dominated by their international Communist masters! On the decks of the *Enterprise*, initial dismay and disbelief were quickly replaced by quiet determination as the ship swung hard to starboard. Communications Control crackled with crisp orders. "Them little gimps think America says uncle, I reckon it's up to us to give 'em a lesson in *English*," Mike said confidently. "C'mon, Marie and Louise," Mojo whispered to his fists. "Time for you to do the *talkin*."

Can the 1st do the job? Can a New York City cabdriver, an ex-welterweight champ, a San Francisco short-order cook, a Nebraska farmboy, a direct descendant of Crazy Horse, a former tailback for the Fighting Irish, and the first woman to successfully perform an arterial bypass on a

mountaintop in a blizzard—can a crack team of diehard individuals successfully intervene and, with minimal loss of human life, rescue Joe and Jim: a veteran C.I.A. operative and an A.D.A. vice-president who loves opera? Or does Mandala mean curtains? Is it time to turn tail, run up the white flag, call off the dogs, and generally cheese it? Is it time for Old Glory to Sic Transit?

More from Mandala in a minute. First, this month's mailbag:

Here's a big salute to all you guys at Able Baker Comics, especially the artists. Jerry's work on the preventive air strike in the November ish was superb—great action, beautiful color! Just one complaint. How could Joe and Jim walk into an abandoned mine shaft? It had "TRAP" written all over it. These guys are supposedly trained in anti-terrorist tactics (A.-T.T.), but sometimes they don't have the smarts to dial Information. Did they eat Dumb Flakes for breakfast? C'mon! Let's get both oars in the water!

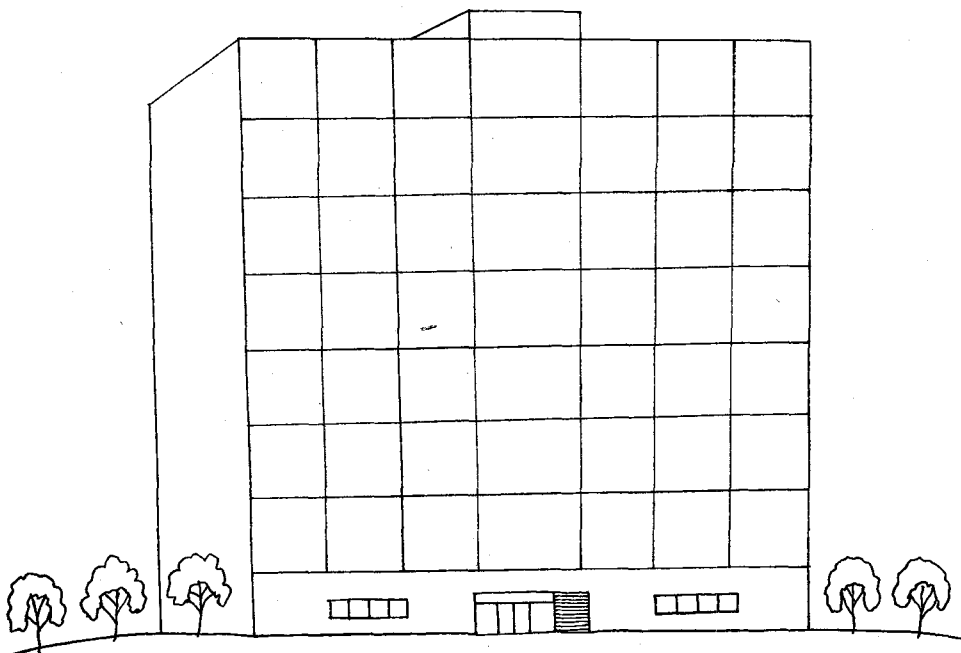
L.F., NEW HAVEN

A low blow, L.F., and it hurts, man, no lie. You're calling two guys dumb who rigged up a makeshift bombsight from a beer bottle and a mess kit when the *Capability* came through Chinese ack-ack looking like Swiss cheese and planted 500-pounders in Mao's chow mein, giving Chiang Kai-shek time to reach Taiwan ("Yanks Over Yangtze")? You say two soldiers are stupid who snuck behind V.C. lines, disguising themselves by squinting, and blazed a fake Ho Chi Minh Trail that led two thousand N.V.A. regulars straight into the arms of the 3rd Division ("Tête-à-Tet")? It's armchair commanders like you, L.F., who make fighting for democracy the thankless job that it is. Glad you liked November's art, though. We plan more preventive air strikes in the very near future, so be on the lookout.

I have every Able Baker comic going back to 1942. *1st Brigade* is tops in my book, followed by *Screaming Leathernecks*, *Charlie Squadron*, *Still Subs Run Deep*, *Slim Smith—Secret Agent*, *Battling Seabees*, *Defense Plant Workers in War and Peace*, and *Wally Randolph—Air Raid Warden*, in that order. One question—

Fire away.

In Vol. IV, No. 8, after witnessing the Japanese surrender Joe plans to return to Middleburg and become an inventor. In Vol. XII, No. 4, at Panmunjom, Jim asks



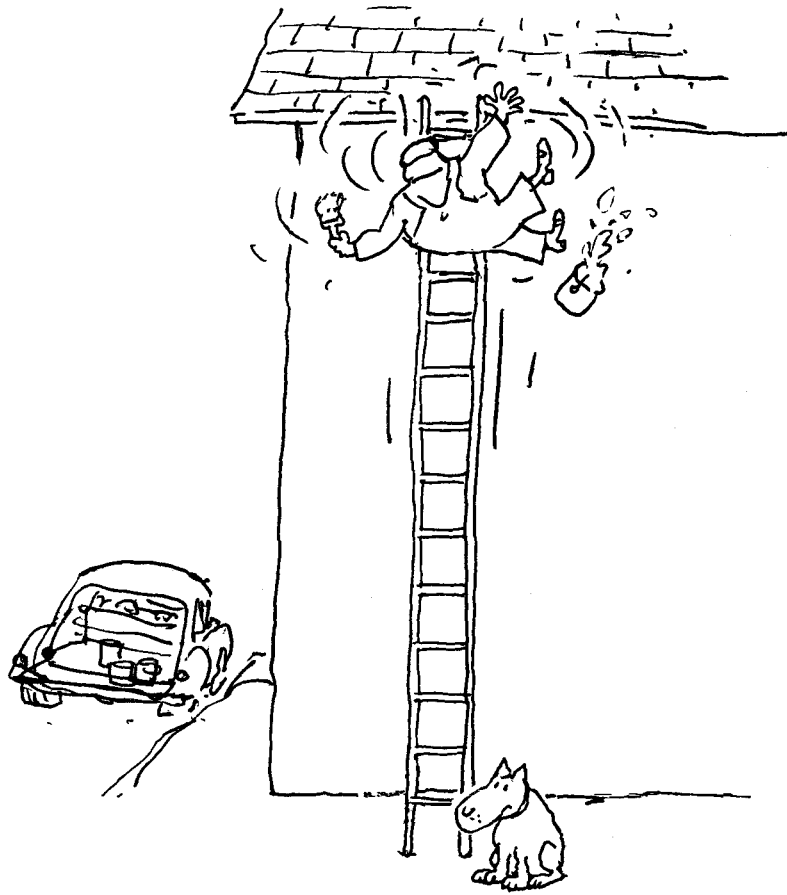
FIRST CONDOMINIUM APARTMENT BUILDING
IN THE NATION ENTIRELY OCCUPIED
BY WINNERS OF MAJOR
TELEVISION GAME SHOWS

W Miller

Sgt. Monica York to marry him. In more recent issues, the boys frequently mention wanting to settle down Stateside. Now, trapped in the mine shaft, Jim says he'd give anything for a Coke and a cheeseburger. Are these hints of upcoming retirement, possibly of disbanding the entire Brigade?

B.D., SAN LUIS OBISPO

Not on your ever-lovin' life, B.D. That question was answered once and for all when carrier-based Zeros approached Oahu one quiet Sunday morning years ago. When word was flashed to the U.S. of A., Joe was in his garage-workshop, attaching air brakes with C-clamps to his landau, and Jim was listening to Act III of "Aida." They left home and never looked back. Sure, they miss it—Mom, Bud, Sis, the shady streets, Sunday dinner, swimming in the Mississippi, the sweet smell of sassafras, sarsaparilla, and blackstrap molasses—but don't mistake homesickness for lack of resolve. Joe and Jim intend to stay up front for as long as it takes. Why? Check your back yard. See enemy troops digging foxholes in the sandbox? No? Good. Let's keep it that way.



I wish that *1st Brigade* could be read in every college classroom in America. Maybe it would show today's generation that a volunteer army is an army only if people volunteer. It's up to them. Why is it we always run when we should do what must be done? We'd always rather joke and kid and talk about the things we did, or fret and worry, moan and stew, than tackle the job that's ours to do. If Americans would only fight for everything we know is right, we soon would have a better life free of suffering and strife.

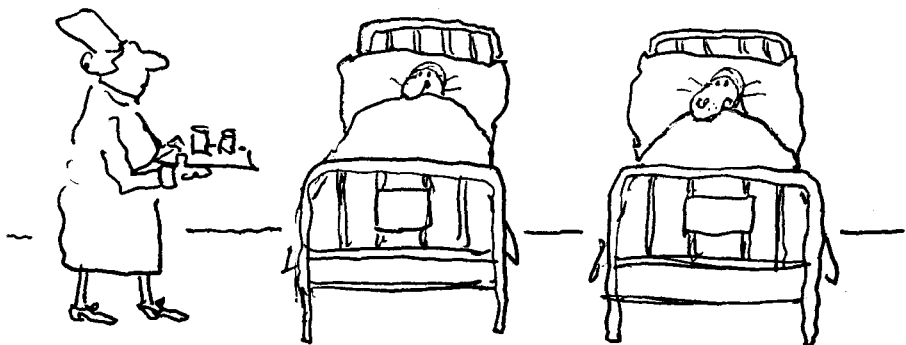
D.M., OMAHA

Consider the nail hit on the head, D.M. Note to college readers: Wake up and smell the coffee.

The 1st Brigade is great, especially Mojo and Chief Thunder. Good to see members of so-called "minority" groups who are willing to fight for the land they love. My only complaint has to do with smoking. I know Captain O'Connor is under a great deal of pressure, but it makes me sick to see cigarettes dangling from his lips. Cigarettes sap a person's vital resources. It's just plain wrong to show them as a sign of manliness.

B.T., ORLANDO

Good point, B.T., and we'll pass it on. A word to the wise should be sufficient. Meanwhile, let's not forget "Allies Über Alles" when the Captain lobbed a Zippo into the Nazi fuel



BOOTH

dump, or the exploding cigar in "A Gift for Göring."

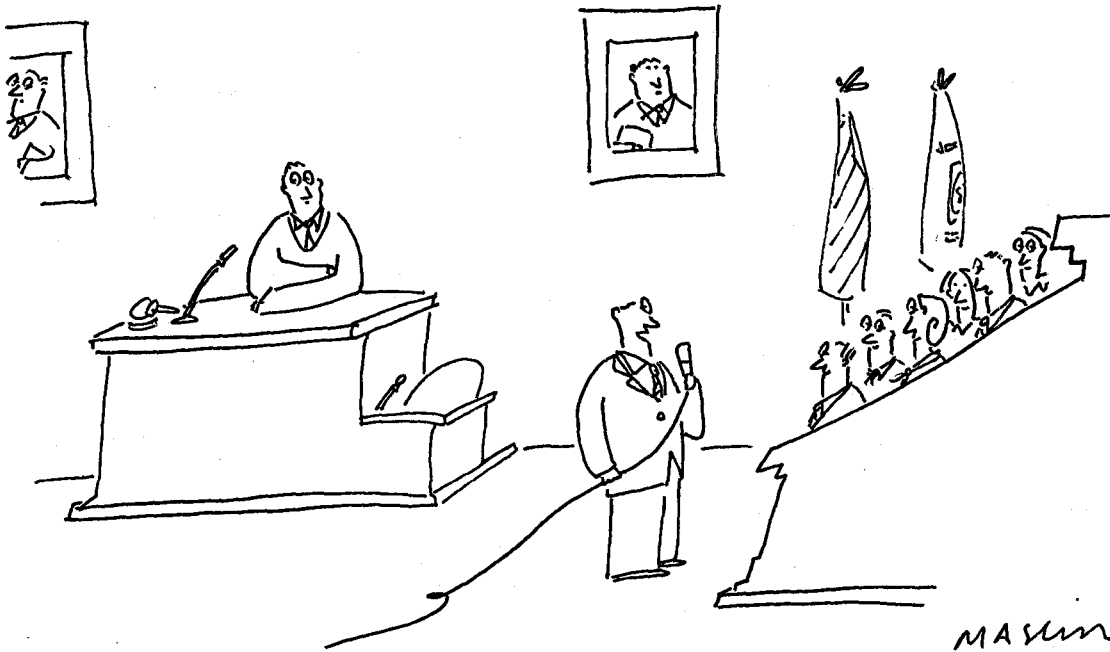
The Mandala crisis puts me in mind of two similar adventures. In 1942, trapped in a deep bunker on Corregidor, Joe and Jim fasted forty days until, thin enough to wriggle up the secret airshaft, they escaped the Imperial Japanese Army and reached the open Pacific in time to guide MacArthur's landing boats through mine-infested waters. In 1966, trapped in a Vietcong cave beneath Hill 109, Joe and Jim called in an air strike right on top of them, and the Air Force, in a textbook display of precision bombing, hit the geological fault right on the money, surgically splitting open the hill and enabling the boys to climb out and be rescued by commandos. I'm confident the 1st will find a way this

time, too. Just one little quibble: When the Celanese attack the mouth of the mine shaft, you have their SM-82s going "BLAM-BLAAAMMM." According to the latest "Jane's Guns," that should be "RA-A-A-T-RA-A-A-A-A-T." Keep up the good work.

M.G., PHOENIX

Our faces are red, M.G. We confused the SM-82 with the C-24. Your vigilance gives Joe and Jim an even better chance of surviving the attack until the 1st arrives—as you know, the SM-82 lacks the anti-rock capability of the C-24. Precious minutes have been won. Accept our thanks.

A few years ago, in the Mayagüez incident, Joe and Jim employed stink bombs to



"And now I'd like to bring on a brand-new witness, with the brightest testimony you're likely to hear for quite some time. She's never been on the stand before, so let's give her a big, warm welcome."

render enemy forces helpless with disgust. Now here they are trapped in a mine shaft where stink bombs would be highly effective and on page 24 Joe even points out to Jim that Celanese can't wear gas masks because their heads are too small—but where are the bombs??? What gives? Don't go barefoot to a snake-stomping, as my Dad used to say. Did the guys just plain forget them or what?

G.E., NASHVILLE

Hold on there, G.E. Don't run off half-cocked. Stink bombs come under chemical warfare, and, thanks to bleeding hearts in Washington, these valuable tools were taken out of the hands of the 1st Brigade. So don't complain to us. Write your congressman.

DEEP beneath Mandala, dodging Celanese shells that ricocheted off the mine-shaft walls (BLAAANGGG! KA-CHINGGG!) and hand grenades bouncing down the steeply slanted floor (THUNK-THUNK-THUNK-THUNK-THUNK-THUNK. . . . BLAAAAAMMMMMMM!!), armed only with M-16s (KRRAKK! KRRAKK!), a flamethrower (KER-WHOOOOSH!!!), and a bullhorn (WE HAVE JUST ONE RESPONSE-ONSE-ONSE-ONSE... TO YOUR DEMAND FOR SURRENDER-ER-ER-ER: NUTS!-TS!-TS!-TS!), Joe and Jim crouched behind a large rock, which Celanese firepow-

er was slowly making smaller and smaller. "Where in blazes is the 1st?" Jim shouted over the din. "Sometimes—sometimes I get the feeling—oh, never mind," he murmured.

"What?!?! Get *what* feeling?!?!" Joe answered. Twenty-seven years spent crouched next to Jim in one hellhole after another had made him sensitive to the feelings of his younger partner, a liberal and a graduate of a small liberal-arts college, who, unlike Joe—who, like most men of scientific bent, expressed himself plainly and forthrightly—often hesitated and had to be coaxed.

"Sometimes I get the feeling the 1st is only symbolic," said Jim. "Ever present—sure! But symbolism all the same."

Joe's eyes rolled up in his smoke-blackened face. He sighed wearily, lighting his last cigarette as he did so. Although he knew that he could always count on the young activist when the chips were down, he had long since come to distrust Jim's doubts, his ever-present skepticism, not to mention his tendency, common among liberals, to want to get into long discussions just when it's time to hunker down and aim for the eyeballs.

"Listen," he rasped. "H₂O is a symbol, too. Does that mean you don't

believe in water?" He paused, hoping the message would sink in, when suddenly Jim grabbed him.

"That's it!" Jim yelled. "Listen!"

From a narrow crevice beneath their feet came the unmistakable sound of running water. "It's an underground river," said Jim. "Smells like fresh water. That means it runs to the sea."

Joe smiled. "See if you can squeeze through that crevice," he said. "I'll hold 'em off."

Meanwhile, aboard the Enterprise, Captain O'Connor awaited the arrival of powerful magnets from Midway Island, magnets that, according to a formula quickly cal-

culated by Chief Thunder, an Ojibway physicist, could be mounted in the bellies of low-flying B-52s, yanking the little heads of the Celanese up by the chin straps of their iron helmets and preventing them from aiming accurately at Joe and Jim as the boys fled from the mine shaft. It had been Nurse Norma's idea—a whiplash attack—and she watched the Captain anxiously now as he paced the windswept deck. "How much longer can he go on like this?" she asked herself silently. "The aneurysm is as big as a fist. How can I tell him?" Unaware of her, unaware that Joe and Jim had been carried from Mandala by the underground river and even now were swimming hand over fist in the wrong direction against powerful waves dotted with the fins of killer sharks, he strode back and forth, his eyes fixed eastward, exhaling through his nostrils.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT [From Premium Channels]

HURRY UP OR I'LL BE THIRTY (MAX)
A lonely young man still living at home realizes it's time to cross a bridge. What happens in his search for a new way of life in Manhattan becomes a sensitive, romantic drama. John Lefkowitz (profanity, nudity, adult situations). (PG-1:28)

BEETHOVEN, OPUS III

There are epochs, however, when mankind, not content with the present, longing for time's deeper layers, like the plowman, thirsts for the virgin soil of time.

—Osip Mandelstam.

—Or, conversely, hungers
for the levitations of the concert hall:
the hands like rafts of *putti*
out of a region where the dolorous stars
are fixed in glassy cerements of Art;
the ancien régime's diaphanous plash
athwart the mounting throb of hobnails—
shod squadrons of vibration
mining the air, its struck ores hardening
into a plowshare, a downward wandering
disrupting every formal symmetry.
From the supine harp case, the strung-foot
tendons under the mahogany, the bulldozer
in the bass unearths a Piranesian
catacomb: Beethoven ventilating,
with a sound he cannot hear, the cave-in
of recurring rage.

In the tornado country
of mid-America, my father
might have been his twin—a farmer
hacking at sourdock, at the strangle-
roots of thistles and wild morning glories,
setting out rashly, one October,
to rid the fencerows of poison ivy:
livid seed globs turreted
in trinities of glitter, ripe
with the malefic glee no farmer doubts
lives deep down things. My father
was naïve enough—by nature
revolutionary, though he'd have
disowned the label—to suppose he might
in some way, minor but radical, disrupt
the givens of existence: set
his neighbors' thinking straight, undo
the stranglehold of reasons nations
send their boys off to war. That fall,
after the oily fireworks had cooled down
to trellises of hairy wicks,
he dug them up, rootstocks and all,
and burned them. Do-gooder!
The well-meant holocaust became
a mist of venom, sowing itself along
the sculptured hollows of his overalls,
braceleting wrists and collarbone—
a mesh of blisters spreading to a shirt
worn like a curse. For weeks
he writhed inside it. Awful.

High art
with a stiff neck: an upright Steinway
bought in Chicago, a chromo of a Hobbema
tree avenue, or of Millet's imagined peasant,
the lark she listens to invisible, perhaps
irrelevant—harpstrings and fripperies of air
congealed into an object nailed against the wall,
its sole, ironic function (if it has any)
to demonstrate that one, though he may
grunt and sweat at work, is not a clod.
Beethoven might declare the air
his domicile, the winds kin, the tornado

a kind of second cousin; here
his labor merely shimmers—a deracinated
album leaf, a bagatelle, the "Moonlight"
rendered with a dying fall (the chords
subside, disintegrate, regroup
in climbing sequences *con brio*). There's
no dwelling on the sweet past here,
there being no past to speak of
other than the setbacks: typhoid
in the wells, half the first settlers
dead of it before a year was out;
diphtheria and scarlet fever
every winter; drought; the Depression;
a mortgage on the mortgage. High art
as a susurrus, the silk and perfume
of unsullied hands. Those hands!—
driving the impressionable wild with anguish
for another life entirely: the Lyceum circuit,
the doomed diving bell of Art.

Beethoven

in his workroom: ear trumpet,
conversation book and pencil, candlestick,
broken crockery, the Graf piano
wrecked by repeated efforts to hear himself—
out of a humdrum squalor the levitations,
the shakes and triplets, the Adagio
molto semplice e cantabile, the Arietta
a disintegrating surf of blossom
opening along the keyboard, along the fencerows
the astonishment of sweetness. My father,
driving somewhere in Kansas or Colorado,
in dust-bowl country, stopped the car
to dig up by the roots a flower
he'd never seen before—a kind
of prickly poppy most likely, its luminousness
wounding the blank plains like desire.
He mentioned in a letter the disappointment
of his having hoped it might transplant—
an episode that brings me near tears
still, as even his dying does not,
that awful dying, months-long, hunkered,
irascible. From a clod no plowshare
could deliver, a groan for someone
(because he didn't want to look
at anything) to take away the flowers,
a bawling as of slaughterhouses, slogans
of a general uprising: *Freiheit!*
Beethoven, shut up with the four walls
of his deafness, rehearing the unheardable
semplice e cantabile, somehow reconstituting
the blister shirt of the intolerable
into these shakes and triplets, a hurrying
into flowering along the fencerows: dying,
for my father, came to be like that
finally—in its messages the levitation
of serenity, as though the spirit might
aspire, in its last act,

to walk on air.

—AMY CLAMPITT

SUMMER

CONSTANCE and Ben and their daughters by previous marriages, Charlotte and Jill, were sharing a summer house on an island for a month with their friend Steven. There were five weekends that August, and for each one of them Steven invited a different woman up—Patsy, Teddy, Mercedes, Annie, and Gloria. The women made a great deal of fuss over Charlotte and Jill, who were both ten. They made the girls nachos and root-beer floats, and bought them rug-hooking kits, and took them out to the moors to identify flowers. They took them to the cemeteries, from which the children would return with rubbings that Constance found depressing:

This beautiful bud to us was given
To unfold here but bloom in Heaven

or (worse!):

Here lies Aimira Rawson
Daughter Wife Mother
She has done what she could

The children affixed the rubbings to the side of the refrigerator with magnets in the shape of broccoli.

The women would arrange the children's hair in various elaborate ways that Constance hated. They knew no taboos; they discussed everything with the children—love, death, Japanese whaling methods. Each woman had habits, and theories and stories to tell, and each brought a house present and stayed seventy-two hours. They all spent so much time with the children because they could not spend it with Steven, who appeared after 5 P.M. only. Steven was writing a book that summer; he was, in his words, "writing an aesthetically complex response to hermetic currents in modern life." This took time.

Ben was recovering from a heart attack he had suffered in the spring. He and Constance had been in a restaurant, arguing, and he had had a heart attack. She remembered the look of absolute attentiveness that had

crossed his face. At the time, she had thought he was looking at a beautiful woman behind her and on the other side of the room. The memory, which she recalled frequently, mortified her. What she couldn't remember was what they had been arguing about.

Ben was thin, with dark hair. He was twelve years older than Constance, yet they looked about the same age. He was the love of Constance's life, but they had quarrelled a lot; it was a small tragedy, really, how much they had quarrelled before his heart attack. Now that they no longer quarrelled, they were a little shy with one another. Things appeared different now to Constance. Objects seemed to have more presence, people seemed more vivid, the sky seemed brighter. Her nightmares' messages were far less veiled. Constance was embarrassed at having these feelings, for it had been Ben's heart attack, after all, not hers. He had always accused her of taking things too personally.

Constance and Ben had been mar-

ried for five years. Charlotte was Constance's child from her marriage with David, and Jill was Ben's from his to Susan. The children weren't crazy about each other, but they got along. It was all right, really, with them. Here in the summer house they slept in the attic, in Constance's opinion the nicest room in the house. It had two iron beds, white beaverboard walls, and a small window from which one could see three streets converging. Sometimes Constance would take a gin-and- tonic up to the attic and lie on one of the beds and watch people place their postcards in the mailbox at the intersection. Constance didn't send postcards herself. She really didn't want to get in touch with anybody but Ben, and she couldn't very well send him a card: Ben lived in the same house with her, as he had in whatever house they'd had since they had gotten married.

August was hot and splendid for the most part, but those who stayed for the entire season claimed it was not as nice as July. The gardens were brown. Pedestrians swatted irritably at bicyclists who used the sidewalks.

There was more weeping at parties, and there were more jellyfish in the sea.

On the afternoon of the first Friday in August, Constance was in the attic room observing an elderly couple place their postcards in the mailbox with great deliberation. She watched a woman about her own age drop a card into the box and go off with a mean, satisfied look upon her face. She watched an older woman throw in at least a dozen cards with seemingly no emotion whatever.

Charlotte came upstairs and told her mother, "A person drowning imagines there's a ladder rising vertically from the water, and he tries to climb that ladder. Did you know that? If he would only imagine that the ladder was horizontal, he wouldn't drown."

Charlotte left. Constance sat on a bed and looked around the room.



Public Denunciation

THE NEW YORKER

On the bureau mirror were photographs of two boys, Charlotte's and Jill's boyfriends. Their names were Zack and Pete. They were just little boys, but there they were. It worried Constance that the girls should already have boyfriends. Another photograph, which Constance had not seen before, showed a large yellow dog grinning in front of a potted evergreen. Constance was not acquainted with either him or his name. She got up and began picking up candy wrappers that were scattered around the room and putting them in her empty glass. She was thirty-three years old. She thought of F. Scott Fitzgerald's remark that American lives have no second act.

Constance went downstairs to the kitchen, where Patsy was drinking some champagne she had brought and waiting for Steven to appear at five o'clock.

"I just love it here," Patsy said. "I love it, love it, love it."

Her eyes were shining. She was a good sport, but she had rather bad skin. She was a vegetarian; for three days after she left, the children demanded bean curd. She was Steven's typist in the city, where she and her epileptic golden retriever, Scooter, lived in the same apartment building as Jill's aunt.

"You were in my apartment a long, long time ago," Patsy told Jill. "When you were a little tiny girl, and you pulled Scooter's tail and he growled at you and you said, 'Stop that at once!' and he did."

"I can't remember that," Jill said.

"It's a small world," Patsy said, pouring herself more champagne. She sighed. "Scooter's getting along now."

Charlotte and Jill were sitting on either side of Patsy at the kitchen table, making lists of the names they wanted to call their children. Charlotte had Victoria, Grover, and Christopher; Jill had Beatrice, Travis, and Cone.

"'Cone?'" Patsy asked. "How can you name a child Cone?"



"Of course, honesty is one of the better policies."

Constance looked at the ornately lettered names. The future yawned ahead, filled with individuals, each expecting to be found.

"Do you swim?" Constance asked Patsy.

"I do," Patsy said solemnly. "I just gave the girls a few pointers about panic in the water."

"Would you like to go swimming?" Constance asked.

"It's almost five," Patsy said. "Steven will be coming down any moment."

"Cone is both a nice shape and a nice name," Jill said.

"Would you like to go swimming?" Constance asked the girls.

"No, thanks," the girls said.

Ben came in the kitchen door, chewing gum. Since his heart attack, he had given up smoking and chewed a great deal of gum. He was tanned and smiling, but he moved a little oddly, as though he were carrying something awkward. Constance got a little rush every time she saw Ben.

"Would you like to go swimming with me?" Constance asked.

"Sure," Ben said.

They drove out to the beach. On a bluff above the beach was the white

silos of a loran station, which sent out signals that enabled navigators to determine their position by time displacement. Constance and Ben swam without touching or talking. Then they went home.

TEDDY came the next weekend, when Patsy's champagne bottle held a browning mum. Teddy was secretive and feminine. She brought two guests of her own, Fred and Miriam. They all lived together in South Woodstock, Vermont, not far from the large quartz testicle stones there. "There are megalithic erections all over our farm," Teddy told Constance.

A terrible thing had happened to Fred: his wife had just died. A mole on her waist had turned blue, and in six weeks she was dead.

Fred told Constance, "The last words she said to me were 'Life goes on long enough. Not too long, but long enough.'" Fred's eyes would glass up, but he did not cry. He had brought a tape of Blind Willie Johnson singing "Dark Was the Night—Cold Was the Ground," which he played frequently.

On Saturday, they had a large lunch

of several dozen ears of fresh corn and a gallon of white wine. Miriam told Constance, "It wasn't Rose that died, it was Lu-Ellen. Doesn't Fred just wish it were Rose! Lu-Ellen was a girl in the office he was crazy for."

Miriam whispered this so that Fred would not hear. She had corn kernels in her teeth, but apart from that she was the very picture of an exasperated woman. Was she in love with Fred, Constance wondered. Or Steven? Actually, there was an Edward she spoke to constantly on the phone. Miriam would say things to Teddy like "Edward said he got in touch with Jimmy and everything's all right now."

After lunch, there was a long moment of silence while they all listened to the sound of Steven's typewriter. Steven did not eat lunch; he was bringing together the cosmic and the personal, the poetic and the expository. During working hours, he was fuelled by grapefruit juice only.

Teddy had brought four quarts of Vermont raspberries to Constance and Ben. The berries had been bruised a little during their passage across the sound. She had brought Steven a leather-bound book with thick creamy

blank pages upon which to record his thoughts.

"Nothing gets past Steven, not a single thing," Teddy said.

"I've never known a cooler intelligence," Miriam said.

"You know," Fred said, "Vermont really has somewhat of a problem. A lot of things that people think are ancient writings on stones are actually just marks left by plows, or the roots of trees. Some of these marks get translated anyway, even though they're not genuine."

Teddy lowered her eyes and giggled.

Later, Teddy and Miriam and Fred took Charlotte and Jill to the cliff that was considered the highest point on the island, and they all jumped off. This was one of the girls' favorite amusements. They loved jumping off the cliff and springing in long leaps down the rosy sand to the beach below, but they hated the climb back up.

The next day it rained. In the afternoon, the girls went to a movie with the houseguests, and Constance went up to their room. The rain had blown in through the open window, and an acrostic puzzle was sopping on the sill.

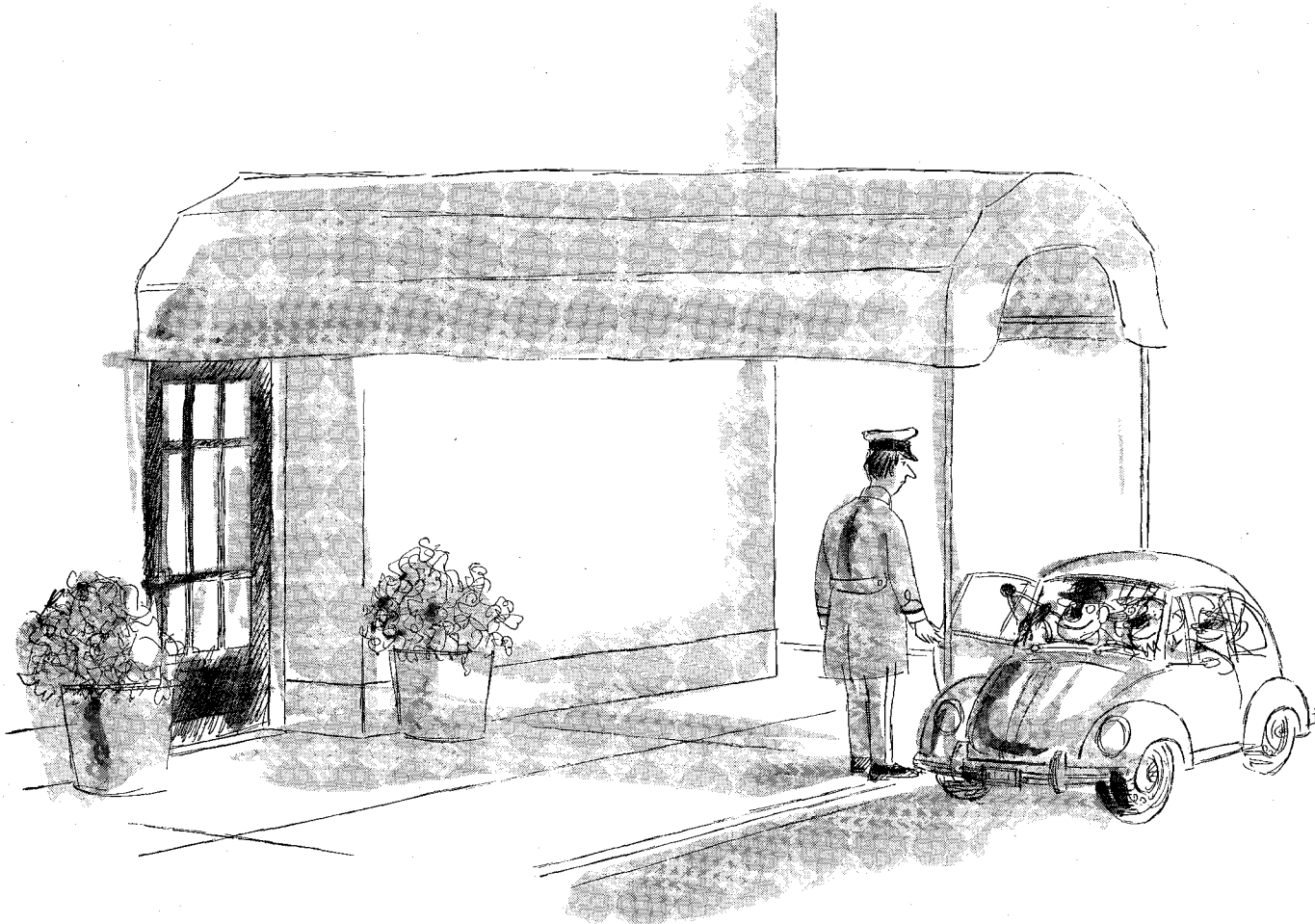
Constance shut the window and mopped up. She sat on one of the beds and thought of two pet rabbits Charlotte and Jill had had the summer before. Ben would throw his voice into the rabbits and have them speak of the verities in a pompous and irascible tone. Constance had always thought it hilarious. Then the rabbits had died, and the children didn't want another pair. Constance stared out the window. The rain pounded the dark street silver. There was no one out there.

That night, the house was quiet. Constance lay behind Ben on their bed and nuzzled his hair. "Talk to me," Constance said.

"William Gass said that lovers are alike as light bulbs," Ben said. "Or something like that."

"Talk to me some more," Constance asked. But Ben didn't say much more.

MERCEDES arrived. She had fine features and large gray eyes, but she looked anxious, and her hair was always damp—"from visions and insomnia," she told Constance. She entertained Charlotte and Jill by telling



them the entire plot line of "General Hospital." She read the palms of their grubby hands.

"Constitutionally, I am more or less doomed to suffer," Mercedes said, pointing to deep lines running down from the ball of her own thumb. But she assured the girls that they would be happy, that they would each have three husbands and be happy with them all. The girls made another list. Jill had William, Daniel, and Jean-Paul. Charlotte had Eric, Franklin, and Duke.

Constance regarded the lists. She did not want to think of her little girls as wives in love.

"Do you think Mercedes is beautiful?" Constance asked Ben.

"I don't understand what she's talking about," Ben said.

"You don't have to understand what she's talking about to think she's beautiful."

"I don't think she's beautiful," Ben said.

"She told me that Steven said the

meanings of her words were not philosophical but telepathic and cumulative."

"Let's go downtown and get some gum," Ben said.

The two of them walked down to Main Street. Hundreds of people thronged the small town. There was diagonal parking on the one-way street, the spaces filled with cars that were either extremely rusted or highly waxed, and occupied by young men and women playing loud radios.

"What a lot of people," Constance said.

"There's a sphere of radio transmissions about thirty light-years thick expanding outward at the speed of light, informing every star it touches that the earth is full of people," Ben said.

Constance stared at him. "I'll be glad when the summer's over," she said.

"I can't remember very many Augusts," Ben said. "I'm really going to remember my Augusts from now on."

Constance started to cry.

"I can't talk to you," Ben said. They were walking back home. A group of girls wearing monogrammed knapsacks pedalled past on bicycles.

"That's not talking," Constance said. "That's shorthand. Just a miserable shorthand."

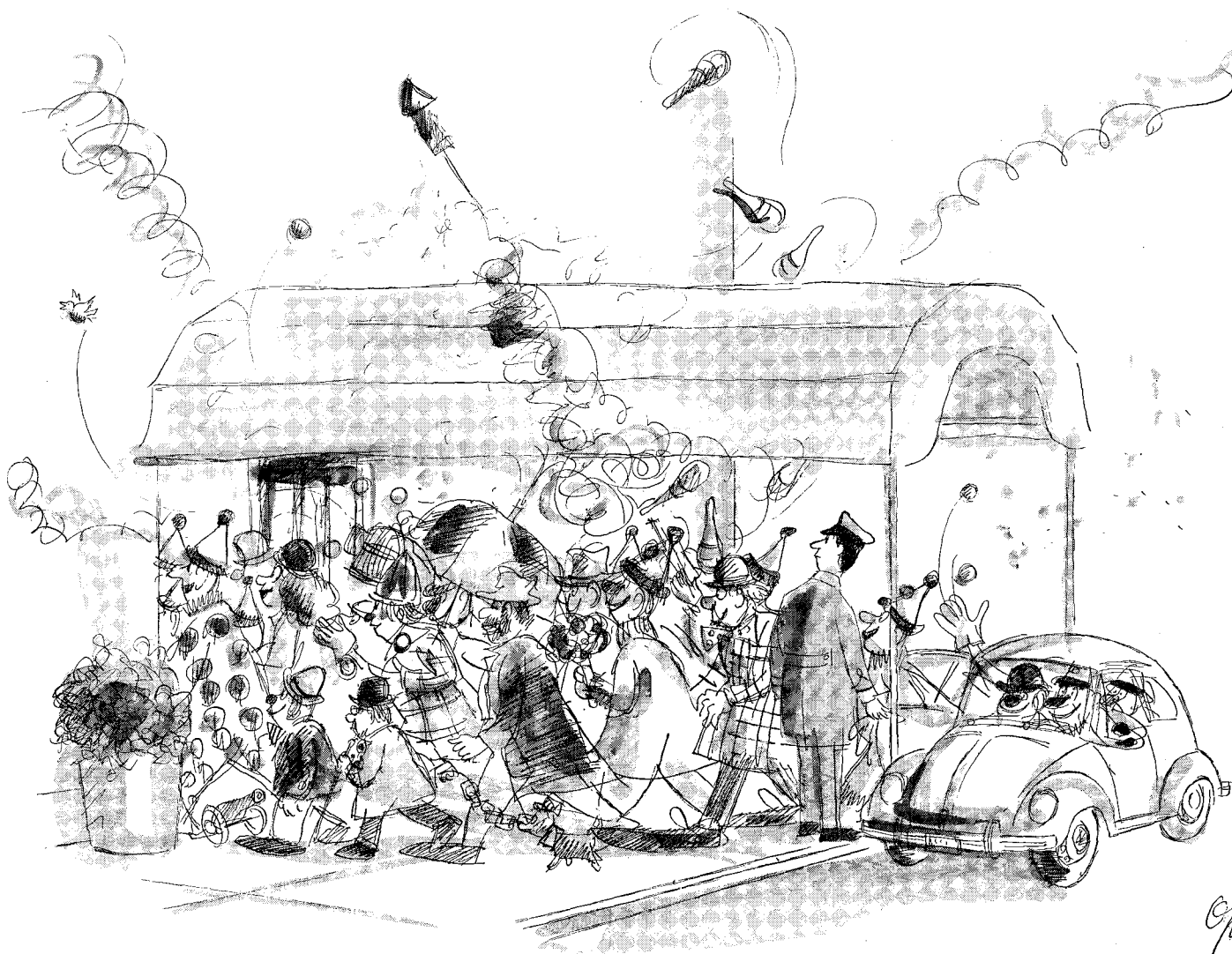
In the kitchen, Mercedes was making the girls popcorn as she waited for Steven. She chattered away. The girls gazed at her raptly. Mercedes said, "I love talking to strangers. As you grow older, you'll find that you enjoy talking to strangers far more than to your friends."

Late that night, Constance woke to hear music from Steven's tape deck in the next room. The night was very hot. Beyond the thin curtains was a fat bluish moon.

"That's the saddest piece of music I've ever heard," Constance said. "What is that music?"

"Beethoven," Ben said. "It's pretty sad, all right."

The children came into the room,



and Jill shook Constance's shoulder. "Mummy," she said, "we can't sleep. Mercedes told us that last year she tried to kill herself with a pair of scissors."

"Oh!" cried Constance, disgusted. She took the girls back to their room. They all sat on a bed and looked out the window at the moon.

"Mercedes said that if the astronaut Gus Grissom hadn't died on the ground in the Apollo 1 fire, he would probably have died on the moon of a heart attack," Charlotte told Constance. "Mercedes said that Gus Grissom's arteries were clogged with fatty deposits, and that he carried within himself all the prerequisites for tragedy. Mercedes said that if Gus Grissom had had a heart attack on the moon, nobody in the whole world would be able to look up into the sky with the same awe and wonder as before."

Jill said, "Mercedes said all things happen because they must happen."

"I'd like to sock Mercedes in the teeth," Constance said.

CONSTANCE had not seen Steven for days. She had only heard the sound of his typewriter, and sometimes there was a glass in the sink that might have been his. Constance had an image in her mind of the overturned Coke bottle tapping out incoherent

messages in "On the Beach." She finally went up to Steven's room and knocked on the door.

"Yo!" Steven yelled.

Constance was embarrassed about disturbing him, and slipped away without saying anything. She went upstairs to the girls' room and looked out the window. A man stood by the mailbox, scrutinizing the pickup hours posted on the front and shaking his head.

ANNIE came with her precocious child, Nora. Nora was eight, wore a bra, had red hair down to her kneecaps, and knew the genuine and incomprehensible lyrics to most of the New Wave tunes. She sang in a raspy, wasted voice, and shook her little body back and forth like a mop. Annie looked at Nora as she danced. It was an irritated look such as a wife might give a husband. Constance thought of David. She had been very bored with David, but now she wondered what it had been, exactly, that was so boring. It was difficult to remember boring things. David had hated mayonnaise. The first thing he had told Constance's mother when they met was that he had owned thirty cars in his life, which was true.

"Do you ever think about Susan?" Constance asked Ben.

"She's on television now," Ben said.

"It's a Pepsi-Cola commercial, but Susan is waving a piece of fried chicken."

"I've never seen that commercial," Constance said sincerely, wishing she had never asked about Susan.

Annie was an older woman with thick, graying hair. She seemed more impatient than the others for Steven to knock off and get on with it.

"He's making a miraculous synthesis up there, is he?" Annie said wryly. "Passion, time? Inside, outside?"

"Are you in love with Steven?" Constance asked.

"I've found," Annie said, "that Love seldom serves one's purposes."

Constance thought about this. Perhaps Love was neither the goal nor the answer. Constance loved Ben, and what good did that do him? He had just almost died from her absorption in him. Perhaps understanding was more important than love, and perhaps the highest form of understanding was the understanding of oneself, one's motives and desires and capabilities. Constance thought about this but the idea didn't appeal to her much. She dismissed it.

Annie and Nora were highly skilled at a little parlor game in which vowels, numbers, and first letters of names would be used by one person, in a dizzying polygamous travelogue, to clue the other to whispered identities.

"I went," Annie would say, "to Switzerland with Tim for four days, and then I went to Nome with Ernest."

"Mick Jagger!" Nora would yell.

Jill, glaring at Nora, whispered in Annie's ear.

"I went," Annie said, "to India with Ralph for a day before I met Ned."

"The Ayatollah Khomeini!" Nora screamed.

Charlotte and Jill looked at her, offended.

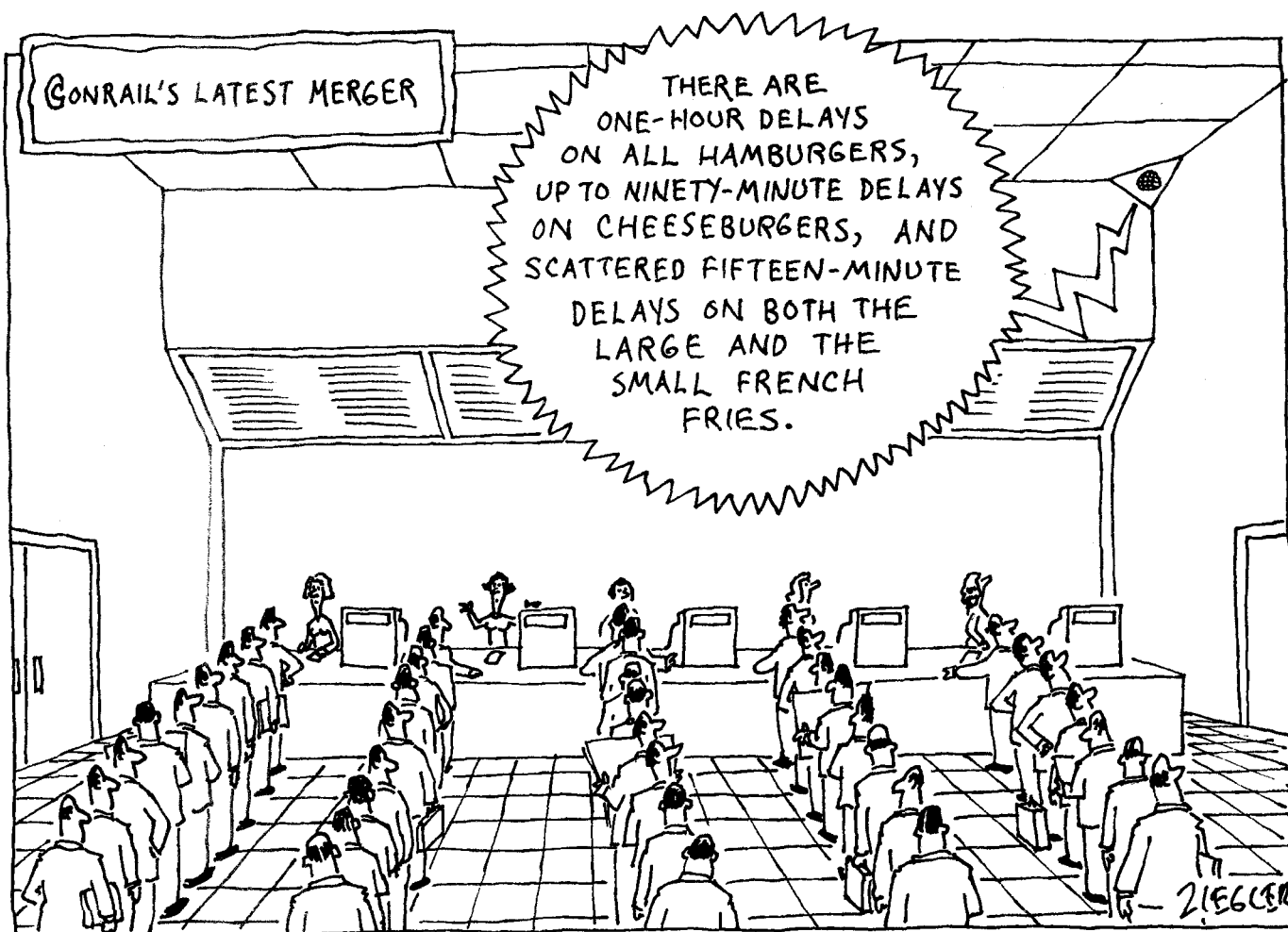
That evening, everyone went out except Constance, who stayed home with Nora.

"You know," Nora told her, "you shouldn't drink quinine. They won't let airline pilots drink quinine in their gin. It affects their judgment."

That afternoon, downtown with Annie, Nora had bought a lot of small candles. Now she placed them all around the house in little saucers and lit them. She and Constance turned off all the lights, and walked from room to room enjoying the candles.



"Off with my head!"



"Aren't they pretty!" Nora said. She had large white feet and wore a man's shirt as a nightie. "I think they're so pretty. I don't like electrical lighting. Electrical lighting just lights the whole place up at once. Everything looks so *dead*, do you know what I mean?"

Constance peered at Nora without answering.

Nora said, "It's as though nothing can *happen* when it's all lit up like that. It's as though everything *is*."

Constance looked at the wavering pools of light cast by the little candles. She had never been acquainted with a mystic before.

"I enjoy things best that I don't have to think about," Nora said. "I mean, I get awfully sick of using my brain, don't you? When you think of the world or of God, you don't think of this gigantic brain, do you?"

"Certainly not," Constance replied.

"Of course you don't," Nora said nicely.

The candles had different aromas. Finally, more or less in order, one

after another, they went out. On Sunday, after Nora left with her mother, Constance missed her.

CONSTANCE was having difficulty sleeping. She would go to bed far earlier than anyone else—sometimes right after supper—and lie there and not sleep. Once, she slept for a little while and had a dream in which the cart she was wheeling through the aisles of the A. & P. was a crash cart, a mobile cardiopulmonary resuscitation unit, of the kind she had seen in the corridors of the intensive-care wing at the hospital. In the dream, she bit her nails as she pushed the cart down the endless aisles, agonizing over her selections. She reached for two grapefruit and placed them in the cart between a box of automatic rotating cuffs and a defibrillator. Constance woke up, her own heart pounding. She listened to Ben's quiet breathing for a moment, then she rolled out of bed, dressed, and walked downtown. It was just before dawn, and the streets were cool and quiet and empty, but some-

one, during the night, had pulled all the flowers out of the window boxes in front of the shops. Clumps of earth and broken petals made a ragged trail before her. The wreckage rounded a corner. Constance wished Ben were with her. They could just walk along; they wouldn't have to say anything. Constance returned to the house and went back to bed.

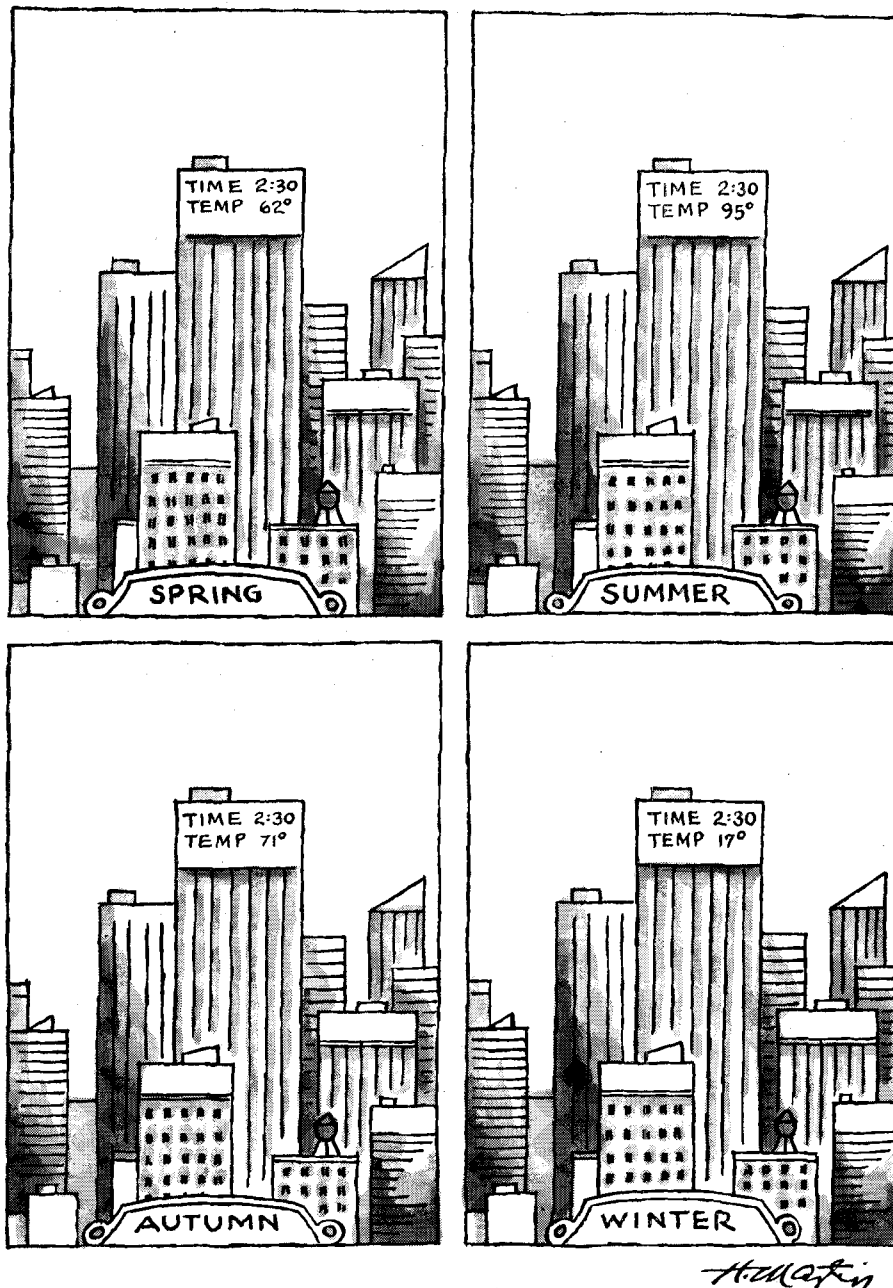
THE weekend that Gloria arrived was extremely foggy. Gloria was from the South. She was unsmiling and honest, a Baptist who had just left her husband for good. She had been in love with Steven since she was thirteen years old.

"My parents are Baptists," Constance told her.

Fog slid through the screens. A voice from the street said, "Some dinner party! She served bluefish again!"

Gloria had little calling cards that showed Jesus knocking on the door of your heart. Jesus wore white robes and he had a neatly trimmed beard. He was rapping thoughtfully at the heavy

THE FOUR SEASONS



wooden door of a snug little vine-covered bungalow.

"I remember that picture!" Constance said. "When I was little, that picture just seemed to be everywhere."

"Have one," Gloria said.

The heart did not appear mean, it simply seemed closed. Constance wondered how long the artist had intended Jesus to have been standing there.

Gloria took Charlotte and Jill out to collect money to save marine mammals. They stood on the street and collected over thirty dollars in a Brim coffee can.

"Our salvation lies in learning to communicate with alien intelligences," Gloria told Constance. Constance wrote a check.

"Whales and dolphins are highly articulate," Gloria said. "They know fidelity, play, and sorrow."

Constance wrote another check, made herself a gin-and-tonic, and went upstairs. That night, from Steven's room, she heard murmurs and moans in repetitive sequence.

The following day, Gloria asked, "Have you enjoyed sharing a house with Steven?"

"I haven't seen much of him," Constance said. "Actually, at all."

"Summer can be a difficult time," Gloria said.

ON the last day of August, Ben rented a jeep, bright red, with neither top nor sides. He and Con-

stance and Charlotte and Jill bounced around in it all morning, and at noon they drove on the beach to the very tip of the island, where the lighthouse was, to have their lunch. Approaching the lighthouse, Constance was filled with an odd excitement. She wanted to climb to the top. The steel door had been chained shut, but about four feet up from the base was a large hole knocked through the cement, and inside were beer cans, a considerable amount of broken glass, and a lacy black wrought-iron staircase winding upward. Charlotte and Jill did not go in—they hadn't brought their shoes—but Constance climbed through the hole and went up the staircase. There was a wonderful expectancy to the tight climb upward through the whitewashed gyre. She was a little breathless when she reached the top. Powering the light, in a maze of cables and connectors, were eighteen black heavy-duty truck batteries. Constance looked at the tangled arrangement for a moment in awe. She saw the Atlantic fanning out without a speck on it, and her little family on the beach below, setting out food on a striped blanket. Constance inched out onto the catwalk encircling the light. "I love you!" she shouted. Ben looked up and waved. She went back inside and began her descent. She did not know what, exactly, she had expected, but it was certainly not eighteen black heavy-duty truck batteries.

IN bed that night, Constance dreamed of people laughing. She opened her eyes. The clock beside her had large bright digits that changed with an audible *flap* every minute. "Ben," she whispered.

"Hi." He was wide awake.

"I dreamed of laughing," Constance said.

"We'll laugh tomorrow," Ben said, and grinned at his own joke. He turned her away from him and held her. She felt his mouth still smiling against her ear. —JOY WILLIAMS

MOST FASCINATING INCORRECT STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Bangor (Maine) Daily News]

A story on the County Page in the Feb. 5 issue of the NEWS incorrectly stated that Mrs. Germaine Michaud was backing out of her driveway when an airborne car hurtled over Mrs. Michaud's car. Mrs. Michaud was preparing to drive forward out of her driveway, but was still in the driveway, when the accident occurred, according to police reports.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PATIENT

I—CREEDMOOR PSY. CENTER

SHORTLY after midnight on Friday, June 16, 1978, Sylvia Frumkin decided to take a bath. Miss Frumkin, a heavy, ungainly young woman who lived in a two-story yellow brick building in Queens Village, New York, walked from her bedroom on the second floor to the bathroom next door and filled the tub with warm water. A few days earlier, she had had her hair cut and shaped in a bowl style, which she found especially becoming, and her spirits were high. She washed her brown hair with shampoo and also with red mouthwash. Some years earlier, she had tinted her hair red and had liked the way it looked. She had given up wearing her hair red only because she had found coloring it every six weeks too much of a bother. She imagined that the red mouthwash would somehow be absorbed into her scalp and make her hair red permanently. Miss Frumkin felt so cheerful about her new haircut that she suddenly thought she was Lori Lemaris, the mermaid whom Clark Kent had met in college and had fallen in love with in the old "Superman" comics. She blew bubbles into the water.

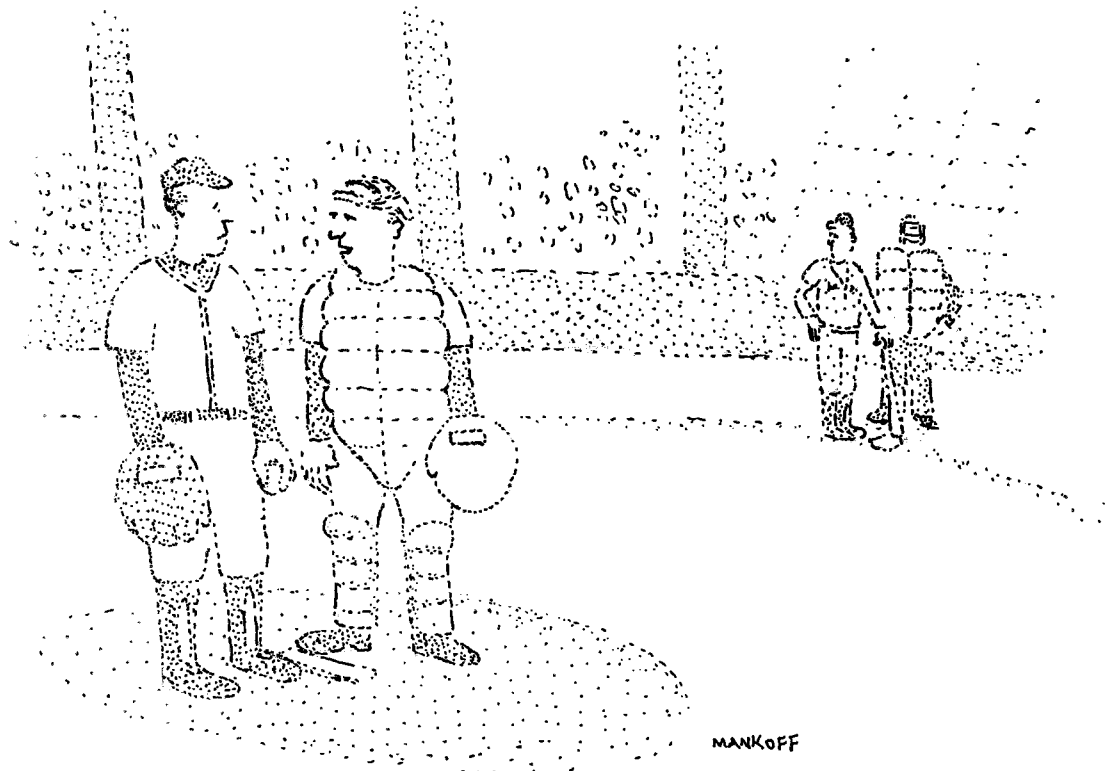
After a few minutes of contented frolicking, Miss Frumkin stepped out of the tub. She slipped on the bathroom floor—it was wet from her bubble-blowing and splashing—and cut the back of her head as she fell. The cut began to bleed. She attempted to stop the bleeding by applying pressure to the cut, then wrapped her head in a large towel and walked back to her bedroom. On the dresser was a bottle of expensive perfume that an aunt and uncle had given her in May as a thirtieth-birthday present. She poured the contents of the bottle on her cut, partly because she knew that perfume contained alcohol and that alcohol was an antiseptic (in 1972, Miss Frumkin had completed a ten-month course qualifying her as a medical secretary), and partly because she suddenly

thought that she was Jesus Christ and that her bleeding cut was the beginning of a crown of thorns. She also thought that she was Mary Magdalene, who had poured ointment on Christ. Looking back on the incident six months later, Miss Frumkin was exasperated with herself for having wasted the perfume, which the aunt and uncle had bought in Israel, and which she couldn't replace. "It was the one perfume I've ever had that people complimented me on," she said. "So many people told me I smelled nice when I wore it. I'm sorry I wasted it."

Miss Frumkin's head burned when the perfume came in contact with the open cut, and the bleeding subsided but didn't altogether stop. By then, it was after one o'clock. She put on an old nightgown and went downstairs to the office of the building to tell the night supervisor, Dwight Miller, who was on duty from midnight until eight-thirty, what had happened. Miller looked at the cut, told Miss Frumkin to get dressed, and said he would drive her to the emergency room at Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center, a voluntary hospital in

New Hyde Park, a short distance away. The cut didn't look bad, and Miss Frumkin appeared calm about it—calmer than Miller thought he would have been if their situations had been reversed—but he knew that any head injury was potentially serious and should be examined by a doctor. In her room, Miss Frumkin put on her underclothes, a pink-and-white print blouse and matching pink-and-white striped skirt, a pair of brown sandals, a Timex watch she had borrowed from her mother after losing her own watch, a pair of glasses with octagonal frames (Miss Frumkin is very near-sighted), and a beige poncho with colorful designs, which her sister had brought her as a gift from a recent trip to Peru. She took with her a large tan pocketbook that bulged with notebooks, a bankbook, makeup, and other paraphernalia, and walked downstairs.

As Miller started the car, turned on the car radio, and began to drive toward the hospital, Miss Frumkin seemed to get excited. The radio was playing Paul McCartney's song "The Lovely Linda," and he was singing the words "La, la, la, la, la, the lovely



MANKOFF

"Stick with your breaking stuff. Your fastball's lost its credibility."

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Linda." Unknown to Miller, Miss Frumkin thought that McCartney was singing the lyrics sarcastically, because he had fallen in love with her and was no longer in love with Linda, his wife. Miss Frumkin began to talk fervently to the radio. For a time, Miller was afraid she might jump out of the car. Miss Frumkin and Miller arrived at the emergency room of L.I.J.-Hillside at two o'clock. Miss Frumkin was first interviewed and examined by a nurse. For a few minutes, she was in sufficient control of herself to let the nurse take her vital signs, test her neurological responses, and look at her cut, and to answer the questions that the nurse asked. She correctly gave her name and address, an account of her fall, and the names and address of her next of kin—her parents, Irving and Harriet Frumkin, who also live in Queens. She became upset while she was waiting to see a doctor and an X-ray technician (she began to speak rapidly, and what she said concerned suffering from hypoglycemia and Wilson's dis-

ease and being Cinderella, and didn't make much sense); more upset when the X-ray technician took X-rays of her skull and the doctor sewed up the cut (Miss Frumkin was so agitated that the doctor succeeded in putting in only three of five silk sutures he had intended to put in); and still more upset when it turned out that there would be a fairly long wait for the skull X-rays to be read. Miss Frumkin got so obstreperous while she and Miller were waiting in the main area of the emergency room that they were shown into one of the small treatment rooms off to one side which the hospital uses to give people privacy, where they were joined by a hospital security guard. Miss Frumkin had made so many difficulties for the doctor who had stitched her cut—by flaunting her medical knowledge, testing his, accusing him of incompetence, calling him names, and threatening to sue him and the hospital—that he had called for the psychiatric resident on duty to examine her. In the small treatment

room, Miss Frumkin's conduct became increasingly bizarre. She took off all her clothes, accused Miller of kidnapping her and making sexual advances, and then asked Miller and the security guard to have sexual relations with her, saying she hadn't had sex with a man in five years. The minute the two men would cover Miss Frumkin with a hospital gown, she would disrobe again.

Around three o'clock, Dr. Conrad Aaronson, a psychiatric resident, came to observe and question Miss Frumkin. He spent about an hour with her, asking her to tell him about herself and about what had happened to her that morning. He also tried to talk to her about her past. Dr. Aaronson then put down on an L.I.J.-Hillside consultation form his opinions of Miss Frumkin and his recommendations for what should be done with her. Dr. Aaronson wrote that Miss Frumkin was alert and was "oriented in all three spheres"—she knew who she was, where she was, and what day it

was. He found her memory for recent and remote events difficult to assess, because she displayed marked "loosening of associations" (ideas slipping off one track and on to another, completely unrelated one) and "circumstantiality" (getting bogged down in a morass of trivial details that impede communication of a central idea), and also because she was extremely agitated, verbally abusive, and uncoöperative. In Dr. Aaronson's opinion, Miss Frumkin's insight and judgment were poor, she was "labile" (that is, subject to rapid changes in mood), and she easily became angry, hostile, and threatening. In addition, some of her ideas were paranoid, and she expressed "delusions of reference," which is to say that she misinterpreted incidents and events in the outside world as having a direct personal reference to her:



"She's right on target about business but she knows nothing about love."

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she told Dr. Aaronson not only that Paul McCartney had sung to her but also that she was going to marry another former Beatle, Ringo Starr. Dr. Aaronson described Miss Frumkin as "acutely psychotic." (A psychosis is defined in one standard psychiatric glossary as "a major mental disorder ... in which the individual's ability to think, respond emotionally, remember, communicate, interpret reality, and behave appropriately is sufficiently impaired so as to interfere grossly with his capacity to meet the ordinary demands of life.") While Dr. Aaronson was questioning Miss Frumkin, her skull X-rays had come back; they were negative. He

ruled out the possibility that her psychotic behavior was due to physical damage from her fall. His impression of Miss Frumkin's condition was that it was an acute exacerbation of chronic schizophrenia—one of the most common forms of serious mental illness in the world. Dr. Aaronson found that Miss Frumkin was in no shape to return to her room in Queens Village. He wrote in his report, at 4:15 A.M., "Patient removed all her clothing and began chanting and praying on the floor at the conclusion of the interview. . . . Patient is in need of emergency hospitalization as she represents a danger to herself and to others in her present condition."

Miss Frumkin was asked if she would like to be admitted to the psychiatric division of L.I.J.-Hillside. Although she had been a psychiatric patient there on two previous occasions—her most recent stay had lasted from February 6, 1978, to May 9, 1978—and thought highly of the hospital, she was so angry at having been kept waiting in the emergency room for what she considered too long a time that she refused to be admitted there. Instead, she asked to be taken to the Creedmoor Psychiatric Center, in Queens Village—a state mental institution that serves the two million people who live in Queens. Miss Frumkin

had spent time at Creedmoor even more recently than she had at Hillside: she had been a patient there until about two weeks earlier—from May 9, 1978, to May 31, 1978. At 4:30 A.M. on June 16th, Dr. Aaronson called the psychiatric resident on duty at Creedmoor, who was handling night admissions, told him about Miss Frumkin and described her condition, and asked if it would be all right to send her to Creedmoor for an admission screening—a required procedure. The Creedmoor resident said it would, so Dr. Aaronson filled out a transfer form. At five o'clock, an emergency-room clerk called for a city ambulance, which arrived quickly. As soon as Miss Frumkin was safely in the ambulance and headed for Creedmoor, Miller drove back alone to the building where he worked. It was one of two buildings on the grounds of Creedmoor which were operated by Transitional Services for New York, Inc., a nonprofit agency that tries to help the mentally ill return to their communities. Most of the residents in the two buildings are newly discharged Creedmoor patients. The buildings had been Miss Frumkin's home from June 14, 1977, until February 5, 1978, and again from May 31, 1978, until her fall in the bathroom on June 16th. Miller and Miss Frumkin returned to Creedmoor

separately at five-thirty, just as the sun was rising.

CREEDMOOR PSYCHIATRIC CENTER (it was officially called Creedmoor State Hospital until 1974, and is still called a mental hospital or a mental institution by many of its patients and staff) is a collection of seventy buildings scattered over three hundred acres. The first two sizable modern buildings for patients opened in 1926, and were almost immediately filled with more patients than they were certified to hold. Creedmoor remained overcrowded for the next thirty years. By 1956, the overcrowding had reached almost forty-five per cent; there were 6,018 patients in a hospital certified to hold 4,188. There was no uniform method of treatment for Creedmoor's patients during those years. Patients in strait-jackets were a common sight. Some patients were given sedatives, such as paraldehyde, a foul-smelling liquid that pacified them for a short while, or were cocooned in sedative packs—moist, cool sheets that were wrapped around the patient and then around the examining table on which he lay. The hospital's physiotherapy department treated some patients with heat lamps, massages, and whirlpool baths. The hydrotherapy department



treated patients in "continuous-flow tubs," where they were immersed for hours in water. Several forms of shock treatment were introduced in the late thirties and early forties, among them electroshock therapy and insulin-coma therapy. Lobotomy surgery was introduced in 1952—"further evidence," the institution's annual report said, "of the desire here to keep up with the modern trend in the care of patients."

In 1952, Henri Laborit, a French surgeon, observed that chlorpromazine, a newly synthesized compound of the phenothiazine family, had a remarkably soothing effect on his patients, and he suggested that it might play a role in psychiatry. Prompted by Laborit's suggestion, several psychiatrists began to use chlorpromazine on mental patients, and some small-scale testing was done in Europe over the next few months. The drug seemed successful but was still considered experimental by many authorities when the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene started to test it on a grand scale, in 1954. Mental-health professionals who had seen state-hospital wards in 1954, before Thorazine—the brand name by which chlorpromazine became known—and saw the same hospitals in 1956 found only one adjective adequate to describe the change: "revolutionary." Thousands of patients who had been assaultive became docile. Many who had spent their days screaming subsided into talking to themselves. The décor of the wards could be improved: chairs replaced wooden benches, curtains were hung on windows. Razors and matches, once properly regarded as lethal, were given to patients who now were capable of shaving themselves and lighting their own cigarettes without injuring themselves or others or burning the hospital down.

The so-called wonder drugs of psychiatry proliferated. By 1960, a number of new antipsychotic phenothiazine derivatives, with such brand names as Mellaril, Compazine, Trilafon, Stelazine, and Prolixin, had taken their places alongside Thorazine on the shelves of hospital pharmacies. By 1978, the pharmacist's armamentarium also included such antipsychotic drugs as Taractan, Navane, Haldol, and Moban, from different chemical families; such antidepressant drugs as Elavil and Sinequan; and lithium carbonate, an antimanic drug. The drugs did not cure serious mental illnesses,

and not even their most ardent proponents claimed that they did. What was claimed was that the drugs controlled the florid symptoms and bizarre behavior of schizophrenia and other psychoses, much as Dilantin controlled epileptic seizures. Patients who were free of the frightening symptoms of psychotic disorders became accessible to other forms of treatment, such as psychotherapy, vocational therapy, and recreational activities. Many who had been locked up could be safely permitted to go out on the hospital grounds alone, and many whose thinking and behavior had been stabilized by the drugs—whose psychoses were in remission—could be released from the hospital.

The immediate effectiveness of the new drugs was as vividly shown by numbers as by adjectives. The New York State Department of Mental Hygiene's annual report for fiscal year 1956 stated that between April 1, 1955, and March 31, 1956, there was "a fifty-per-cent reduction in the amount of restraint and seclusion necessary to keep extremely disturbed patients from harming themselves or others." That same year, the number of patients in the state's mental hospitals—a figure that had been increasing by as much as 2,748 a year during the previous decade—actually declined, from 93,314 to 92,862, and it kept going down every year thereafter. In 1978, there were 27,866 patients in the state's hospitals.

The drugs were most effective on first-time patients, many of whom could now be released after several months of treatment. Sylvia Frumkin, for instance, was admitted to Creedmoor for the first time in June of 1964 and was released in October of 1964. (The names of almost all the patients in this article, including Sylvia Frumkin, have been changed, as have the names of most Creedmoor person-

nel, and some details have been altered to disguise their identities.) The drugs were less effective on the chronic, long-term patients—those who wound up in the hospital's "back wards." Chronic patients were in the majority then. In 1962, almost sixty-five per cent of the state's mental patients had been hospitalized for five years or more, almost thirty per cent for twenty years or more. Some doctors said that the psychoses of these patients didn't respond to the drugs because they were so long-standing as to be permanent. Some sociologists said that the chronic patients were at least as much the victims of the hospitals in which they had been confined as they were of the illnesses that had originally brought them to the hospitals—that they had become so "institutionalized" that they remained withdrawn, apathetic, dependent, and unable to communicate, though the new drugs may have made them calmer.

In any event, by the mid-sixties the drugs had changed the policy of New York's Department of Mental Hygiene and the policies of the mental-hygiene departments of other states. Until then, New York State had kept building more hospitals and expanding existing hospitals, like Creedmoor, simply to keep up with the large number of people committed to its care. Once the drugs had begun to reduce overcrowding, the state's policy became one of depopulating its hospitals. After years of ignoring the journalists and sociologists who had attacked these hospitals in well-written and well-documented books, the department's every pronouncement agreed with its critics: state hospitals were hazardous to the health of mental patients. The department announced its turnabout goals of "deinstitutionalizing" the already institutionalized, of keeping the newly mentally ill from ever becoming chronic cases by deflecting admissions, and of continuing to shorten the hospital stays of those whose psychotic crises were so acute that they had to be admitted. The proper place for most mental patients, the state said, was in the community.

State and federal legislation—particularly the Community Mental Health Centers Act, passed by Congress in 1963—called for the funding of community mental-health centers to reduce the role of the discredited state hospitals in the care of the mentally ill, but community facilities were built slowly when they were built at all. In





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seeking to carry out its fresh policy in the mid-sixties, the department had to acknowledge that its large, centralized hospitals were better suited to what they had been doing in the late nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth century—storing damaged human beings—than they were to the reverse goal of treating and releasing salvageable human beings.

Creedmoor's population decline had lagged behind the state's during the first post-Thorazine decade. Creedmoor's director, Dr. Harry A. LaBurt, believed in the old policy and in maintaining the status quo. Dr. LaBurt was an inaccessible man, who enjoyed the trappings of power. His office in Creedmoor's Administration Building was locked, and he admitted visitors by pressing a buzzer. Dr. LaBurt lived alone in the director's mansion and seemed to be more comfortable with the members of the Queens Village Rotary Club, to whom his state-provided cook tendered luncheons, than with some members of the staff. He sometimes used the word "darkies" in the presence of black Creedmoor employees.

By 1968, the atmosphere of Creedmoor's wards had improved as a result of the efficacy of the new drugs, but the institution was still essentially the pre-'55 hospital. The admissions wards, where new patients were kept, were all in one building and received the bulk of the hospital's slim professional resources. Patients who didn't improve within twelve to eighteen months in the admissions wards were sent to the back wards to share the neglect of the chronic patients. In 1966, when the median length of stay for new admissions to state psychiatric hospitals had fallen to seventy-four days, Sylvia Frumkin was admitted to Creedmoor for the second time. She stayed for twenty-seven months. After failing to respond to drugs, to electroshock therapy, and to insulin-coma therapy—which Creedmoor was the last state psychiatric hospital to stop using, and which Miss Frumkin recalls with special rage and resentment—she was transferred from the Admissions Building to a back ward. In 1968, each patient building was presided over by a psychiatrist and run on his behalf by a supervising nurse. While the ward attendants were essentially custodians and cleaners, they had the ability to make a



"Harcourt, here, has a black belt in budget management."

patient's life more pleasant if they liked the patient and if the patient was well behaved and cooperative. ("Good" patients helped attendants clean up after "bad" patients and were rewarded with cigarettes or quarters or small favors for making beds, scouring floors, and washing attendants' cars.) The attendants could make life miserable for a patient they regarded as being difficult or "pesty"—an adjective that appears frequently in the records of Miss Frumkin's numerous stays at Creedmoor. Miss Frumkin remained in the back wards for several months, and spent six weeks of that time in a straitjacket. Her principal custodian was an attendant named Evelyn Deacon, a woman she has likened to Mr. Hobbs and Nurse Ratched, who are unsympathetic characters in, respectively, "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" and "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest"—two of many novels set in psychiatric hospitals which she has read and enjoyed. Miss Frumkin's condition suddenly improved in late 1968, and she was discharged in 1969. In January of 1969, Dr. LaBurt, having exceeded the mandatory retirement age of seventy, was made to retire, despite his resistance, after more than twenty-five years of presiding over Creedmoor.

Creedmoor's new director, Dr. Irwin M. Greenberg, was a man who

believed that large state hospitals, like Creedmoor, should be depopulated. During the winter of 1969, the insulin unit was abolished, the admissions wards and the back wards ceased to exist, and most of Creedmoor's patients were assigned to the unit at Creedmoor corresponding to the section of Queens in which they had lived before being admitted. Each unit became a semiautonomous mini-hospital, headed by a "unit chief," or chief of service, which admitted only patients from its "catchment area." A unit had its own "treatment teams" of psychiatrists, psychologists, nurses, social workers, occupational and recreational therapists, and attendants, all of whom were supposed to know the patients in the unit; the patients were a mixture of the young and the old, the acute and the chronic. The staff was supposed to work intensively with both the regressed patients and the newly admitted, and to cooperate with the staffs of the out-patient facilities that were initially set up in the wards and then gradually relocated in the unit's geographical area to provide support for discharged patients and to keep them from being readmitted and to keep others from ever having to become in-patients. Dr. Greenberg stayed at Creedmoor for three years. During his term, the number of in-patients decreased from 5,704 to

2,949, while the number of outpatients increased from none to 3,000. Under Creedmoor's next director, Dr. William L. Werner, the population continued to decline; on March 31, 1978, it was 1,684.

In 1978, there were some specialized units at Creedmoor for categories of patients who required specialized care. These included several large geriatrics units, for patients sixty-five and older; a small adolescent unit, for about twenty sixteen-to-twenty-year-old patients; a small forensic unit, for most of Creedmoor's thirty or so forensic patients (those who had been accused of a crime and found unfit to stand trial because of mental disease or defect and also those who had been tried and found not guilty for the same reason); a small new unit for some of Creedmoor's multiply disabled patients (who suffered from severe retardation and psychoses, and in some cases from physical disabilities as well); and a small unit for alcoholics. The hospital's nine geographical units, however, contained about three-fifths of Creedmoor's patients. These units were called Steinway, Elmhurst, Woodside/Ridgewood, Central Queens, Clearview, Richmond Hill, Jamaica, Queens Village, and South Shore/Rockaway. The smallest geographical unit had an average of seventy inpatients in 1978, and the largest an average of a hundred and fifty. The population of Queens is predominantly white, and Creedmoor's inpatients reflected its demographics.

In 1972, New York State upgraded the job descriptions and civil-service standing of the attendants in its mental hospitals and gave them new titles: mental-hygiene assistant therapy aides, or M.H.A.T.A.s, and mental-hygiene therapy aides, or M.H.T.A.s. At Creedmoor, the staff and the patients turned both abbreviations into the word "mahatas." To Miss Frumkin, who was between her third and fourth stays at Creedmoor when the titles were changed and the word was coined, "mahata" conjured up a combination of Indian elephant keepers and Brahman sages. The M.H.A.T.A.s and M.H.T.A.s are now called mahatas, attendants, and therapy aides interchangeably. Whenever Miss Frumkin and many other white patients are angry, however, they call them "nigger bitches." By 1978, the great majority of attendants at Creedmoor were black women. Irish, Italian, and German men and women had predominated in the wards

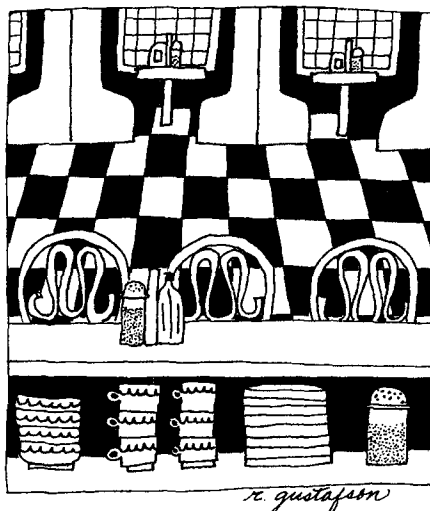
in the nineteen-thirties and forties, but most of them had retired. The number of white women applying for these low-paying jobs had dwindled by the nineteen-fifties. (In 1978, an assistant therapy aide's starting salary was seventy-eight hundred dollars a year. A therapy aide's starting salary was eighty-seven hundred dollars a year.) There was a dearth of male applicants of any race. Men who could score well on the civil-service test for therapy aides could usually score well on the civil-service tests for city policemen or sanitationmen or for safety officers on Creedmoor's security force, and all of these were better-paying positions.

The color line of economic and educational disparity in America showed up again when one reached the upper strata of the hospital's staff. In 1978, the social workers, psychologists, occupational and recreational therapists, treatment-team leaders, and unit chiefs were predominantly white, American-born, and American-educated. The psychiatrists, on the other hand, were mainly foreign-born and foreign-educated. For decades, it had been impossible to attract many American-born and American-educated psychiatrists to Creedmoor. In the nineteen-forties, a number of European psychiatrists who had fled Hitler had gone to work in state hospitals after immigrating to the United States. A number of these psychiatrists had stayed on, but in the late nineteen-seventies most had reached or were about to reach retirement age, and were being replaced primarily by Asians, who preferred the stability and economic promise of life in America to the risks of practice in their underdeveloped and often turbulent homelands. Language and cultural frame of reference have thus been problems in psychiatrist-patient relationships at Creedmoor since the

nineteen-forties. Some of the Europeans had learned to speak and write English well. Others had not. With the increase in Asian psychiatrists, the difficulties were revived—often in a more severe form, because of the greater cultural differences. On May 9, 1978, when Miss Frumkin began her most recent previous stay at Creedmoor, she had been admitted by Dr. Felix Koppel, a native of Czechoslovakia, who spoke and wrote English fluently. On May 31, 1978, when Miss Frumkin was ready to go from Creedmoor to Transitional Services, she had been discharged by one of his colleagues, Dr. Sun Ming Wong, a Chinese. Dr. Sun frequently used masculine pronouns in referring to his female patients. The day he discharged Miss Frumkin, he had told her parents, "The patient he is doing good."

BETWEEN eight o'clock in the morning and four-thirty in the afternoon, the hours when almost all the members of the professional staff were on duty at Creedmoor in 1978, each geographical unit screened its own prospective patients for admission. From four-thirty in the afternoon to eight in the morning, when the geographical units didn't have registered nurses on duty, much less psychiatrists, admission screenings were done on the second floor of Building 40, an ugly seventeen-story high rise that serves as the hospital's medical building, and it was there that Miss Frumkin was taken just before 6 A.M. on June 16, 1978.

She was seen immediately by a nurse and by Dr. Anand Khanna, the psychiatric resident on night duty. (In June of 1978, Creedmoor had twenty-two psychiatric residents, most of them foreign-born.) Dr. Khanna read the papers that had accompanied Miss Frumkin from L.I.J.-Hillside, observed her, and asked her a number of questions. Like Dr. Aaronson, Dr. Khanna found Miss Frumkin oriented in respect to time, place, and person; subject to swings in mood; and suffering from severely limited insight and judgment. She admitted to him that she heard God's voice, and made a few statements ("Everyone's out to get somebody somehow") that he characterized as paranoid delusions. His impression of her condition was "schizophrenia, paranoid type." Although Miss Frumkin denied having any suicidal or homicidal ideas, Dr. Khanna decided that she required hospitaliza-



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tion, because he judged her to be "dangerous to self."

In 1978, there were two primary criteria for admission to a state psychiatric hospital in New York: being considered dangerous to others—homicidal or assaultive—and being considered dangerous to oneself. The dangerous-to-self category included the suicidal and also people like Miss Frumkin, who had now been found by two psychiatrists to be too incapacitated to survive in the community. In earlier decades, people who expressed such common psychotic symptoms as delusions (firm, fixed ideas maintained against logical argument and despite objective contradictory evidence) or auditory or visual hallucinations (false sensory perceptions in the absence of actual external stimuli) were readily admitted to Creedmoor and were sometimes kept there for years, but by 1978 it was state policy for harmless psychotics to be treated in their communities.

Dr. Khanna asked Miss Frumkin if she wanted to sign a voluntary-re-

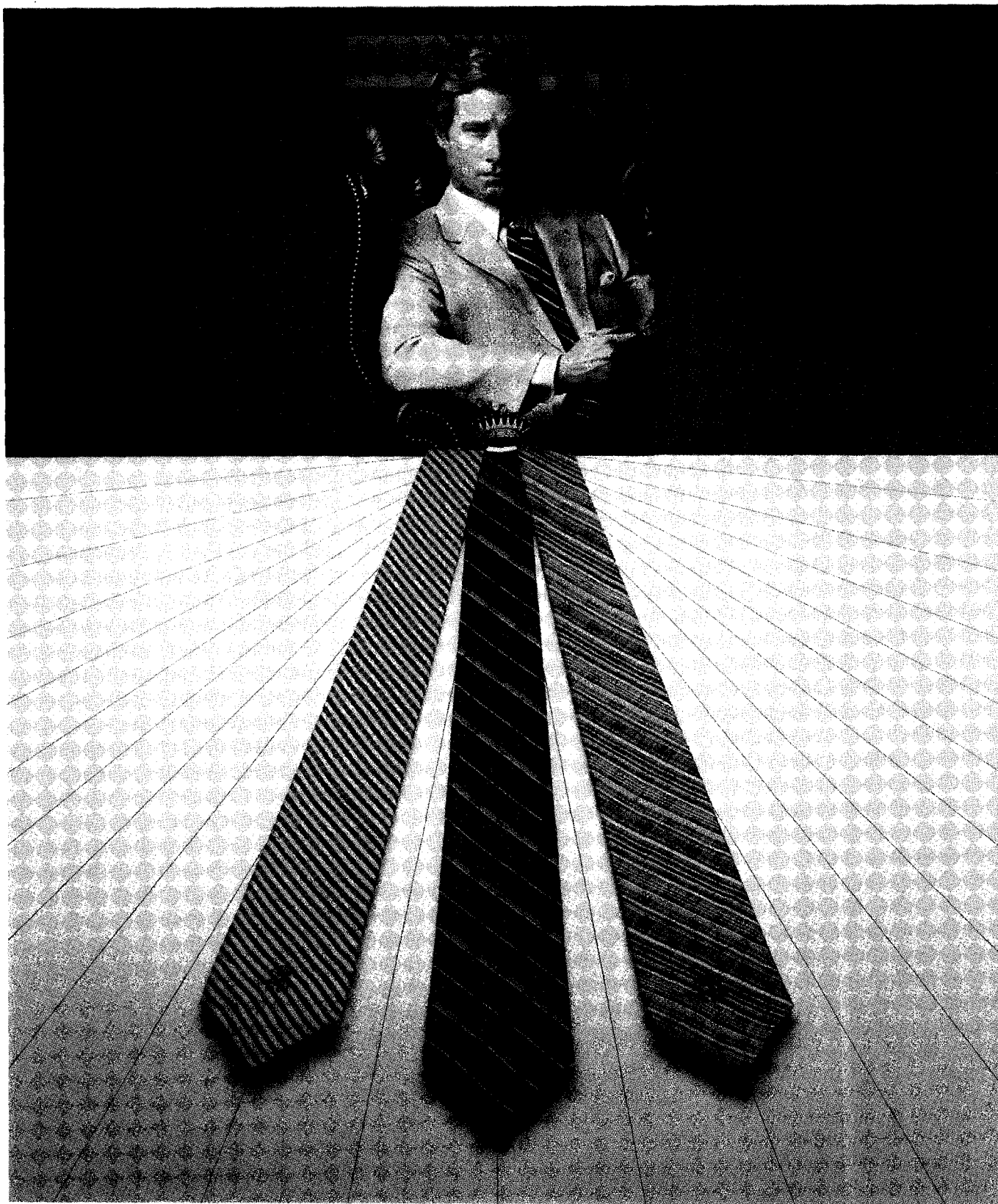
quest-for-hospitalization form. She said that she did. The form has a seven-line space in which a person who is applying for voluntary admission to Creedmoor is instructed to state his or her reasons for requesting hospitalization. Miss Frumkin wrote three short words in a chicken-scratchy handwriting: "I need rest." (If she had been brought to Creedmoor, had refused to sign the form, and had been found in need of immediate hospitalization, she could have been hospitalized involuntarily, as she had been on more than one occasion in the past.) Dr. Khanna asked Miss Frumkin what medication she had been taking. She told him she had been taking two hundred milligrams of Mobar daily—a moderately high dose of one of the newer antipsychotic drugs. Dr. Khanna prescribed the same medication for her but suggested on the doctor's order sheet he filled in that the medication be reevaluated by the doctor in the ward to which Miss Frumkin was to be sent for screening several hours later.

The nurse in Building 40 gave Miss Frumkin a brief physical examination. Her temperature, pulse, and blood pressure were normal; her height was five feet four inches and her weight was a hundred and fifty-two pounds. The nurse also saw to it that the blood and urine tests and the chest X-ray ordered by Dr. Khanna (a routine part of Creedmoor's admissions procedure) were completed. Miss Frumkin was handed a cardboard folder about Creedmoor, called "Information About Your Hospital," which she stuffed into her bag, and a form that explained her status and rights as a voluntary patient, which she signed without reading it, because she already knew her rights by heart. Miss Frumkin knew that at any time after admission a voluntary patient could request his or her release, in writing, from the director of the hospital. Within three days, the director's surrogates either had to release the patient or, if they believed the patient to be in need of further hospitalization, had to seek a court order to retain the patient against his or her will. In practice, letters from voluntary patients requesting release within seventy-two hours went to their psychiatrists, who were most familiar with their cases. If a psychiatrist believed that a patient needed additional, involuntary treatment in the hospital, he would ask a colleague to examine the patient. If the colleague agreed with his appraisal of the patient's need for continued hospital care, the patient would be kept at Creedmoor while an application for a court order of retention was made. The New York State Supreme Court for Queens County held sessions at Creedmoor—in Building 40—once a week. Every voluntary patient had a right to a court hearing and a right to be represented at the hearing, free of charge, by a lawyer provided by the Mental Health Information Service—a court agency, independent of the Department of Mental Hygiene, which had been set up in 1965 to help safeguard the constitutional rights of patients.

Miss Frumkin had given Transitional Services as her address. Transitional Services was in the catchment area of the Queens Village unit. At eight o'clock, when the day shift reported for duty at Creedmoor, she was taken to the patient building in which the Queens Village unit was situated. She spent a short time there. The Clearview unit's catchment area, in northeastern Queens, includes Flush-



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ing, Bayside, and Beechhurst, where Miss Frumkin's parents live, and she had been a patient in the Clearview unit from May 9th to May 31st. According to hospital procedures, most patients who returned to Creedmoor within ninety days of release were sent back to the unit from which they had been discharged, to be screened for readmission.

Not long after Clearview's unit chief, Hermine Plotnick, came to work, at eight o'clock, on June 16th, she received a call from a member of the staff of the Queens Village unit. Mrs. Plotnick was told that Queens Village had Miss Frumkin and would be bringing her over shortly. When Miss Frumkin was discharged from Clearview to Transitional Services on May 31st, Mrs. Plotnick

had been afraid that she wouldn't be able to cope with the strain of living in that less restrictive setting. Mrs. Plotnick knew that Miss Frumkin had a long history of "decompensating"—deteriorating to a psychotic condition—under what she thought to be pressure, but Mrs. Plotnick was disappointed that she had been able to stay off the ward for only two weeks.

A great deal of Mrs. Plotnick's time in 1978 was spent on administrative duties. In addition to being responsible for Clearview's in-patient unit—which in 1978 was the hospital's second most populous geographical unit, with an average of a hundred and forty-six patients a day in its four locked wards—she was also responsible for the Clearview Motivation Center, the Clearview Day Center, and the Clearview Out-Patient Clinic. Mrs. Plotnick is a small, dark-haired woman in her early fifties. When she took the test for unit chief, in 1973, her score was the fifteenth-highest in the state, and when she took the test for deputy director, in 1976, her score was the highest in the state. She is a prompt, efficient administrator; she



usually puts in a ten- or twelve-hour workday after getting up at five-thirty in the morning to play one of two grand pianos in her living room. She is intolerant of those in her unit who don't work a full eight hours. As a consequence of her busy schedule, she didn't come to know all of Clearview's in-patients, but she did come to know most of the long-termers and the multiple recidivists, like Miss Frumkin.

Miss Frumkin had been one of the first patients whose names had been brought to Mrs. Plotnick's attention just before she became Clearview's unit chief, on February 28, 1974. On February 27th, Mrs. Plotnick had met with her predecessor to discuss the immediate problems she would be inheriting. One of her first duties was to handle a case involving Miss Frumkin and a therapy aide who had slapped her in January of 1974 and had been brought up on charges of patient abuse. (The aide was ultimately disciplined.) Miss Frumkin had been released from Creedmoor in April of 1974, before Mrs. Plotnick, who was caught up in the details of taking over

and reorganizing her new unit, had a chance to meet her, but Miss Frumkin had returned to Creedmoor, and to the Clearview unit, in February of 1976, and had remained there until her first discharge to Transitional Services, in June of 1977.

During that sixteen-month period, Mrs. Plotnick had become well acquainted with Miss Frumkin. Miss Frumkin was the sort of person who stood out in a crowd—even a crowd of patients on a psychiatric ward. Mrs. Plotnick and numerous members of her staff found her both more exasperating and more pathetic than most of the other Clearview patients. She was so exasperating because the acute phases of her psychotic episodes (during which she often struck staff members and provoked them to the point of rage, though less often to the point of striking back) lasted much longer than those of most patients, and because even when she was not in an acute phase she was arrogant, nasty, and demanding. She seemed pathetic because the difference between what she was and what she might have been was so much greater than it was for

most patients. Sylvia Frumkin's older sister, Joyce, was a well-known and well-paid executive with one of New York's most elegant department stores, and Joyce's success rankled her younger sister. Mrs. Plotnick suspected that Sylvia Frumkin could have had a glamorous career if she hadn't spent so much of her life as a mental patient. Sylvia's flamboyance reminded Mrs. Plotnick of Auntie Mame; her verbal facility and stridency brought Bella Abzug to mind. Even as a patient, Miss Frumkin sought the limelight and often found it. In 1977, she was one of only a dozen patients whom Dr. Werner saw individually once a week for hourly psychotherapy sessions. He had heard about Miss Frumkin and had thought that he could help her, even after so many other doctors had failed.

Although Miss Frumkin was first diagnosed as a schizophrenic and considered ill enough to be hospitalized when she was fifteen, in 1964, almost a decade after Thorazine and some of the other new drugs had worked their wonders on thousands of chronic schizophrenics and newly diagnosed schizophrenics, the drugs had worked only limited wonders on her. By 1977, numerous doctors at numerous hospitals had prescribed numerous doses of numerous medicines and combinations of medicine for her. "My blood is nothing but chemicals," she had cried out on a hundred occasions. The antipsychotics, the antidepressants, and the antimanic drugs had helped her over her acute episodes and had stabilized her, but they had never brought her to the point where she could function independently in the community; she had never been able to hold a full-time job, for example, and she couldn't stay out of a psychiatric hospital for long, even without the pressure of having to earn a living. Miss Frumkin was one of an unfortunate minority—an estimated fifteen per cent of all seriously ill mental patients—who are "treatment-resistant." It had distressed Dr. Werner as well as Mrs. Plotnick, both of whom knew Miss Frumkin's case history, to see how much her condition had deteriorated by 1977. After her first Creedmoor hospitalization, which lasted four months, she had been able to finish high school. After her third hospital stay, in 1972, she had been able to finish medical-secretarial school. Since then, the course of Miss Frumkin's life had been all downhill. Her periods of acute psychosis lasted longer; she

functioned at a lower level during each remission; the intervals between her hospital stays were getting shorter. Even when she was in Creedmoor—during the sixteen-month period from early 1976 to mid-1977, for example—her mental state went up and down like a seesaw. So did her weight; sometimes she weighed a hundred and twenty-five, sometimes a hundred and seventy-five.

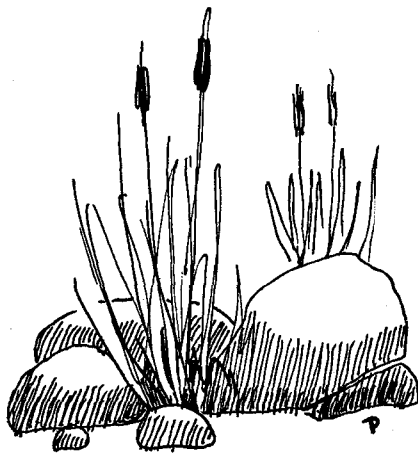
Miss Frumkin's weight was the first thing Mrs. Plotnick noticed when she saw the Queens Village therapy aide with Miss Frumkin in tow in the secretaries' office of the Clearview unit, at nine-forty-five in the morning, on June 16, 1978. Miss Frumkin had been overweight when she was discharged two weeks earlier—several other patients had called her Hippopotamus—and now her hips seemed to bulge out even more than they had then. The zipper of her skirt couldn't stand the strain; it was halfway open.

When Miss Frumkin saw Hermine Plotnick, she embraced her. She blurted out a rapid-fire account of her fall and talked quickly and angrily about how she had been kept waiting at Hillside. She was logged into Clearview's screening book. Mrs. Plotnick said that she would take Miss Frumkin to the screening. The Queens Village therapy aide left after giving a secretary the papers she had brought with her. Mrs. Plotnick took the papers with her free hand. She was holding her key ring in the other: Creedmoor employees and their keys are rarely parted, and most employees jangle as they walk. She used the largest of seventeen keys—a passkey that fits almost every ward door in the hospital—to open five locked doors that she and Miss Frumkin encountered on their way to a room called the chart room, where all admission screenings for the Clearview unit were conducted.

It was ten-thirty by the time a psy-

chiatrist, a nurse, and a social worker—the team that was to screen Miss Frumkin—were seated around a long table in the center of the room. Miss Frumkin was already seated at the table, fidgeting in a plastic chair, crossing and uncrossing her legs, talking to herself, and occasionally laughing, as if in response to something that had been said to her by someone nobody else in the room could see. She took no notice of two other people in the room at the time: a second psychiatrist, who was joking with a patient, and a therapy aide, who was talking on the telephone to a patient's husband.

In 1978, two psychiatrists alternated admission screenings in the Clearview unit—Dr. Shamaldaree Barra (the man who was joking with the patient) and Dr. Sun Ming Wong, the psychiatrist who had discharged Miss Frumkin on May 31st as a "he." It was Dr. Sun's turn to do an admission screening. While Miss Frumkin fidgeted and addressed invisible presences, Dr. Sun skimmed the papers that Mrs. Plotnick had handed him: ten or twelve pages about Miss Frumkin's experiences in the L.I.J.-Hillside emergency room, her transfer to Creedmoor, Dr. Khanna's admission note, and her reception in the Queens Village unit. Dr. Sun was a thirty-five-year-old native of Taiwan who had received his medical degree in Taipei, had come to the United States in 1973, had begun his residency in New Jersey, and had completed it at Manhattan Psychiatric Center, the state hospital that serves Manhattan. He had come to work at Creedmoor, and at Clearview, during the summer of 1977, when Miss Frumkin was at Transitional Services for the first time. He was not familiar with her case. He had discharged her in May only because the psychiatrist who had been routinely seeing her was then caring for patients in another ward. While Dr. Sun was skimming Dr. Aaronson's consultation form, Miss Frumkin was still talking out loud to no one in particular. "I'm not a nut," she said. "I have something wrong with my brain. The attendants here are good, but sometimes they're overworked, and they take it out on the patients. At Hillside hospital, we had something to do all day. We had a patients' newspaper, the *Rehab Rap*. Money has its place." Miss Frumkin got up, sat down again, recrossed her legs, rummaged through her handbag, looked at an electric clock on the wall, hummed a few bars of a song from



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"Annie," and rambled on. "Everybody needs sex," she said. "I haven't had sex for five years. The clock is in this room because they want patients to learn how to tell time. I know Mary Poppins, and she lives in Massachusetts. I didn't like the movie 'Mary Poppins.' They messed up the book so they could try to win the Oscar. Movies come from real life. This morning, when I was at Hillside, I was making a movie. I was surrounded by movie stars. The X-ray technician was Peter Lawford. The security guard was Don Knotts. That Indian doctor in Building 40 was Lou Costello. I'm Mary Poppins. Is this room painted blue to get me upset? My grandmother died four weeks after my eighteenth birthday." Miss Frumkin laughed.

When Miss Frumkin stopped talking and laughing, Dr. Sun tried to ask her a few questions about her fall and some questions similar to the ones she had already been asked by Dr. Aaronson and Dr. Khanna: her name, the date, the place. After telling him, irritably, that her name was Sylvia Frumkin, that her friends sometimes called her Sylvie, that her enemies sometimes called her Silly, that as a child her enemies had called her Pumpkin Frumkin, that it was June 16th, and that she was in Creedmoor State Hospital, she declined to answer some of his other questions. Instead of saying yes, she had recently thought of committing suicide, or no, she had not, she delved into her bag, pulled out the cardboard folder about Creedmoor she had been given in Building 40, and began to read aloud from it, interjecting her own comments between sentences.

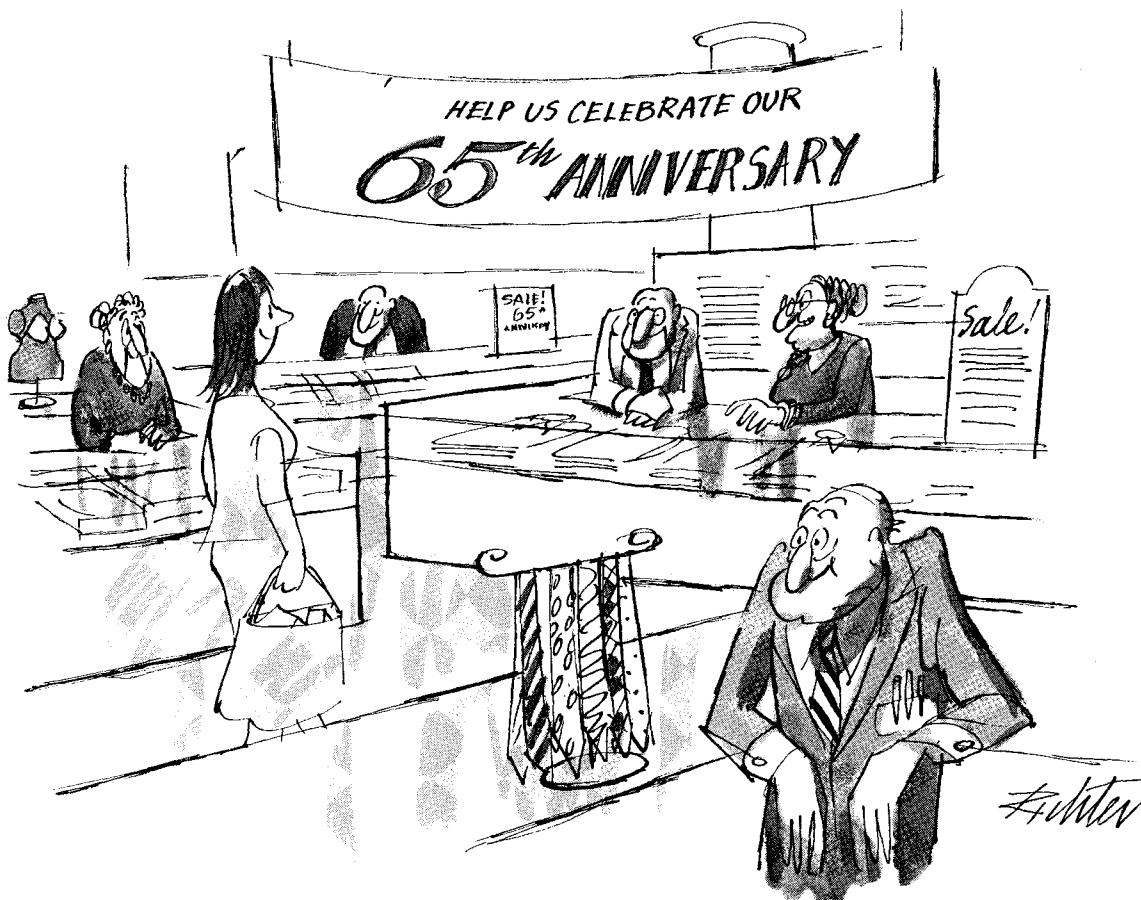
"'Philosophy of Treatment,'" she read. "'The individual with a problem is best served in his own environment.' I'm against polluting the environment, always have been. 'This is the basic philosophy of the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene

and of Creedmoor Psy. Center.' They shouldn't use abbreviations. Abbreviations can drive mental patients nuts because they don't know what they mean. 'If he leaves his home to be hospitalized, it is harder for him to return to his former life.' Amen. 'However, for the few who do need hospitalization, these facilities are available and every attempt will be made to allow the client privacy, dignity, and comfort.' Privacy? Dignity? Comfort? Bull. All untrue. They're killing people here."

When Miss Frumkin stopped reading, Dr. Sun made another attempt to interview her. She wasn't the least bit interested in talking about her fall and its aftermath. "To hell with your questions; I'll say what I want to say," she said, raising her voice. After releasing a stream of profanity, she shouted a series of rhetorical questions at Dr. Sun, the nurse, the social worker, and Mrs. Plotnick: "Do you know what it's like to keep coming back here? What torture it is to be sent through the revolving door again and again? The pain, the suffering, do you know how it hurts?" Hermine Plotnick reflected that since January of 1978 Miss Frumkin had gone from Transitional Services to Hillside, then

to Creedmoor, then to Transitional Services, and then back to Creedmoor—that the door had already revolved four or five times for her in 1978 and the year had more than six months to go. Mrs. Plotnick softly told Miss Frumkin that she understood and that she sympathized with her suffering. The more softly she spoke, the more furious Miss Frumkin became. "Why are you talking so softly?" she shrieked. "I can't hear you! Let me talk!" And talk she did, insulting Mrs. Plotnick, Dr. Sun, the nurse, and the social worker with another explosion of invective. The social worker tried to soothe Miss Frumkin, with results similar to Mrs. Plotnick's. "I've never had a T-shirt, and I've always wanted one, damn it," Miss Frumkin cried. "A pink one or a white one. Size medium. Dwight Miller works for the K.G.B. So does my father." Miss Frumkin stopped shrieking and started to mumble.

Mrs. Plotnick noticed that Dr. Sun was already filling out the papers necessary to admit Miss Frumkin to Clearview. A small percentage of the people who are admitted to Creedmoor during the night are "screened out" when they are rescreened during the day. Someone who may have been up-



set enough to hit his next-door neighbor in the evening may have calmed down after spending the night in Building 40. A unit social worker can telephone day-treatment centers, day hospitals, and out-patient clinics that aren't open at night and, after also getting in touch with relatives, can arrange for the person to live at home with the support of one or another of the resources in the community. Miss Frumkin, however, given her condition then, was not a nighttime admission who could be diverted during the daytime. In the mental-status report that Dr. Sun wrote on her, he first briefly recapitulated the events of June 16th. He then wrote, "Pt. appears to be very agitated and restless so formal interview seems to be not obtainable at present time. Her verbal production is markedly increased with flight of ideas ["flight of ideas" is defined in a standard psychiatric glossary as "verbal skipping from one idea to another; the ideas appear to be continuous but are fragmentary and determined by chance"] as well as marked loosening of association. Her motor activity is also increased. Mood is labile. Affect is inappropriate. [In psychiatry, "affect" and "emotion" are commonly used interchangeably. An "inappropriate" affect is one that is obviously discordant with the content of the individual's speech—for example, laughing after mentioning the death of one's grandmother.] Thought content is highly fragment and illogic. Sensorium unimpaired. [Miss Frumkin was obviously aware of her surroundings. In psychiatry, simple words are never used where complicated ones will do.] No delusion or hallucination could be elicited, also suicidal and homicidal ideation is not examined." Dr. Sun diagnosed Miss Frumkin as a manic-depressive, manic type. Though disturbances of both thought and mood are characteristics of schizophrenia and manic-depressive illness, schizophrenia is defined as a psychosis in which disordered thought is the more prominent symptom, and manic-depressive illness is defined as a psychosis in which a disordered mood is the more prominent symptom.

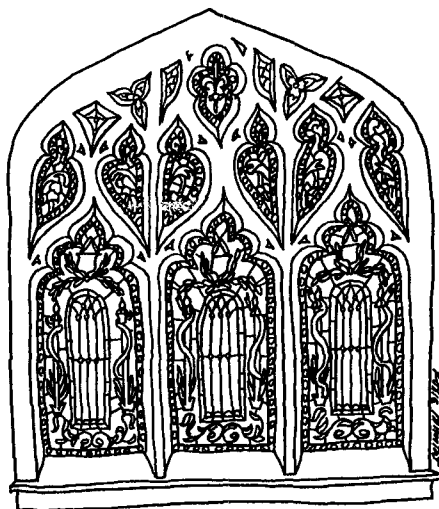
More than one person in the chart room at the time of Miss Frumkin's screening who later happened to read Dr. Sun's mental-status report was surprised that he believed he had failed to elicit any delusions or auditory hallucinations from Miss Frumkin, but, as Dr. Sun later acknowledged, he didn't recognize the names Mary Pop-

pins, Don Knotts, Peter Lawford, and Lou Costello, and he hadn't understood that Miss Frumkin had said anything about making movies with these people, whoever they were. Those who read the report were even more surprised by Dr. Sun's diagnosis, and later asked him about it. He said he had based his diagnosis on three of the main symptoms he had observed: increased motor activity; pressure of speech (rapid, accelerated, frenzied speech that sometimes exceeds the ability of the vocal muscles to articulate and at other times exceeds the ability of the listener to comprehend); and flight of ideas. These three psychotic symptoms are listed in definitive textbooks on psychiatry and in the third, and latest, edition of the American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM-III)* as three of the primary symptoms of a manic episode. Two of the other psychotic symptoms that Dr. Sun had observed and recorded—inappropriate affect and loosening of associations—are listed in textbooks on psychiatry as among the main symptoms of schizophrenia.

It is not unusual in the field of psychiatry for three psychiatrists to see a person within a period of seven hours—as Dr. Aaronson, Dr. Khanna, and Dr. Sun had seen Miss Frumkin—and to offer three different impressions or diagnoses based on interviews lasting an hour or less. If the practice of medicine is an art in which science is employed, then the field of psychiatry may be the branch of medicine with the most art and thus the greatest room for disagreement. There are no definitive tests for schizophrenia, as there are for pregnancy or syphilis. Psychiatric diagnoses are based on interpretations of symptoms, and the symptoms are not always

symptomatic of the same underlying cause. It may be impossible to distinguish between an acute psychosis brought on by amphetamine abuse and an acute schizophrenic psychosis: the patient's symptoms often appear identical. What may strike one psychiatrist as "loosening of associations" may strike another as "flight of ideas." In addition, cultural biases can result in conflicting diagnoses. From 1967 to 1970, Dr. Barry Gurland and Dr. Joseph Zubin, both of the New York State Psychiatric Institute, in Manhattan, supervised a study to determine why such a large percentage of mental patients in the United States were diagnosed as schizophrenics, while in Great Britain statistics showed a higher percentage to have a manic-depressive disorder. The question was whether the variation in the occurrence of these psychoses in the two countries was due to ethnic or social factors or was simply one of diagnosis. The study made use of videotapes of American patients in American hospitals and English patients in English hospitals to enable doctors in the two countries to diagnose the illnesses of the same patients. After three years, the conclusion was that the difference was one of diagnosis. European psychiatrists claim that their American counterparts diagnose schizophrenia too often, and accuse the Americans of being afflicted with "schizophrenomania."

Doubt has been cast on all psychiatric diagnoses by periodic and well-publicized instances of sane journalists who have feigned psychoses in order to gain admittance to mental hospitals to do "inside" stories about their stays. Some of the journalists, having once been admitted, and having collected sufficient material for their exposés, had a difficult time establishing their sanity, so that they could get out to write about the miseries they had experienced. Further doubt has been cast on psychiatric diagnoses by the regular disagreement in forensic cases. In New York State, as elsewhere, those accused of murder and other crimes can avoid prison sentences if they successfully plead not guilty "by reason of mental disease or defect"—insanity, that is—at the time the act was committed. The defense is normally one of last resort, and it is used in only about two per cent of the criminal cases decided by juries, because the consensus among trial lawyers is that jurors are reluctant to believe it. "The phrase 'not guilty' sticks in their craw," an



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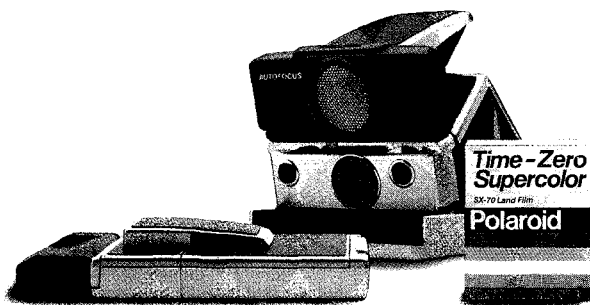
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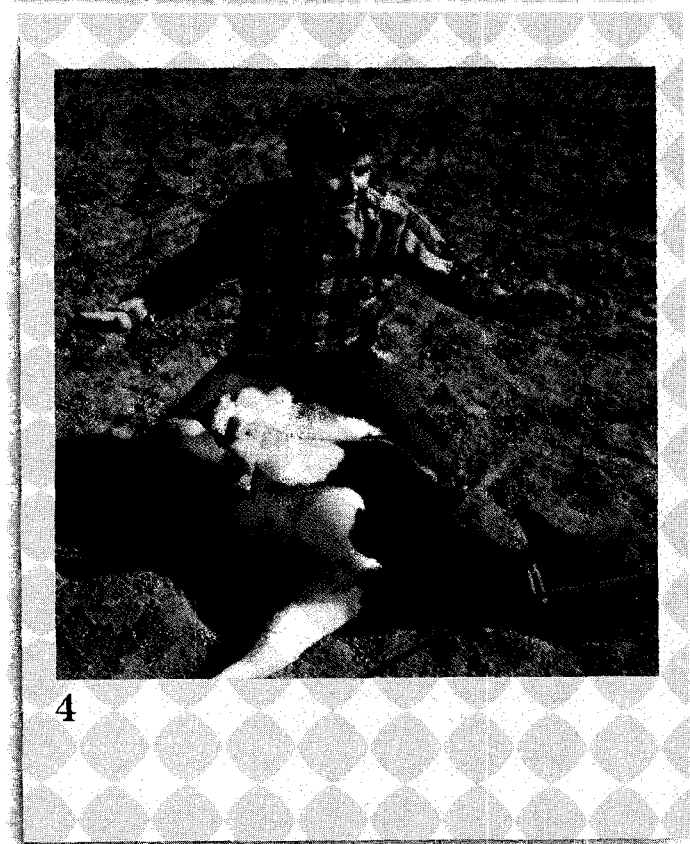
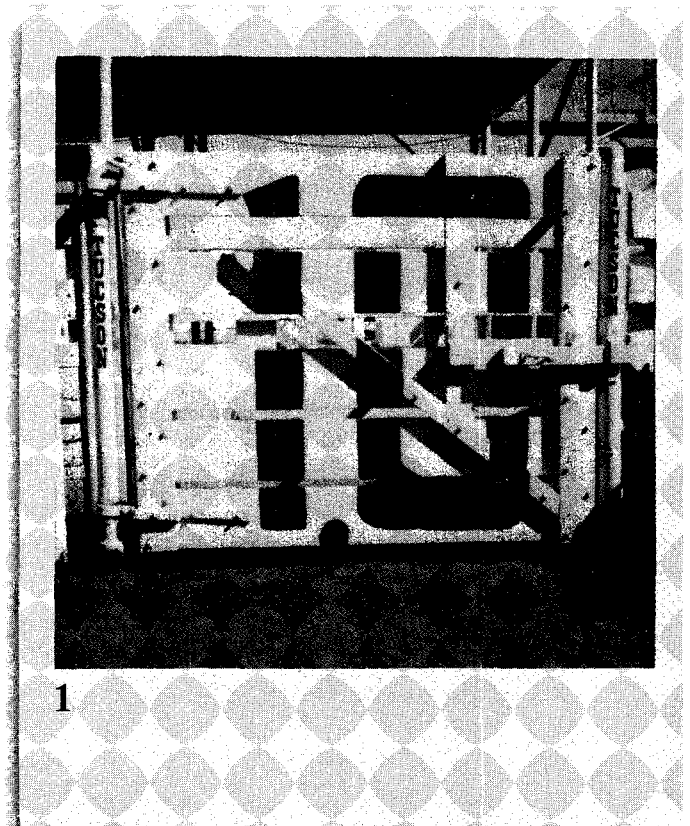
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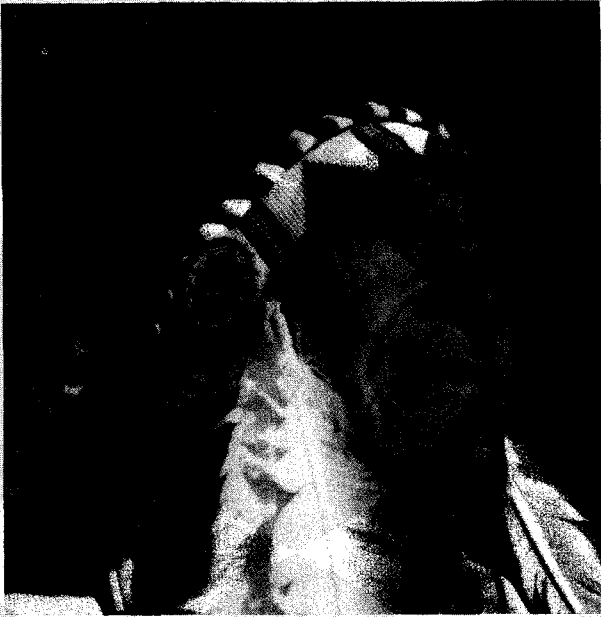
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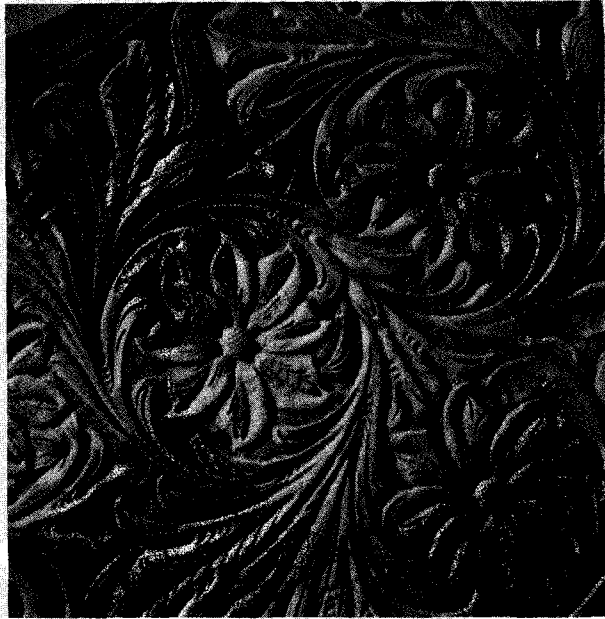
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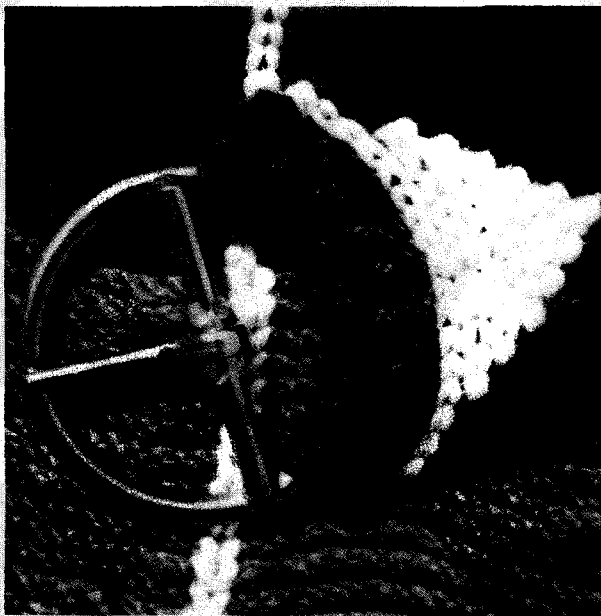
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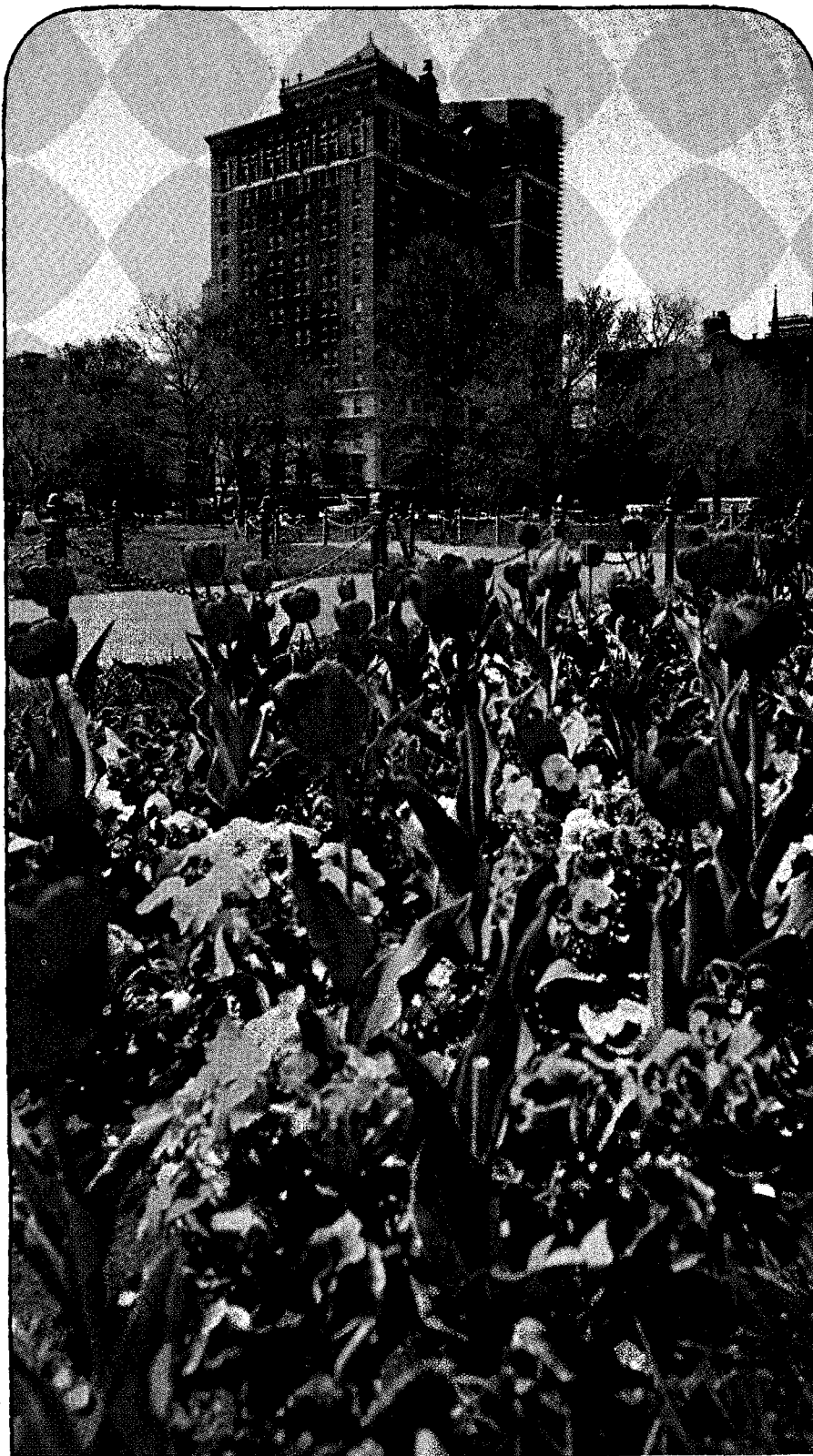
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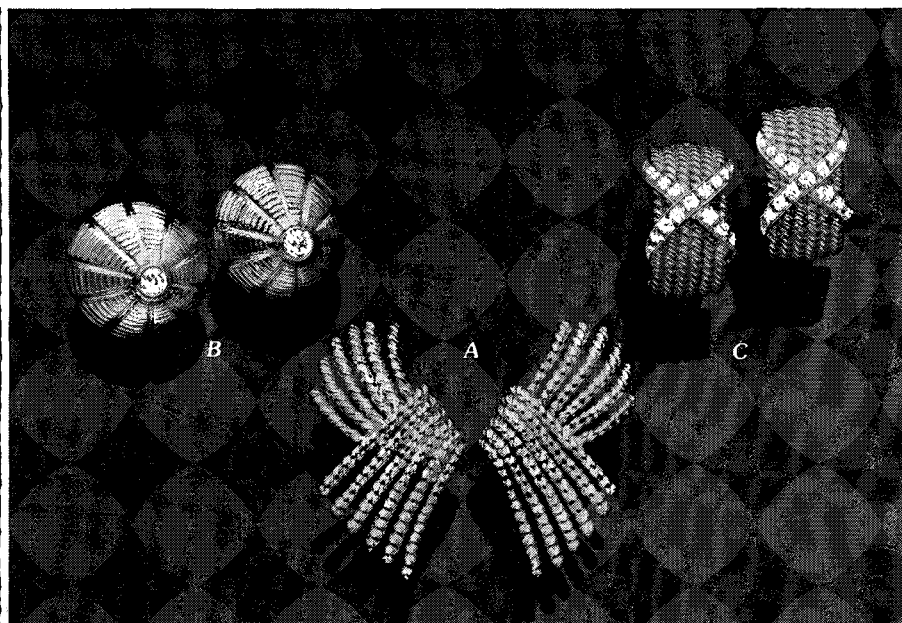
eminent courtroom performer, F. Lee Bailey, once explained. The insanity defense is thus attempted mainly in homicide cases where there is strong proof that the accused did the killing. When it is employed, however, the defense attorney never seems to have difficulty producing a forensic psychiatrist to testify that the alleged murderer was mentally ill at the moment of the act, regardless of how sane he may appear to be in the courtroom; and the prosecutor, with equal ease, finds a forensic psychiatrist to say that the defendant was and always had been sane. When the insanity defense succeeds, it usually provokes controversy.

In 1978, Creedmoor's most widely known patient was a thirty-three-year-old New York City policeman in its forensic unit named Robert Torsney. Just before midnight on Thanksgiving of 1976, Torsney and another officer in a patrol car were sent to investigate a report of an armed man at the Cypress Hills housing project in the East New York section of Brooklyn. They did not find the man. As the two policemen were leaving the building, six black youths approached them. One of the young men stopped to ask Torsney a question. Torsney drew his .38-calibre service revolver, shot the youth point-blank in the head, reholstered the pistol, and continued walking back to the patrol car. He subsequently admitted that he did not like blacks. Randolph Evans, fifteen years old, died after several hours in a hospital. Torsney testified at his trial for second-degree murder a year later that he had drawn his weapon and fired because he had seen the young man pull from his waistband a shiny object that appeared to be a gun. His fellow-officer and other witnesses testified that they had seen nothing resembling a gun, and none was ever found. The defense that Torsney's attorney adopted was that, as he put it to the jury, "if there was no gun, this man is sick." The attorney found a psychiatrist—Dr. Daniel Schwartz, director of forensic psychiatry at Kings County Hospital Center, in Brooklyn—who testified that Torsney suffered from a rare form of organic mental illness called psychomotor epilepsy and that at the moment he shot Evans he had been in the midst of a "psychomotor seizure." The psychiatrist who testified for the prosecution—Dr. Herbert Spiegel, a professor of clinical psychiatry at the Columbia University College of Physicians and

Surgeons—said that Torsney appeared to have a neurotic character disorder that gave him a tendency to panic in situations where he imagined he was being threatened, and that this emotional flaw could have led him into “a mistaken perception” that Evans was pulling a gun. Dr. Spiegel said, however, that he could find no evidence of psychomotor epilepsy or any other indication that Torsney was psychotic, as distinguished from neurotic. Torsney was legally sane, the prosecution’s psychiatrist said, and was thus responsible for his actions. Until Torsney killed Randolph Evans, he had never been known to fire his revolver on duty, and he had an unblemished record of eight years on the police force. The jury, all whites, chose to believe Dr. Schwartz, not Dr. Spiegel. They acquitted Torsney “by reason of mental disease or defect.”

In December of 1977, right after the trial, Torsney was sent to Mid-Hudson, in New Hampton, New York, one of several maximum-security psychiatric facilities that the state maintains for forensic patients and for particularly violent patients transferred from other psychiatric hospitals, like Creedmoor. The psychiatrists at Mid-Hudson who examined Torsney were unable to find the rare epileptic condition on which the defense psychiatrist had based his diagnosis and the jury its verdict. They could not discover any other psychosis, either, and, in March of 1978, having decided that Torsney was not dangerous, they had him transferred for further examination to the forensic unit of the hospital serving his home community. Because Torsney lived in Queens, the hospital was Creedmoor. The law in New York State says that a person acquitted by reason of mental disease or defect must be committed to a mental hospital until it can be determined that he or she is no longer a danger to self or others—a determination that can be made in as little as sixty days. The individual can then be released if a judge accepts the determination of the psychiatrists at a court hearing.

The psychiatrists at Creedmoor, like those at Mid-Hudson, could not find any indication that Torsney was psychotic. In July of 1978, the chief of Creedmoor’s forensic unit initiated proceedings to release him. That December, after a nine-day hearing, a judge ordered Torsney released. The order was immediately stayed by a higher court at the request of the Brooklyn District Attorney’s office,



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and was reversed on appeal by the higher court in February of 1979. The judges ordered Creedmoor to devise an "individual treatment plan" to help Torsney "surmount his dangerous personality disorder." The Department of Mental Hygiene, in turn, appealed the case to the state's highest court, the Court of Appeals, arguing, in effect, that the judges were unwilling to face up to a miscarriage of justice within their own system and were attempting to turn the mental hospitals into penitentiaries in a misguided effort to rectify it. "If he's not clinically ill," William Carnahan, the attorney who was in charge of the appeal for the Department of Mental Hygiene, asked, "what are you going to treat?" In July of 1979, the Court of Appeals set Torsney free, in an angrily divided four-to-three decision.

Torsney had by then been a patient for about a year and a half in Mid-Hudson and Creedmoor. Creedmoor had been allowing him to go home to his wife and children most nights and weekends since December of 1978, and had continued the policy despite the changing rulings from the courts. A spokesman for the hospital said that the treatment team responsible for Torsney had recommended letting him spend most nights and weekends with his family as part of a rehabilitative program. The chief of Creedmoor's forensic unit said that the courts could not legally accuse the hospital of releasing Torsney unless he was permitted to stay out beyond

forty-eight hours. A report by the Department of Mental Hygiene in February of 1978 showed that the median hospital stay of one-quarter of the murder defendants in the state acquitted by reason of mental disease or defect between September 1, 1971, and June 30, 1976, had been less than a year. Torsney had in the meantime been seeking to retire from the Police Department with a fourteen-thousand-dollar-a-year medical-disability pension, on the ground that a psychiatrist and a jury had declared him subject to a mental disease or defect, and thus unfit for duty. However, a departmental trial—a police disciplinary proceeding—had found no evidence of the rare form of epilepsy on which the acquittal was based. Torsney's request

for retirement and a fourteen-thousand-dollar pension was rebuffed, and he was dismissed from the force in June of 1979, on the charge that he had "without provocation shot and killed" Randolph Evans. Jack Ruby, the killer of Lee Harvey Oswald, had also sought to gain acquittal by claiming that he had shot Oswald during a psychomotor-epilepsy seizure. His jury had not believed the defense experts.

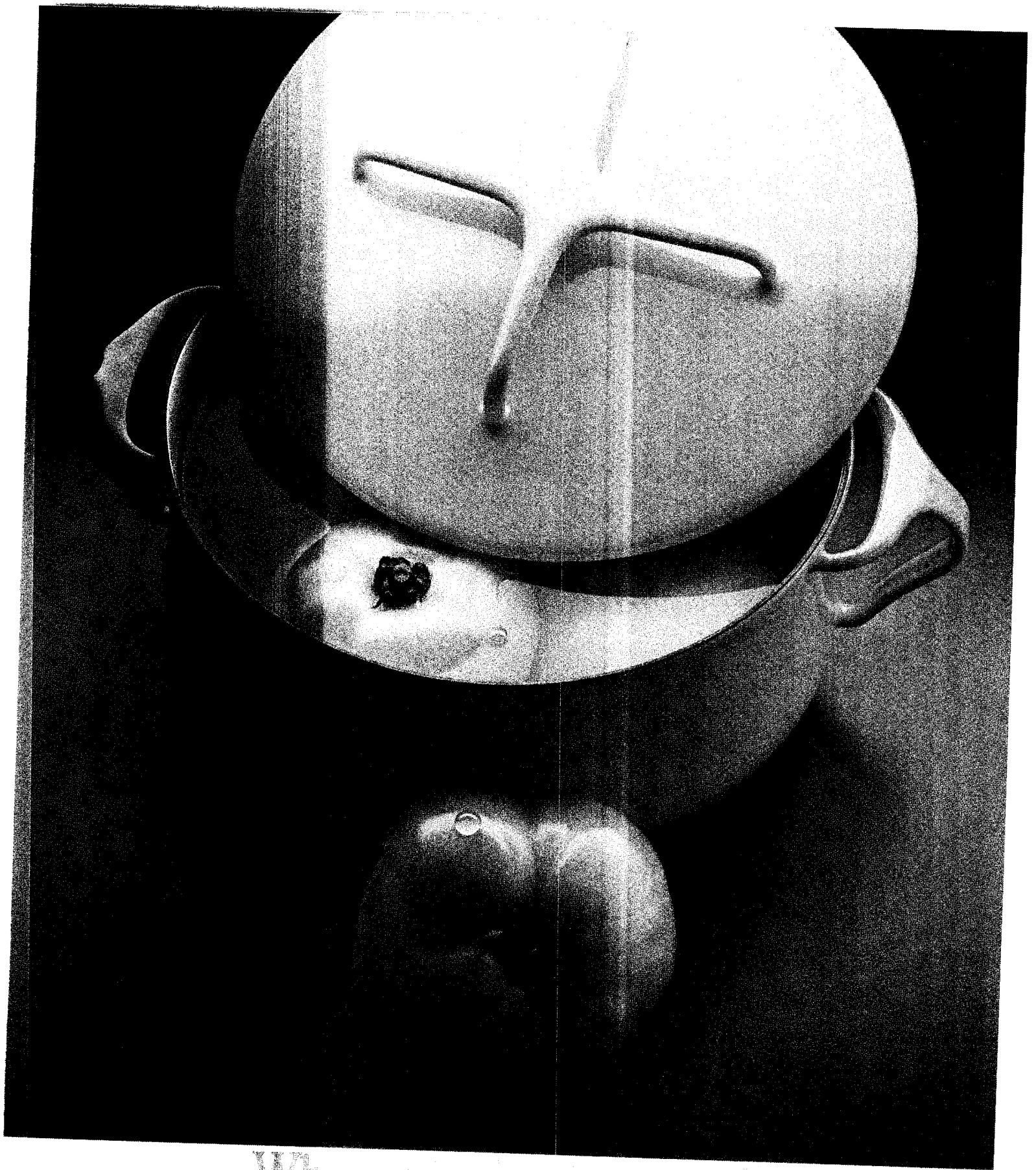
One purpose of *DSM-III* is to dispel diagnostic controversy and confusion by more precisely defining schizophrenia, manic-depressive disorders, and most other mental disorders. The manual seeks to spell out with greater specificity the criteria for making a diagnosis, because a diagnosis can have certain treatment implications. The standard textbooks in psychiatry stress the importance of knowing a patient's history in order to make a correct diagnosis. On June 16, 1978, Dr. Sun did not have Sylvia Frumkin's written case history; the records of all her previous admissions to Creedmoor and summaries of her stays in other mental hospitals were in Clearview's central files and had not been retrieved in time for the screening. If Dr. Sun had read Miss Frumkin's history, he would perhaps have decided, as Dr. Werner and almost all the other psychiatrists who had treated Miss Frumkin over the years had done, that hers was a textbook case of schizophrenia. She had first been hospitalized at the age of fifteen. For most schizophrenics, the age of onset for the

disorder is adolescence; for manic-depressives, it is usually early adulthood or later. Schizophrenics tend to progress to a state of mental deterioration, the downhill course that Dr. Werner had observed in 1977; manic-depressives remit between psychotic

episodes, often appear normal to strangers, are able to hold good jobs, and do not progress to a state of mental deterioration. Even when Miss Frumkin was at her best, as she was during part of her first stay at Transitional Services, in 1977, strangers saw that there was something peculiar about her and wouldn't hire her even for menial jobs; she had applied for jobs as a waitress in 1977 and had been turned down.

Conflicting diagnoses were less important before lithium carbonate be-





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came available for psychiatric treatment in the United States. Lithium, a simple metal ion that was first used in the treatment of mania in Australia, in 1948, is the oldest of the modern antipsychotic drugs. It was not commercially produced in the United States until 1970. Before 1970, the same antipsychotic drugs had been used to treat both schizophrenia and mania. Lithium carbonate made differential diagnoses critical, because it is the drug of choice for the treatment of mania, and is also used preventively in the treatment of recurrent mania and depression; it is effective in about eighty per cent of the cases. On June 16, 1978, it turned out not to matter for the moment that Dr. Sun had diagnosed Miss Frumkin as a manic-depressive, because he had no intention of giving her lithium then. What he was most concerned with on that day was her extreme agitation and excitement. On the page of the doctor's order sheet that had been begun by Dr. Khanna, Dr. Sun prescribed Thorazine injections to control Miss Frumkin's agitation. She was to be given a fifty-milligram injection immediately and fifty-milligram injections every four hours "PRN" (as necessary) to counter the agitation. Thorazine, the first of the wonder drugs, is still one of the two or three antipsychotics with the greatest sedative effect, and is regarded by some authorities on psychopharmacology as the drug of choice not only for acute schizophrenia but for acute mania as well, because it takes effect more rapidly than lithium does. Dr. Sun did not reevaluate and change Dr. Khanna's order prescribing for Miss Frumkin two hundred milligrams of Moban in fifty-milligram oral doses four times a day. Dr. Sun was taking the afternoon off, and he had some other patients to attend to before leaving the ward for the weekend.

Once Dr. Sun had screened Miss Frumkin for Clearview, Hermine Plotnick left the chart room and returned to her office, and the social worker and the nurse went back to the work they had been doing before Miss Frumkin's screening. A therapy aide made up a chart for Miss Frumkin. The aide put the papers from Hillside, from Building 40, and from the Queens Village unit into a metal chart holder along with the Khanna-Sun doctor's order sheet. She also put in several blank forms for future use: some "Progress Note" forms, which would be filled out mainly by the ther-

apy aides on the three shifts who would be observing Miss Frumkin, and some "Treatment and Medication Record" forms, which nurses and medication-certified therapy aides were required to initial each time they administered medication to Miss Frumkin. In the months ahead, other pieces of paper would thicken Miss Frumkin's chart: a page to record her weight; an account by Transitional Services' Dwight Miller of her fall in the bathroom; the results of periodic lab tests. Once Miss Frumkin's chart had been hung on a rack in the chart room, the therapy aide escorted her to the state-clothing room.

Many people admitted to the Clearview unit kept the clothes they were wearing when they came in, and also all the possessions they had brought with them. If newly admitted patients were wearing nice clothes, as Miss Frumkin was on the morning of June 16, 1978, and if it appeared that they would be unlikely to take care of their clothes and to protect their other belongings from theft, the therapy aides locked up their clothes and their belongings in the ward's private-clothing room. The therapy aides then let new patients choose clothes from the state-clothing room to wear in the ward until their condition improved. The clothes in the state-clothing room included not only underwear and other garments that the state bought in quantity and distributed to the wards but also clothes left behind by previously discharged patients. Some of the latter were outfits that the discharged patients had acquired at the Creedmoor Boutique, a shop on the hospital grounds where patients were periodically entitled to replenish their wardrobes, free of charge. The Boutique offered a combination of newly purchased state garments and donations. On June 16th, Miss Frumkin chose a green T-shirt and a pair of green polyester pants, size 16, from the state-clothing room. She recalled having worn this outfit during her stay at Clearview in May. The pink skirt and blouse she had worn upon admission (which a therapy aide had specially selected for her in the Boutique to wear the day she was last discharged), her poncho, her octagonal-framed eyeglasses, and her mother's Timex watch were locked up for safekeeping. Miss Frumkin kept her pocketbook. After she had changed her clothes, she walked with the therapy aide to the women's dayhall, where she sat down in an easy chair. The therapy aide left,

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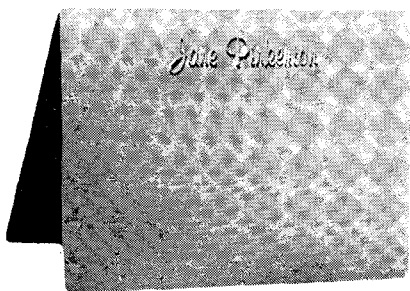
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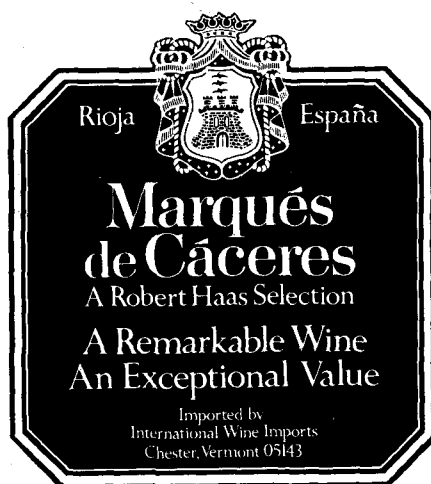
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and Miss Frumkin soon started carrying on an animated conversation; she was talking either to herself or to her phantom voices.

Paulette Finestone, a homely young woman who had met Miss Frumkin at Creedmoor many years before and who had occasionally gone out for lunch with her when they were both out of the hospital at the same time, approached Miss Frumkin. She listened to her for a couple of minutes. When there was a lull in Miss Frumkin's chatter and laughter, Miss Finestone greeted her old acquaintance.

"Hi, Sylvia," she said. "Welcome home."

"Get lost," Miss Frumkin replied.

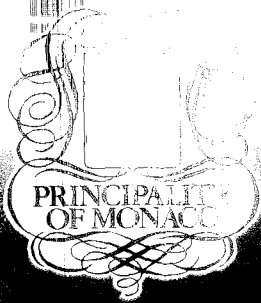
ON June 16, 1978, the Clearview unit, which was to be Miss Frumkin's home for most of the remaining months of the year, occupied the first floor of a three-story building of custard-colored brick known as N/4. (The Jamaica unit was on the two upper floors.) Building N/4 was opened in 1932. It is a grimy building that appears at first glance not to have aged well, a building of which one might say that it had seen better days—unless one chanced upon a photograph of N/4 taken the year it opened. One would then have to say that it was a building that had had no better days. Although N/4's grubby exterior is enhanced by a few turrets and Corinthian columns, the building's predominant architectural features are its drab bricks, its squat mass, and its enormous barred and screened windows and barred porches, which make the playful Moorish and Greek touches easy to overlook. Some people who have passed N/4 daily for years are so distracted by the screams, cries, and laughs coming from the building that they have never noticed its architectural amenities.

N/4 is shaped like two U's that are connected at their bases by short hallways to a slightly longer I-shaped central corridor. In 1978, each U contained two of Clearview's four wards. Wards 041 and 042 were in one U and Wards 043 and 044 were in the other. Opening off both sides of the central corridor were the offices of some of the Clearview personnel whose work had to do with the whole unit. The offices were Spartan, with state-issue metal desks, and had such graphic bureaucratic reminders as a "5 74" stencilled in black on the light-blue wall leading into the secretaries' office to show when it was last exposed

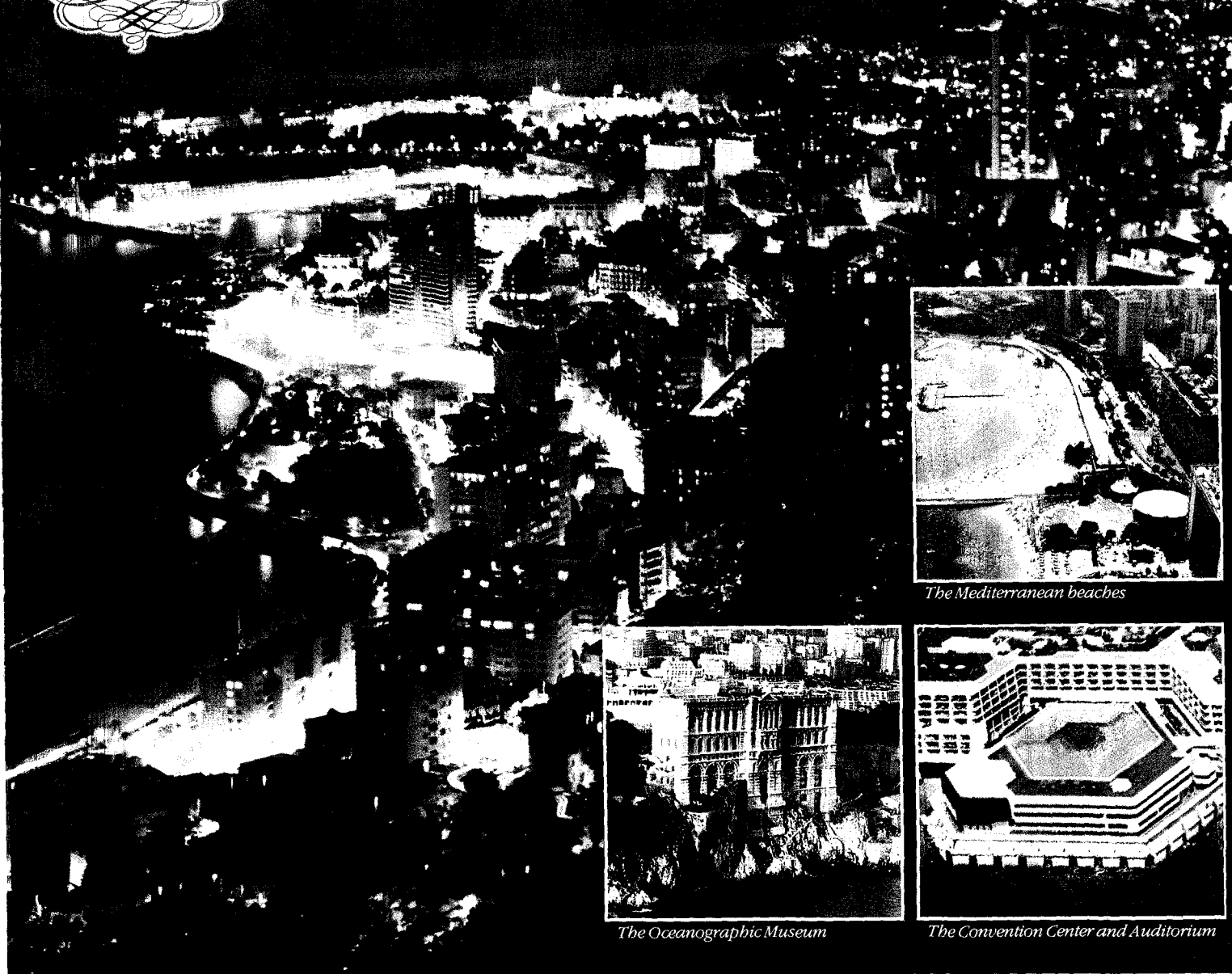
to the brushes and rollers of the painters on the state payroll. Sometimes the employees tried to decorate the offices with plants they brought from home—to no avail, for the plants were quickly stolen. So, periodically, was the electric clock on the wall of the secretaries' office.

A short distance past these offices, to the left and the right, two locked metal doors led to the wards; the door on the right led to Wards 041 and 042, the door on the left to 043 and 044. If one walked past these metal doors and continued down the central corridor, one passed other rooms—a dental clinic, a conference room, the office of Nutrition Services, the office of Clearview's medical nurse—and eventually reached N/4's ambulance entrance. In June of 1978, Creedmoor had two ambulances, which were summoned when patients were injured, fell sick, or (on rare occasions) died, and had to be taken to Building 40 or to the Queens Hospital Center, one of two city hospitals in Queens. Creedmoor's patients are sent to the Queens Hospital Center or to other medical facilities for any physical problems that the staff in Building 40 cannot handle—from abortions that patients want to surgery and treatment for such serious diseases as cancer and kidney trouble. The ambulances at Creedmoor are not celebrated for the speed with which they respond to calls—especially calls received around the change of shift. At four o'clock on the afternoon of October 13, 1978, a pugnacious Clearview patient named Alexander Morton was attacked by another Clearview patient. Morton collapsed on the floor of the 044 dayhall. A therapy aide who was close by telephoned for an ambulance at 4:02. While waiting for the ambulance to arrive, Dr. Sun and other members of the staff gave Morton, who was unconscious and was bleeding from the mouth, mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. When his vital signs continued to deteriorate, Dr. Sun also gave him an injection of epinephrine, a heart stimulant. The ambulance arrived at 4:30. Dr. Sun, a Clearview nurse, and an oxygen tank accompanied Morton on the ambulance ride to Building 40, where he was pronounced dead on arrival. He had probably died on the floor of the ward.

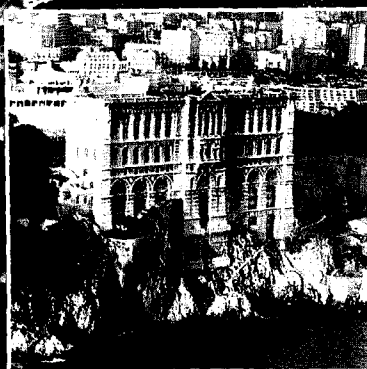
Wards 041 (male) and 042 (female) housed chronic patients, and were euphemistically known as the rehabilitation side, and Wards 043 (female) and 044 (male) housed new patients and readmitted patients, and were known



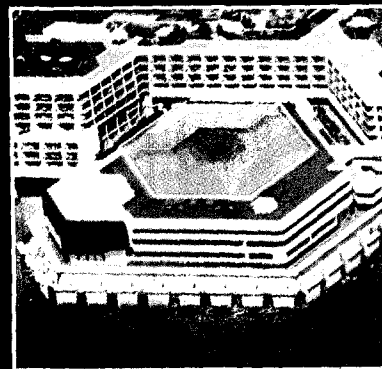
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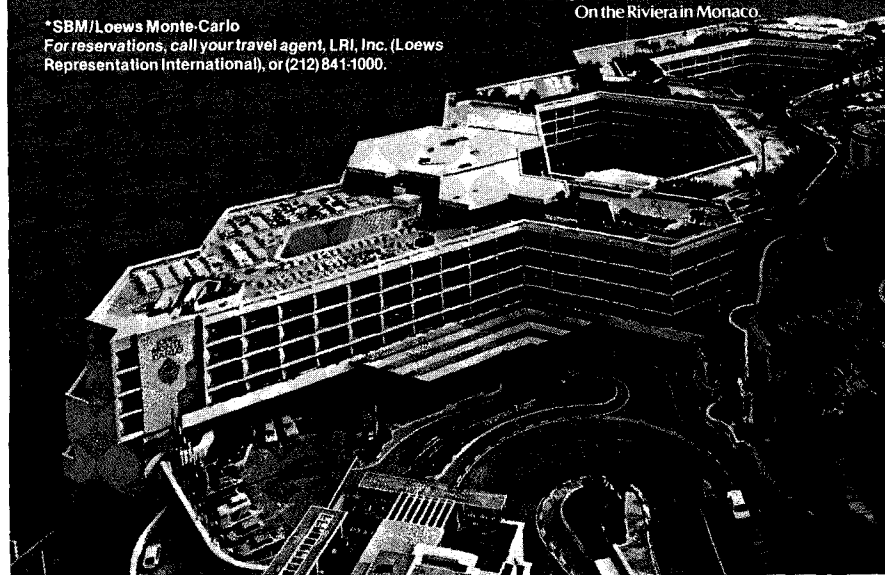
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as the admissions side. Each side had about a dozen mentally retarded and multiply disabled patients. These patients didn't belong on either side of Clearview or, for that matter, at Creedmoor, but in June of 1978 there were few alternative facilities for them. Some of these patients were quiet, and, because they created no problems, they were the patients most often ignored at Clearview. Others, who were disruptive, could not be ignored, and they caused a good deal of mischief and sometimes real grief. One patient in 044 was a skinny, intractable, profoundly retarded, and assaultive young man named Kevin Kiernan. He had a misshapen head, little usable language, and a penchant for biting. He refused to wear anything but pajama bottoms except on the one day every month or two that his mother visited him, when he permitted her to dress him. He usually lay on the dayhall floor holding a magazine. He occasionally became violent—especially when some new and acutely psychotic patient tried to touch his magazine. He had persistently bitten the ear of a psychotic male patient several years earlier. The ear had healed badly. Albert Rosenthal, another profoundly retarded Clearview patient with only a few words in his vocabulary, was perhaps the saddest example of Creedmoor's inability to care for unfortunates of his kind. For his own protection, Rosenthal had to be kept in a glass-free environment. Whenever he saw glass, he broke it and injured himself. Once, when he was in a dining room at Creedmoor, he had cut himself with a glass salt shaker. Since 1974, he had lived in a seven-by-nine-foot room near the Clearview chart room. His cell-like quarters contained a bed and a commode. He spent most of the day sitting on his bed or on the floor rocking back and forth silently. When he was upset, he banged for hours on the room's locked door. Creedmoor's psychiatrists were periodically instructed to gradually terminate the medication of all patients who had been hospitalized for five years or longer; it had been found that a number of them improved when their medication was lowered or stopped. Some got worse, however. In 1978, after Rosenthal's medication was lowered, he pulled out all his fingernails and toenails. On June 16, 1978, while Dr. Sun was screening Miss Frumkin, Rosenthal's mother was in her son's room with her other child, Gail—also a Clearview patient.

Gail, who hardly spoke, either, had been diagnosed as autistic and profoundly retarded as a child (properly diagnosing patients who don't talk is even more difficult than diagnosing those who do), but since she didn't break glass she spent her days in the ward, rocking back and forth in a chair. Mrs. Rosenthal took her children out on the Creedmoor grounds on Wednesday afternoons. She came to the hospital every Friday morning to take them home for the weekend and returned them to Creedmoor on Monday morning. When her children were at home, they were kept in the Rosenthals' glass-free basement; Mrs. Rosenthal and her husband would often take turns staying awake with them. Members of the staff called Tuesdays and Thursdays Mrs. Rosenthal's "days off." She often told Mrs. Plotnick that she worried about what would happen to her children after her death. Mrs. Plotnick worried about what would happen to Mrs. Rosenthal if Albert and Gail predeceased her. Members of the staff had often advised Mrs. Rosenthal to spend more time on her own life. "You don't seem to understand," she had replied. "This is my life."

The women's dayhall to which Miss Frumkin had been taken by the therapy aide—the dayhall of Ward 043—was a vast, high-ceilinged room, sixty-eight feet long and twenty-three feet wide. It had nine large, barred windows and a floor of linoleum tile in a gray-and-black checkerboard pattern. The fluorescent lights on the ceiling often flickered; they seemed to expose the dreariness of the dayhall rather than to brighten the room. The white paint on the ceiling was peeling. The walls, which had been painted a cheerful shade of yellow, were soiled.

A section of the long inner wall had been decorated by one of Creedmoor's volunteer workers in 1976 with a mural meant to depict a fairy tale. According to the artist, the central figure in this fairy-tale landscape, a woman dressed in a red-and-gold gown and a medieval-style pointed headdress, was a princess. According to a number of the patients in 043 who suffered from religious obsessions, the central figure was the Virgin Mary. The mural also depicted a white unicorn with a garland draped around its neck and a multicolored snake wrapped around a tropical tree. The artist had hoped that the mural would soothe the patients. It often had the opposite ef-



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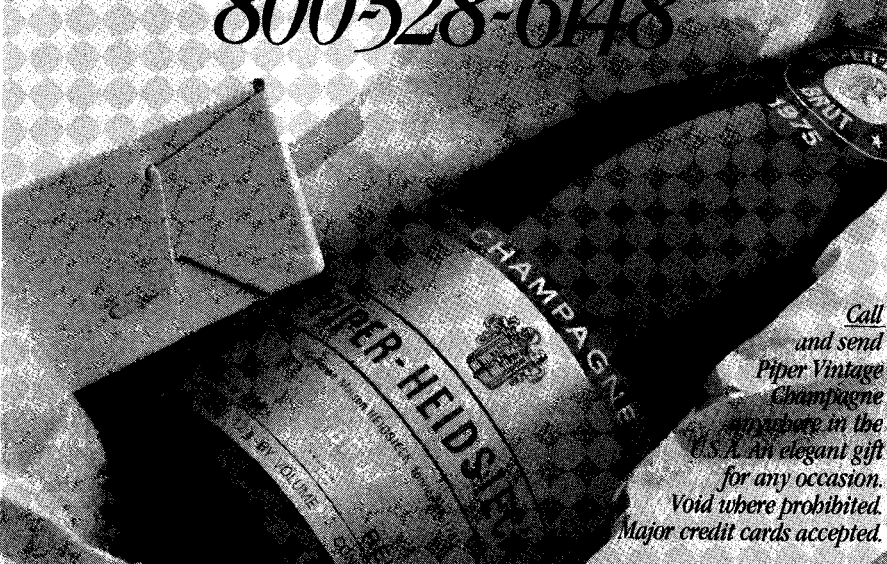
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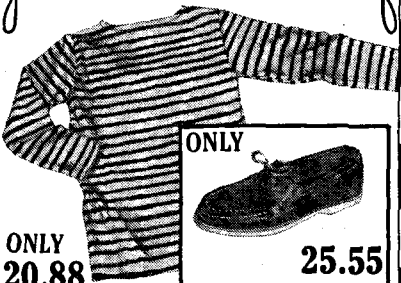
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fect. On June 16, 1978, one of the most disturbed people in 043 was a young woman named Barbara Herbert. Like Kiernan, Mrs. Herbert had a penchant for biting. She had left her teeth marks on quite a few patients during each of many occasions she had been at Creedmoor. Mrs. Herbert was a short, attractive Jewish woman in her early thirties with peroxide-blond hair; she had a daughter, who had been placed in foster care, and a husband, who often threatened to divorce her before, during, and after her stays in the Clearview unit. She paced the floor in front of the mural on June 16th and shook her fist at the princess, whom she addressed as Mary. "Jesus is my child," she shrieked to the princess figure, pounding her fists on the red-and-gold gown. Pointing to the princess and shifting her angry gaze to the snake, she addressed it. "Tell her to get out of the Garden of Eden!" she yelled.

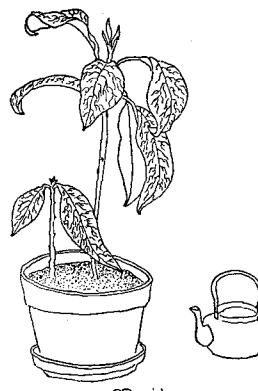
Except for the mural, the walls of the dayhall were almost bare. There was nothing else on them but a small wooden board that read "This is Creedmoor Psychiatric Center;" two notices about the Mental Health Information Service; a clock; two "No Smoking" signs (the injunction was never enforced); and two fans. The fans were in motion on summer days whenever their cords had been repaired by Creedmoor's small maintenance department after the latest troubled patient had cut them. On June 16th, one fan swirled the hot, stale, smoky air. The only air-conditioner in the Clearview unit was in Mrs. Plotnick's office.

Set into one of the dayhall's short walls was a television set, protected by a locked Plexiglas shield. The TV was on a good deal of the time except when Kiernan or another agitated patient sneaked in behind the therapy aide who had unlocked the plastic shield in order to tune the set, switch channels, or turn the set off or on, and pulled the knobs off, leaving the patients with no television for the week or two it took for the set to be repaired. The dayhall was furnished with a water fountain, an area rug, two plastic plants, two cigarette urns, several hassocks and wastebaskets, a few coffee tables, three or four small tables, and four Formica room dividers,

which were too small to divide the great rectangle of the dayhall and stood in it looking lost. There were also a dozen chairs, half a dozen love seats, and several sofas—an assortment of plastic-and-metal and upholstered pieces in different shapes and colors, which had little in common except multiple cigarette burns. There were rarely enough chairs and sofas to go around. The cleaner assigned to 043 and 044, a friendly woman who was pleasant to the patients and was well liked by them, mopped the dayhall floor conscientiously every weekday. She labored in vain. The floor became sticky with spilled soda and coffee and powdery with cigarette ashes ten minutes after the latest wet mopping. The ward smelled of coffee, stale cigarette smoke, and unwashed and incontinent patients.

A door along the dayhall's outer wall led to a barred porch. The door was almost always kept open during the daytime when the weather was good. On the porch were another dozen mismatched and worn plastic chairs and a long table. Patients who spent time on the porch, and those who sat on the porches of the Jamaica unit above, tossed cigarette butts, soda cans, bottles, clothes, paper, and other trash out through the widely spaced bars. The littered grass within throwing range of the porches resembled a vacant lot in a slum neighborhood. When patients on the porch looked south, past the unsightly refuse and pieces of broken glass, and across Creedmoor's once well-tended and now uncut lawns, and through the dying branches of its untrimmed trees, they could see and hear the cars and buses of the outside world going up and down Hillside Avenue, about seventy-five yards away. On hot summer days, the patients could hear not only the traffic but another sound—the cries of seagulls scavenging for food on the scruffy lawns, and they might feel a breeze drifting in from Long Island Sound, a few miles away as the seagulls flew.

Partway down the long inner dayhall wall, where the therapy aides on duty usually sat at a small table, was an archway. Under the archway to the left was a large bathroom, which served the women patients in



043. It was outfitted with eight wash-basins (with dripping faucets), six toilets, two showers (for which the shower curtains came and went like the clock and the plants in the secretaries' office), and several mirrors. The bathroom looked and smelled like a big restroom in a busy turnpike restaurant on the third day of a four-day holiday weekend: no better, no worse. Toilet paper and soap were often scarce, and there was a shortage of towels and sanitary napkins. Over the years, Miss Frumkin had grown accustomed to drying herself with a sheet after taking a shower at Creedmoor. Mrs. Plotnick observed on her daily inspection rounds in June of 1978 that although three of the six toilets had doors and three had curtains, all had seats. Some years earlier, Creedmoor's toilets often lacked seats. It was assumed that the employees were stealing them, simply because most of the patients seemed to lack the skills to fence them. In 1978, a stereo set vanished from Clearview, and a five-gallon beverage dispenser disappeared the first day it was used.

Employee theft, a recurring problem at Creedmoor, became public knowledge rather dramatically a few years ago when a Creedmoor attendant and her small child were held at gunpoint by the attendant's common-law husband in their apartment. When the husband got tired, the attendant tied several sheets together, attached them to a radiator, threw the sheets out the window, climbed out with her child, and slid safely to the ground. The police had been called, and several television crews were at the scene. The following day, her escape showed up on the evening news telecast. The words "Creedmoor State Hospital" were easy to read where they had been stamped on her makeshift rope hanging from the window. One November, some years earlier, half the turkeys that were to be cooked for the patients' Thanksgiving dinner were stolen; replacement turkeys had to be procured and cooked in haste.

In June of 1978, Creedmoor's Safety Department, which was in principle responsible for investigating such thievery, consisted of one chief, three sergeants, and twenty-four safety officers. Their duties also included patrolling the grounds to look for patients who had escaped from their units; helping attendants subdue violent patients; checking the locks on the doors of the various buildings in which food and other valuable com-

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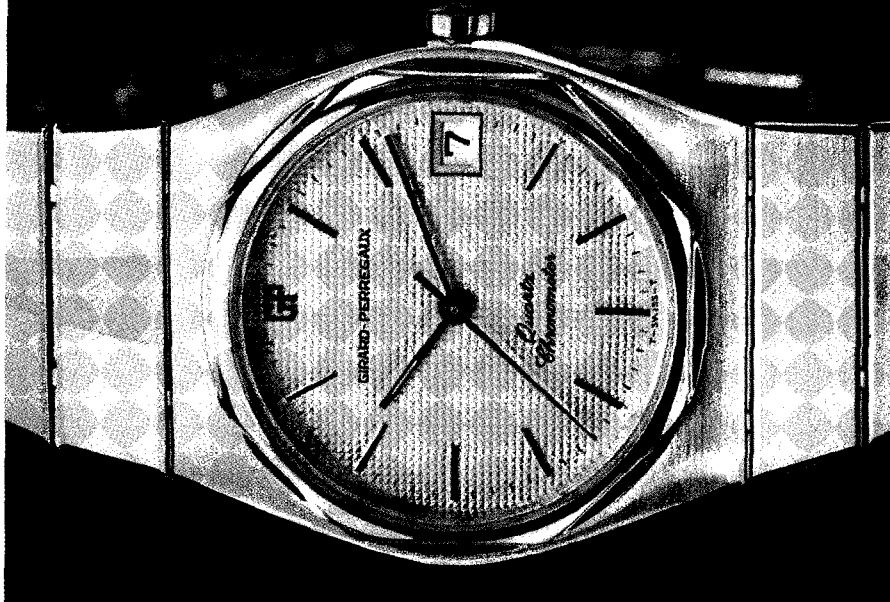
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modities were stored; and keeping the peace in two dormitory-like buildings in which some seventy employees lived in small rooms with communal bathrooms. The Safety Department kept a daily log of its routine patrols and of unusual happenings. Its 1978 log showed that there had been no falloff in employee theft to match the decline in patient population. On January 31st, a kitchen was broken into and two hundred and eighty-five pounds of chicken, a hundred and five pounds of ground beef, forty pounds of turkey, and thirty pounds of coffee and sugar were taken. On February 5th, another kitchen lost six cases of cooked beef, sixty pounds of diced beef, forty-five pounds of ground beef, and a slicing machine. The following month, that same kitchen lost a hundred and fifteen pounds of sliced ham. Five days after that, a hundred pounds of ham, a hundred and twenty pounds of frankfurters, and twenty-four pounds of turkey and veal vanished from a third kitchen. One safety officer, who refers to the Safety Department as "the Keystone Cops," was asked if any of the meat was recovered. "No burglary at Creedmoor has ever been solved," he said.

A corridor led from the women's dayhall to the women's dormitory. Off this corridor were the offices of some of the staff assigned to the 043-044 side of Clearview—a social worker's office, a psychologist's office, and the ward office, which was the office of the person in charge of a shift. One of the rooms off this corridor—a room that measured seven feet by nine—had a metal door with a small plastic viewing panel; on the floor was a mattress, and there was a large window at the back, protected by a metal grille inside and by bars outside. This was the "seclusion room," in which a disturbed patient could be kept. On occasion, a patient put in the seclusion room was so distraught that he banged his head against the wall and hurt himself. There were four seclusion rooms in the Clearview unit, one for each ward. Mrs. Plotnick had repeatedly requested protective padding for one of them. (Some of Creedmoor's other units did have padded seclusion rooms by 1978.) Her requests for padding went unheeded, and she resented the bureaucratic indifference to her patients. At Creedmoor in 1978, there were no more Evelyn Deacons, with the power to lock a Sylvia Frumkin up or put her in a straitjacket for six weeks. (Straitjackets were rarely used

at Creedmoor in 1978.) Only a doctor could order a patient into seclusion, and for a period no longer than two hours; the doctor could renew the order every two hours if he felt that continued seclusion was necessary. When a patient was ordered into seclusion, the door to the room was locked. If a patient felt upset and asked to go into the room, its door was left unlocked, and the room was referred to as a quiet room or an isolation room.

The women's dormitory, at the end of the corridor, was a rectangular space about the same size as the dayhall. The dormitory was divided by archways into four many-windowed sections, called cubicles. Each cubicle contained from three to eight beds and several wardrobes. There were almost always enough beds to go around; when there were not, patients slept on the floor. The door to the dormitory was kept open at night, so that patients could use the nearby night toilet, but it was usually kept locked during the day. Almost all of Creedmoor's patients were on psychotropic drugs, and the medication made many of them drowsy—particularly for the first few days. Given a choice, they would have spent a good part of the day in bed. They were not given a choice. The patients were made to get up at six o'clock in the morning, unless a doctor granted an exemption, so that the night shift could help them make their beds and get them dressed and ready for breakfast before going off duty. They were not permitted to go to bed before eight o'clock in the evening except, again, on those infrequent occasions when a doctor prescribed daytime bed rest for a patient. If the patients were permitted to sleep during the day, they would be up a good part of the night. Some of them—those who slept during the day on the furniture and floors in the dayhall, the porch, and the corridors, and those who were extremely agitated—were up anyway. The patients who were up at night disturbed not only the majority of the patients, who wanted to sleep, but also the midnight-to-eight-thirty shift, some of whom liked to sleep on duty.

A seventy-foot corridor separated the women's dayhall from the men's dayhall. Opening off to the left of the corridor was a spacious dining room. The two dayhall doors at either end of the corridor were usually kept open during the daytime, so that the men in 044 could mingle freely with the

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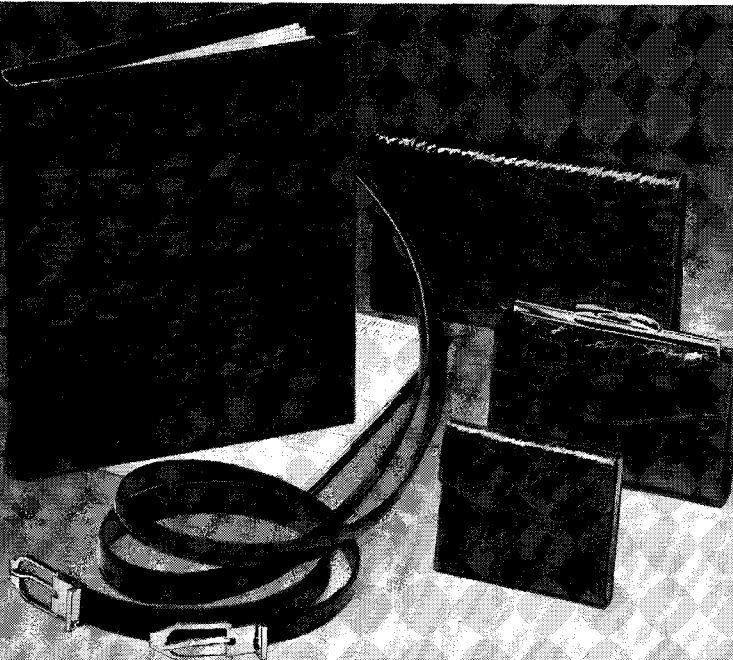
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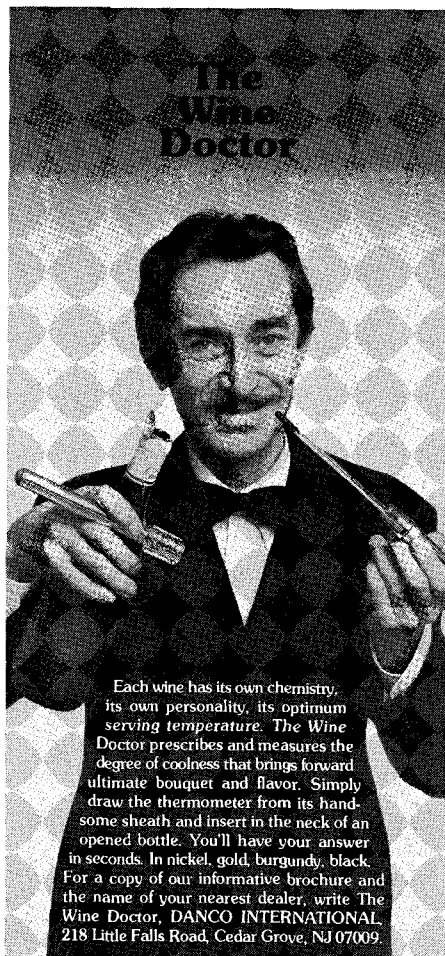
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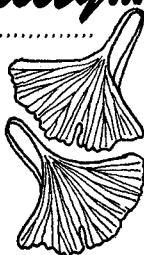
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women in 043. Coed dayhalls had come in with "unitization," in 1969. Dr. Greenberg, Creedmoor's director then, maintained that patients came from a heterosexual world and would be returning to one, and that the dayhalls should approximate conditions on the outside as closely as possible. Almost every heterosexual act that took place in the outside world in 1978 took place in the dayhalls, porches, bathrooms, dormitories, offices, and corridors of the Clearview unit in 1978; so, for that matter, did almost every homosexual act.

The men's dayhall was similar in dimensions and furnishings to the women's dayhall. Another corridor connected the men's dayhall with the men's dormitory, and was also lined with offices—among them the offices of Dr. Sun and Dr. Batra, the chart room in which Sylvia Frumkin had been screened, a treatment room (where medication was stocked, poured, and dispensed when it wasn't dispensed in the dayhalls near the water fountains), and two seven-by-nine-foot unpadded rooms. One of these rooms was permanently occupied by Albert Rosenthal; the other was used as a seclusion room. The men's dormitory in 044 closely resembled the women's dormitory in 043. The bars over the windows in both dormitories went halfway up; the top halves of the windows were covered only with screens. The men showed a greater proclivity than the women for climbing up and tearing the screens, and periodically did so. On June 3, 1978, a male patient escaped through a window in the men's dormitory before dawn. The window's torn screen was reported to the maintenance department that day. It wasn't fixed on June 4th. Another patient escaped through the torn window screen on the evening of June 5th. On June 6th, the maintenance department was again informed of the situation, but the window wasn't repaired on that day, either, supposedly because of a shortage of maintenance workers.

Wards 041 and 042, where chronic patients were kept, were similar to Wards 043 and 044, even to the periodically broken window screens, through which some of the men in 041 also made their exit during 1978.

ON June 16, 1978, the day Miss Frumkin was readmitted, the admissions side of the Clearview unit was theoretically allocated thirty-four employees, who were supposed to be

taking care of twenty-three acutely ill women and thirty-five acutely ill men. Besides Miss Frumkin, Kevin Kiernan, Albert and Gail Rosenthal, Barbara Herbert, and Paulette Finestone (who had been brought to the ward one day in late March from Clearview's Out-Patient Clinic, which she had been attending, after biting one of three relatives who had accompanied her to the clinic, hitting the clinic nurse on the head, and turning over a table on the clinic psychiatrist's foot), the other patients in Wards 043 and 044 also had grave troubles. There was Hiroku Izutsu, a beautiful young Japanese woman who had once burned down the children's psychiatric ward of one of Manhattan's best-known voluntary hospitals. Miss Izutsu had been transferred from that burned-out ward to Creedmoor's adolescent unit, had graduated to Clearview, and, on June 16, 1978, went around asking questions like "Is the ridiculous still normal?" There was Isabelle Holzman, an attractive young single woman, who was eight months pregnant and almost catatonic. (She had her baby in July and returned to Clearview in an agitated psychotic state in October.) There was Deirdre Gerrity, an extremely obese woman of fifty-nine (she was five feet seven and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds), who had been admitted to Creedmoor in late April. Miss Gerrity was a retired nurse who had never been in a psychiatric hospital before; her sister had reluctantly brought her to Creedmoor because she could no longer care for her at home. Her psychiatric diagnosis was psychosis with arteriosclerosis. Her medical examination upon admission showed that she was suffering from high blood pressure, varicose veins, edema in both feet, severe degenerative arthritis of the entire lumbar spine, anemia, severe dermatitis, and heart trouble. With all these physical ailments, it was painful for Miss Gerrity to move. She didn't want to eat. It took two or three therapy aides to lift her out of bed or out of a chair, so that she could be helped to the toilet, to the shower, or to the dining room. Sometimes eight hours went by on the day shift without anyone moving her. The evening shift often complained about the condition in which the day shift had left Miss Gerrity. The night shift complained that she was nasty and refused to help herself and said that she wanted to go to a private hospital, where she felt she belonged. Miss Gerrity gave the em-

ployees on all three shifts the impression that she had lost her will to live. Her physical condition continued to deteriorate. In late July, she was transferred to Building 40; in early October, she died of congestive heart failure.

There was a middle-aged retarded man named Richard Moscow, who conducted the same dialogue with the Clearview therapy aides and with the patients and visitors who knew his life story at least twenty times a day:

MOSCOW: When's my daddy coming?

AIDE: Your daddy died a few years ago.

MOSCOW: When's my mommy coming?

AIDE: Richard, you know your mommy died a few years ago, the same week as your daddy.

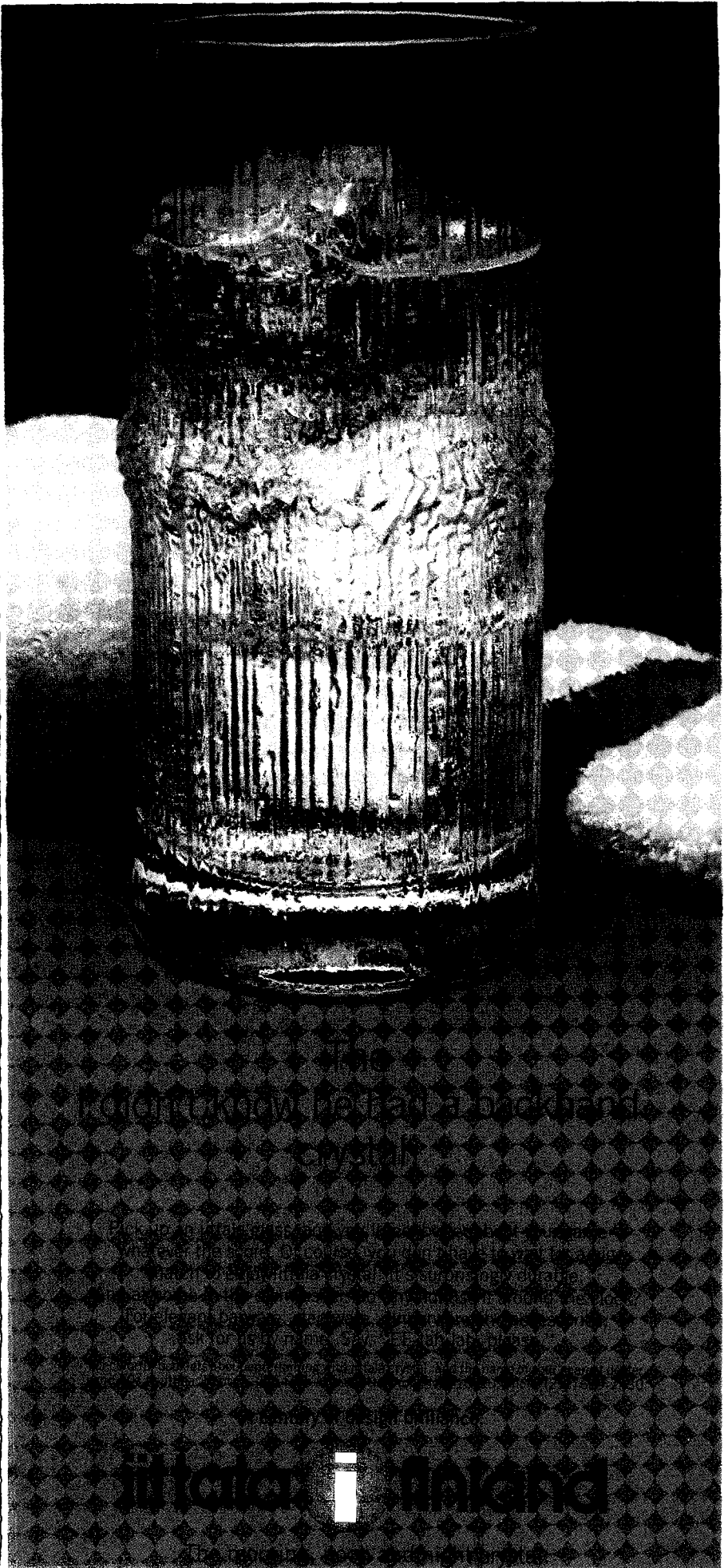
MOSCOW: When's my brother coming?

AIDE: Soon, I hope, Richard, soon.

There was a man whose parents had left New York and moved to another state, leaving no forwarding address. About two-thirds of the patients on the chronic side and many of the retarded patients on the admissions side never received any visitors and never stopped feeling their absence. The patients in 043 and 044 were young and middle-aged, alert and confused, well-educated and illiterate. Their only common denominator was the fact that they shared a statistical misfortune: each year, more than a million and a half people in the United States become patients in psychiatric facilities.

If thirty-four employees seemed inadequate on paper to attend to the needs of the fifty-eight patients in Wards 043 and 044 through the twenty-four hours of June 16th, the paper ratio looked a great deal better than the real one in the wards. There were twenty people assigned to the day shift (eleven therapy aides, nine others), seven to the evening shift (six therapy aides and one licensed practical nurse), and seven to the night shift (all therapy aides). Five of the day shift's professionals—two psychiatrists (until Dr. Sun left for the day, at noon), one treatment-team leader, one nurse, and one social worker—were on the payroll and on the premises on June 16th. One typist was also present. The three other professionals allocated to the unit—a licensed practical nurse, a psychologist, and a rehabilitation specialist—were not there, because they existed only on paper. The three people who had held these jobs had left earlier in the spring, and replacements had not yet been hired.

Of the eleven therapy aides assigned to the day shift, only four were on the



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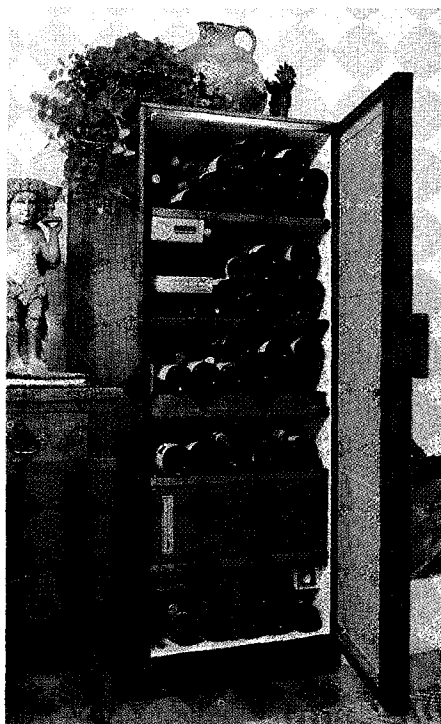
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premises on June 16th, one of whom had arrived an hour and a half late. Three therapy aides were taking their regularly scheduled days off; two were on vacation; one was out on a personal-leave day; and one therapy aide had been suspended on May 30th on disciplinary charges of abusing a patient. (She remained out for almost two months, until the case was settled.)

From nine-thirty in the morning to four in the afternoon, the four therapy aides had to cover the 043 and 044 dayhalls and porches. This meant that, at best, one aide was trying to cover the 043 dayhall and porch and a second the 044 dayhall and porch. The two others were off on coffee breaks or lunch breaks or were engaged in other tasks. The four took turns going back and forth to Building 40 to escort patients to scheduled appointments at the X-ray department, the dermatology clinic, or the ophthalmology clinic. They also had to go to Building 40 to take specimens to the laboratory or to pick up medication at the pharmacy. Even when all four therapy aides were in the N/4 building, some were in the chart room writing progress notes in the patients' charts, in the treatment room giving medication, or in the ward office answering the telephone, rather than in the dayhall.

On June 16, 1978, the consequences of understaffing were a greater than usual neglect of patients and a greater than usual harassment of staff. On February 1, 1979, understaffing had a sombre result. Of seven therapy aides who were scheduled to work the evening shift (from 4 P.M. to 12:30 A.M.), five called in sick. The evening-shift supervisor asked a young woman on the day shift to work overtime. While the three therapy aides were getting the patients to and from the dining room, handling a regularly scheduled telephone hour for the two wards, between six and seven o'clock, and preparing the evening medication, a young man named Lloyd Colvin went out to the 043 porch. The door to the porch was open. Colvin had come to Creedmoor on January 31st, with his mother. When Dr. Sun screened Colvin for admission, he had asked him if he had a history of suicide attempts or of drug or alcohol abuse; both Colvin and his mother had denied that he had ever tried to commit suicide or that he was a "substance abuser." Dr. Sun had almost not admitted Colvin—he had thought that



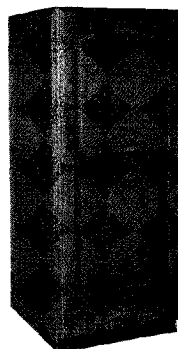
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the young man might be able to continue living at home and be treated in an out-patient facility—but the mother had prevailed upon him to admit her son for a short stay. On the evening of February 1st, when Colvin went out to the porch, he got up on a chair, took off the heavy work boots he was wearing, tied the boots' sturdy laces together, looped the laces around his neck, attached the loop to the porch bars, stepped off the chair, and hanged himself. He had last been seen by a therapy aide in the dining room at five-forty and by the evening supervisor around six-fifteen. He was dead by the time two patients went out to the porch and found him hanging there, at five past seven, and summoned the only therapy aide in the dayhall, the young woman working overtime. This therapy aide and the evening supervisor cut Colvin down. Hermine Plotnick believes that people who are determined to commit suicide will sooner or later succeed in doing so. She also believes, however, that if there had been adequate staffing of the evening shift on 043 and 044 on February 1, 1979, Colvin might have been discovered sooner and might have survived. The day after Colvin's death, his chart came over from the hospital's central files. It revealed that he had a history of suicide attempts and of drug and alcohol abuse. Mrs. Plotnick says that if these facts had been known he might have been more carefully watched at Clearview. After Colvin's death, the doors to Clearview's porches were locked at dusk.

IT was after eleven o'clock in the morning on Friday, June 16th, by the time Miss Frumkin had been screened for admission by Dr. Sun, had changed into state clothes, and had taken a chair in the women's dayhall. After shooing Paulette Finestone away, she remained seated for a while, seemingly oblivious of everything and everyone around her. Not for long. Soon she was on her feet, hurrying over to the nurse on duty. She demanded to use the telephone. When the nurse told her she would have to wait until another patient had finished making a call, Miss Frumkin screamed at her. The nurse escorted her to the telephone a few minutes later. Miss Frumkin dialed the extension of Dr. Werner, Creedmoor's director. She tried to tell Dr. Werner's secretary her troubles but became incoherent. The nurse and a therapy aide had to struggle with her to get her to

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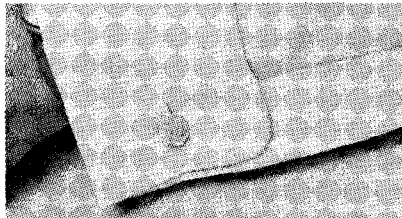
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Dadcat

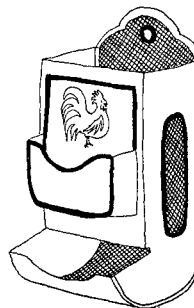
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put the telephone down. The nurse, who had been at the admission screening, then led Miss Frumkin to the treatment room and tried to give her the injection of Thorazine that Dr. Sun had ordered her to be given immediately for agitation. Miss Frumkin refused the injection. She said she would take Thorazine orally instead. The nurse poured Thorazine into a paper cup and handed it to Miss Frumkin, breaking a rule that requires written permission from a doctor to substitute one form of a drug for another. Rules were broken hundreds of times a week in the Clearview unit. This knowledge didn't sit easily with Mrs. Plotnick, who is a perfectionist, but there was little she could do except to rail periodically against the difference between the way things were at Creedmoor and the way she thought they ought to be. Between sips of the bad-tasting Thorazine, Miss Frumkin called the nurse a jerk, a slut, and a dodo. After Miss Frumkin's insults became threats and she started to hit the nurse, the nurse went to Dr. Sun, caught him just as he was leaving, and got him to write out a seclusion order, which went into effect at twelve-fifteen. Once Miss Frumkin had been put in the seclusion room, she flopped down on the mattress as if she were relieved to be there. A few minutes later, a therapy aide brought her lunch on a tray. Miss Frumkin, who had been mumbling unintelligibly, took the tray, wolfed down the food, and handed the tray back. She soon lay down and dozed off. When the seclusion order expired, at two-fifteen, the door to the room was opened. Miss Frumkin was asleep. She was left in the room to sleep, with the door open.

Miss Frumkin awakened shortly before four, but she appeared content to stay in the quiet room. Around five o'clock, she felt hungry, got up, and walked into the dayhall. When the door to the dining-room corridor was opened, she went into the corridor and stood in line with the other patients, whispering to herself. Dinner at Clearview was usually served at five-twenty. Like breakfast and lunch, the meal was served cafeteria-style. Each patient took a tray, a plate, and eating utensils, and walked past a counter. Food-service workers positioned behind the counter doled out portions of

some foods; patients helped themselves to others.

The dining room that served the patients on Clearview's admissions side was a bright, buff-colored room with tables for four. There were containers filled with plastic flowers on the tables. The dining room was a moderately attractive place when it was empty. It was not an attractive place at mealtimes. Many of the patients — Miss Frumkin was one of them — ate sloppily and in great haste. A few patients were so dejected that they ate little or nothing. Therapy aides helped those who could not feed themselves. Sometimes there were forks, knives, and spoons in the dining room; sometimes (after a patient had used forks and knives as weapons) there were just spoons. The food was what



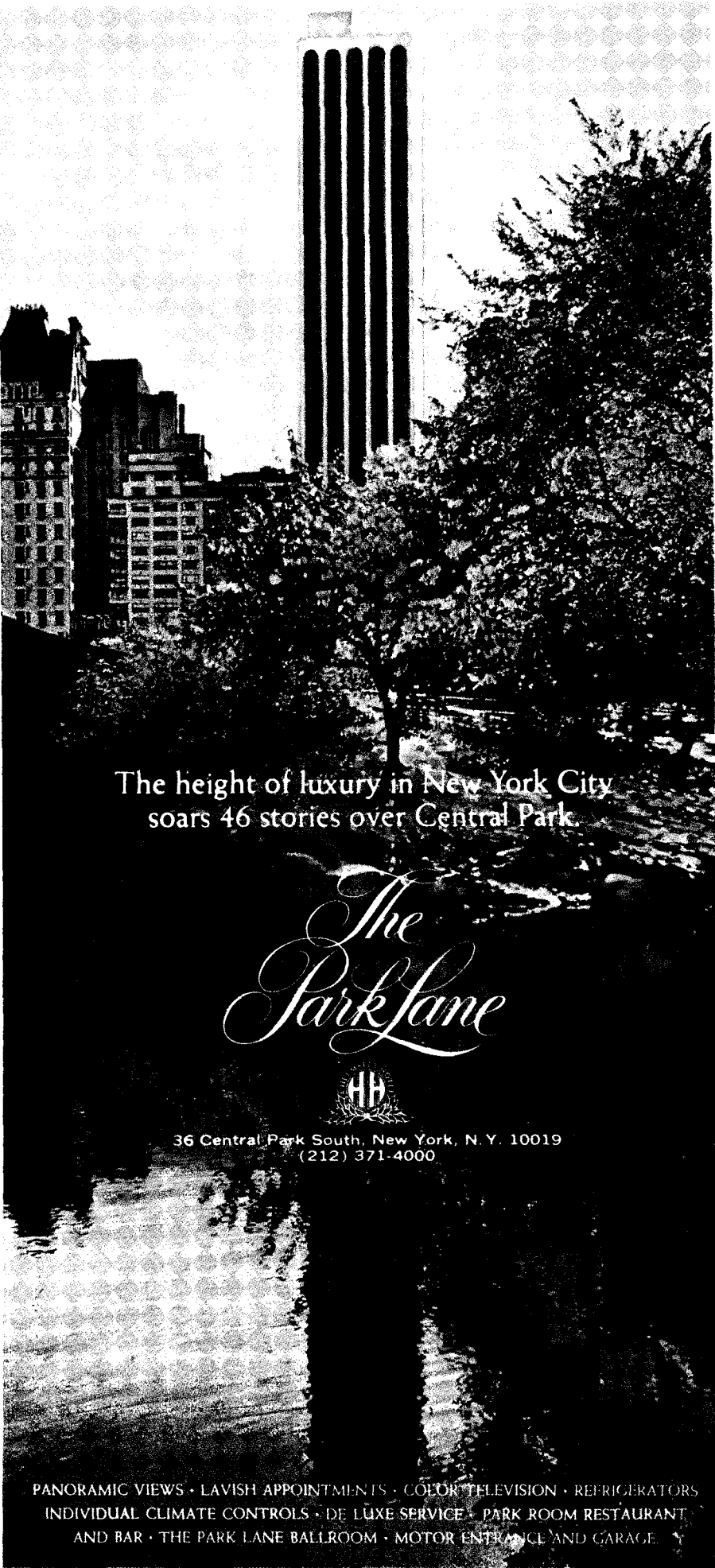
DALL ALI

one might expect at a state institution with a computerized food plan (pot roast was on the menu fifty-two times a year, not fifty-one or fifty-three times) and a food budget of a dollar and sixty-seven cents per patient per day. Vegetables that were considered "expensive and exotic"—asparagus, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, broccoli—were never served. "Extended" (casserole-type) dishes were served often: they were inexpensive and filling. The menu was nutritious, starchy, easy to gain weight on, and inflexible. Diabetic patients could get tea and coffee without sugar, but no patient could get coffee without milk, no matter how much he or she desired black coffee. Half an hour was allotted for each meal. Most patients spent ten minutes in the dining room. Some years earlier, an attempt had been made to slow the meals down—to prolong them from half an hour to an hour—so that patients could relax and chat more. The attempt had been a failure. Instead of chatting more when they were made to sit together longer, they had fought more. Clearview's patients appeared glad to eat and run, and the dining-room employees, many of whom were grouchy, appeared glad to have them do so—especially at dinnertime, so that they could go home early.

After shovelling into her mouth three helpings of everything served at dinner on June 16th, Miss Frumkin returned to the dayhall, settled into an easy chair, and watched television quietly. At nine o'clock, she took the fifty milligrams of Moban that Dr.

Khanna had prescribed for her. A therapy aide on the evening shift let her watch TV until ten-thirty before taking her into the dormitory, where the other women were already asleep. She assigned Miss Frumkin an empty bed next to a window. Clearview's beds had foam-rubber mattresses. Two-thirds of the mattress rested on unspringy lattice springs; the remaining third rested on two storage drawers built into the foot of the bed. Neither these drawers nor the wardrobes in each cubicle had locks; many patients slept clutching their pocket-books. The pillows were covered with a water-repellent material rather than with soft ticking, and were unpleasantly hard. Although Miss Frumkin had had little sleep in the last thirty-six hours, she wasn't tired. She got into bed without taking her clothes off and lay quietly under the sheets and under the bedspread, which the therapy aide had forgotten to remove.

A few minutes after the night shift came on duty, Miss Frumkin got out of bed. She walked hurriedly down the long corridor from the dormitory to the dayhall. She then headed back toward the dormitory, but stopped at the employees' lunchroom when she saw a short, stocky black woman named Bernice Parrott sitting there. Mrs. Parrott was one of the twelve-to-eighty-three therapy aides assigned to 043 and 044. Miss Frumkin told her that there was some water on the floor of the dayhall and asked her if she had a mop. When Mrs. Parrott replied that she didn't, Miss Frumkin warned her that if she didn't mop up the water she would report her to the night supervisor. Mrs. Parrott asked Miss Frumkin to go back to bed, and said she would take care of the water. Mrs. Parrott went into the dayhall, found a puddle of urine on the floor, and went to the utility room to get a mop. When she returned to the dayhall carrying the mop, she found Miss Frumkin standing a few feet from the puddle. Miss Frumkin ordered Mrs. Parrott, at the top of her voice, to clean up the dayhall. Before Mrs. Parrott could clean anything, Miss Frumkin ran over to her and demanded the mop. Mrs. Parrott held on to the mop with all her strength, fearful of what Miss Frumkin would do with it if she got her hands on it. Miss Frumkin grabbed Mrs. Parrott's dress, struck her several times on the head with her fist, kicked her, and tried to bite her, screaming "Nigger, I'll nix you!" as she fought to gain possession of the



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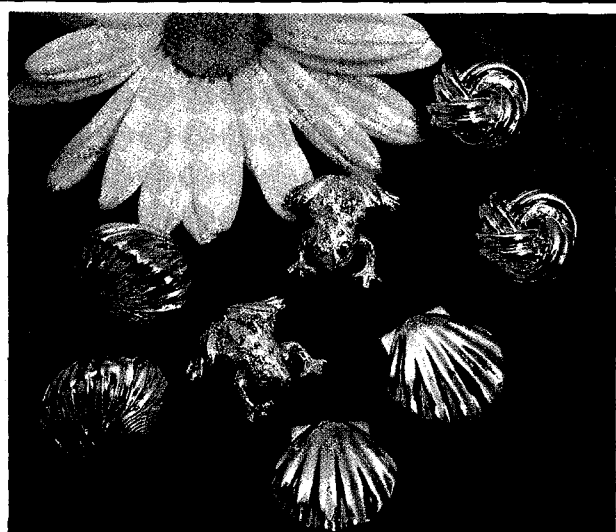
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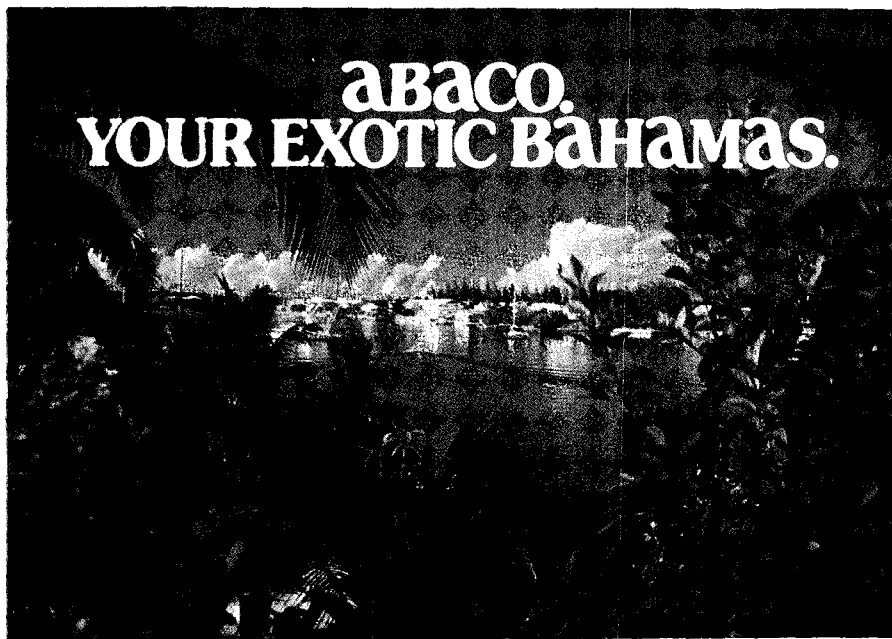
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mop. Mrs. Parrott was in pain, but she whirled around, pinned Miss Frumkin against a wall, pried herself loose, and ran to the nearest telephone, which was in the ward office. She hurled the mop through an open door to the employees' toilet, in the far corner of the office, picked up the telephone, and called the night supervisor, who was in the secretaries' office in the central corridor watching some members of the night shift sign in. Meanwhile, with her free hand Mrs. Parrott continued to fend off Miss Frumkin, who had followed her into the office and was still after the mop. Mrs. Parrott and Miss Frumkin wrestled; Mrs. Parrott succeeded in bringing Miss Frumkin to the floor and was able to hold her there until the night supervisor came to her assistance.

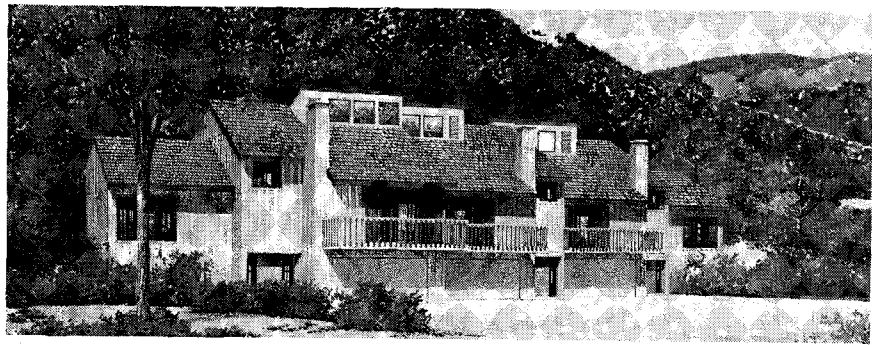
Because there were no registered nurses on duty at Clearview or in Creedmoor's other geographical units during the evening and night shifts, one or two nurses, members of Creedmoor's "nurse management team," responded to calls for help from the units between four o'clock in the afternoon and eight in the morning. When the night supervisor saw Mrs. Parrott and Miss Frumkin engaged in combat, she telephoned the nurse management team. While the night supervisor was on the telephone, Miss Frumkin managed to struggle to her feet. She tried unsuccessfully to snatch the telephone away from the night supervisor. By the time the registered nurse arrived, within a few minutes of being called, Mrs. Parrott and the night supervisor had put Miss Frumkin into an empty seclusion room. Miss Frumkin was banging furiously on the door of the seclusion room. The nurse telephoned the doctor on night duty (the resident who handled night admissions was the only doctor on call for all the geographical units at Creedmoor from four-thirty in the afternoon to eight in the morning), and he gave her a verbal order to put Miss Frumkin in seclusion for two hours. Mrs. Parrott and the night supervisor helped the nurse hold Miss Frumkin down so that the nurse could give her the Thorazine injection for agitation, as Dr. Sun had ordered. The nurse was supposed to take Miss Frumkin's vital signs before giving her the injection—if a patient's blood pressure is low, an injection can cause hypotensive shock—but Miss Frumkin was so agitated that the nurse couldn't take her vital signs. Miss Frumkin remained agitated all night. The doctor renewed

her seclusion order three times. When the day shift reported to work, she was still agitated, and so received another injection of Thorazine.

MISS FRUMKIN was let out of seclusion at eight-forty-five, after receiving her Thorazine injection. She spent most of Saturday, June 17th, in the dayhall, sometimes snoozing, sometimes screaming at the therapy aides and the patients. She took the Moban tablets she was given without protesting. They didn't seem to have any effect on her. She became upset again on Saturday evening. She took her clothes off, refused to go to bed, banged on many of the doors in the ward, kept the other patients awake, and insisted that she needed a blood test, because she might be pregnant. At eleven o'clock, she was given an injection of Thorazine and was put into seclusion. The nurse management team was called over twice to help with her; the doctor on night duty renewed the seclusion order twice. Miss Frumkin spent the night singing, laughing, and talking to herself.

On Sunday morning, Miss Frumkin was again let out into the dayhall. She was quiet for a few hours and then became disruptive. She took her clothes off in the men's dayhall. Irving Frumkin came to visit but soon left, because his daughter refused to pay any attention to him. She required injections of Thorazine at five o'clock and at eleven-fifteen, and spent another noisy night in seclusion, banging on the locked door.

After Miss Frumkin was let out of seclusion on Monday morning, June 19th, she ate a substantial breakfast, swallowed her morning Moban tablets complacently, and bounded into the dayhall. She was wearing the green T-shirt and green pants she had been wearing since Friday morning, but no shoes and no bra. The soles of her feet were black. Within a few minutes of entering the dayhall, she had borrowed four hair curlers and a tube of bright-red lipstick from two other patients. She spent a long time rolling a few strands of the hair in the center of her head around each of the four curlers. She applied the lipstick to her face until every inch of it was covered except her eyes. Some of the patients stared at her and laughed; others stared and gave no sign of having seen anything out of the ordinary. Then Miss Frumkin talked for an hour, non-stop, to some of the other patients, to some of their visitors, to the therapy



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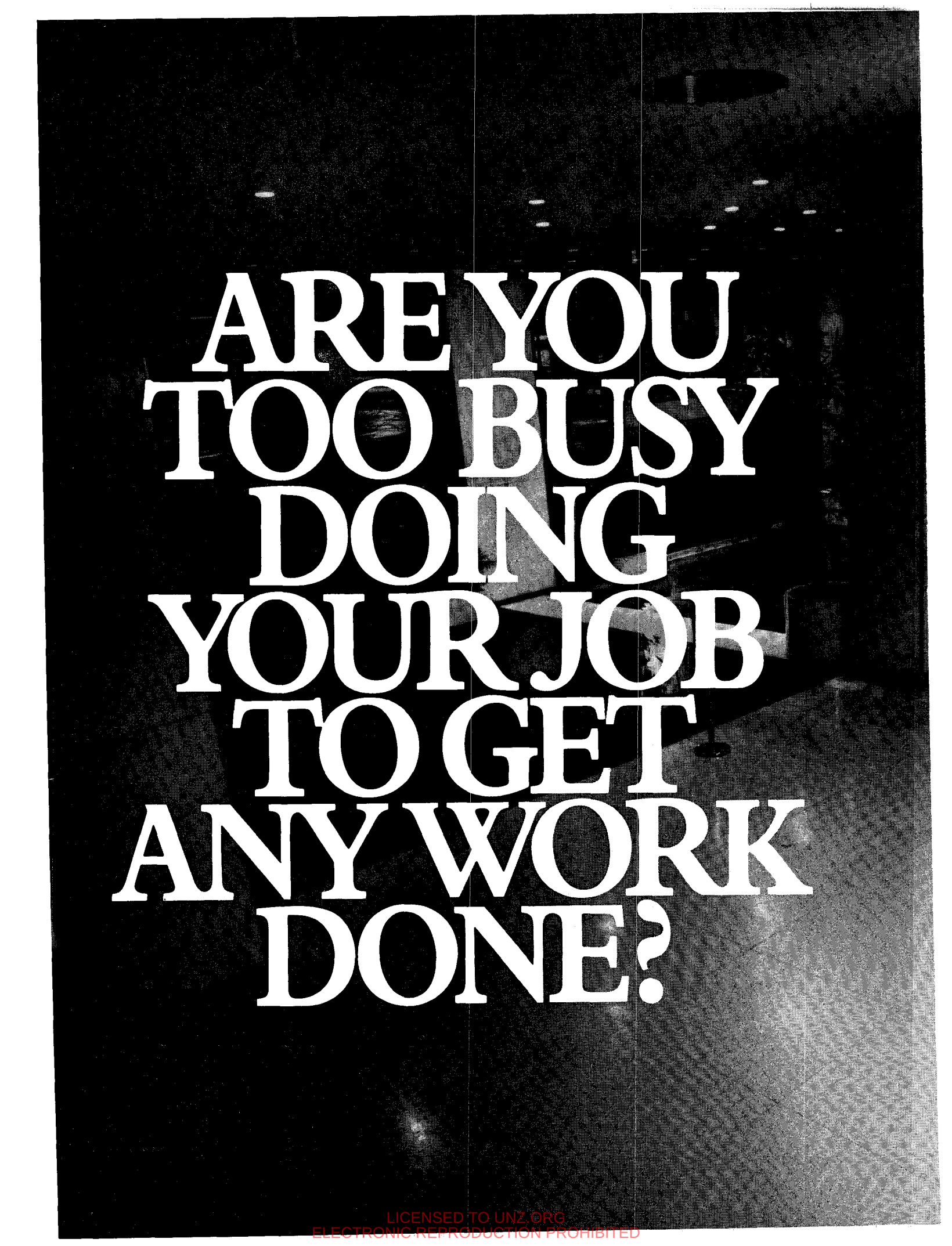
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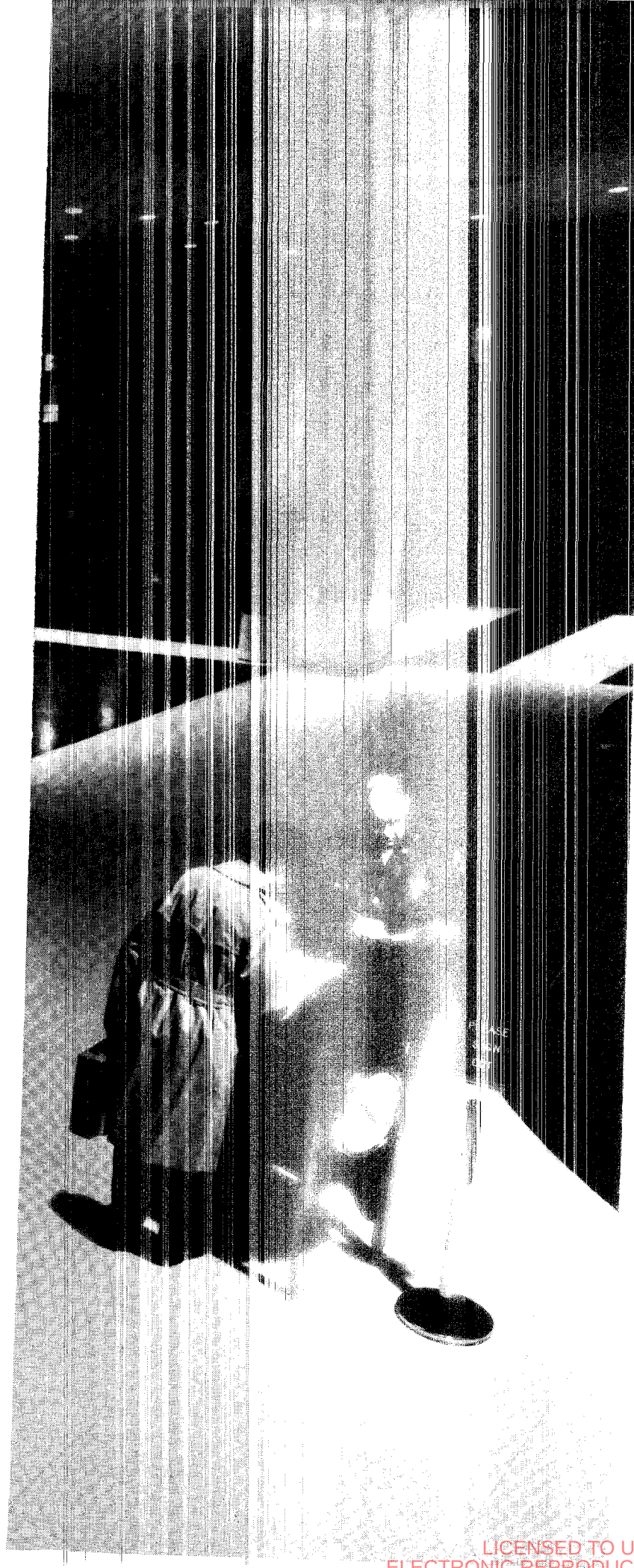
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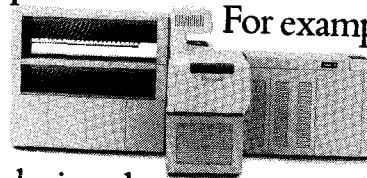


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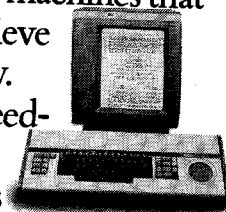
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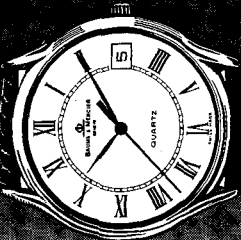
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aides, to the cleaner, to laundry workers and dining-room employees and other people who passed through the ward, and to herself. One of her soliloquies, delivered at Indianapolis 500 speed, was peppered with the names of actors, television stars, pop and rock singers, and past and present historical and political figures, and with brand names. It began like this: "Hitler did a good job. He cleaned up the streets. He invented the Volkswagen. I love Darth Vader. I am Darth Vader. I figured out that Mayor Koch is Charles Nelson Reilly. Adolf Hitler is forgiven. He invented methadone and the Mercedes-Benz. It was all a price war. I'm Tania and I have the biggest house in the country. Bess Myerson was originally the Statue of Liberty. I married Neil Diamond a long time ago." She grabbed the shirts of two male patients standing near her. "Elvis Presley, this is John Travolta. I've been married to Geraldo Rivera for fifteen years. The ultimate doll is Roald Dahl. Dahl. Dahl. Dahl." Sometimes Miss Frumkin got stuck on a word or a cluster of words, like a needle on a scratched phonograph record. "As I was saying, as I was saying, Dahl, Dahl, Dahl," she repeated until she slipped into the next groove. This time, she retrieved the word "ultimate." It got her going again in third gear. "I have the ultimate question: Are we going to bring back the Edsel?" She walked over to the TV, where a few people were watching a quiz show. "Ultimate television set, is that the Thanksgiving Parade?" She stood in front of a woman who was watching TV, blocking her view of the quiz show. "Are you wearing Ultima makeup by Revlon? The man who gave me this beautiful haircut is Jason. He's the ultimate hairdresser, trust me. Dahl was the ultimate television host." Miss Frumkin walked over to a therapy aide. "How do you like my new hairstyle?" she asked.

The therapy aide shook her head in dismay as she looked at the four hair curlers and the red-lipstick war paint. "Why'd you put that stuff on your face, honey?" she asked.

"Because I wanted to look like you," Miss Frumkin answered.

The therapy aide went off and returned with some cold cream and some absorbent cotton. She stood next to Miss Frumkin and wiped a little bit of lipstick off one cheek. "I went to high school with you, but I didn't know it at the time," Miss Frumkin said, backing out of face-cleaning range

with considerable agility. She recited a poem:

Mary had a little watch.
She swallowed it, it's gone.
Now everywhere that Mary goes
Time marches on.

Vainly pursuing her with the cotton and the cream, the therapy aide said, "Sylvia, did you make that up?"

Miss Frumkin's expression became quizzical. "I don't know if I made it up or if I read it in a greeting card," she said, and she scurried off, her pretty gray eyes still surrounded by an expanse of lipstick.

For the next five minutes, Miss Frumkin was a perpetual-motion machine, marching, pacing, jogging, and trotting all over the ward. She ran down the long corridor from the women's dayhall to the men's dayhall and then ran back. She occasionally stopped to ask a patient if she looked like him or her today. Most of the patients—Travolta and Presley among them—ignored her or walked away as she approached them. Sometimes a patient shouted, "Stop staring at me," or "Don't look at me like that!" at her. One patient told Miss Frumkin that she was the greatest show on earth. A visitor said to the patient she was visiting, "You may be sick, but you're not sick enough to be locked up with people like that. Get yourself together so you can get out of this snake pit." Miss Frumkin grabbed one patient's hand and said, "I'm scared." The patient's hand went limp until she let go of it. She kissed a male patient on the mouth and elicited no response. She took her T-shirt off, revealing ponderous breasts. She called the therapy aide who eventually came over to put her T-shirt back on "Miss Priss." She sprinted out to the porch, where a patient was writing in a diary and two visitors were chatting with another patient. She grabbed the diarist's fountain pen, getting an ink blotch on one of the visitors' dresses in the process. She didn't apologize to the woman for staining her dress; she didn't seem to have even noticed the

ink stain. She asked the other visitor for a pencil, accepted it without thanks, and tossed the pen and the pencil out through the bars of the porch. "There," she said, with satisfaction. "I've planted a pen-and-pencil tree." She went back into the dayhall, bummed a cigarette from a patient who appeared afraid not to let her have it, lit it with a lighted cigarette she had pulled out of another patient's mouth, put the cigarette back in the other patient's mouth, and started to smoke. "The moon is made of cigarettes," she said. "A tobacco leaf just jumped out of my hair." She took five puffs on the cigarette and threw it on the dayhall floor. Two other patients swooped down to pick it up and started to fight over it. Miss Frumkin walked across the dayhall, threw her arms around a rabbi, who was visiting a patient, and begged a half-empty paper cup of Coca-Cola from another patient. As she sipped it, she said that it was an egg cream. She wandered around the porch and the dayhall picking cigarette butts up off the floor. She put the cigarette butts in the little bit of Coke remaining. "This is the ultimate drink," she said. "It's vodka. It's schnapps. Cigarette water is chicken soup." She drank it down. Barbara Herbert, who had been watching Miss Frumkin, told her she was disgusting. The two women exchanged insults.

"I'm Brigitte Bardot!" Mrs. Herbert shouted at Miss Frumkin after apparently running out of all the barnyard epithets she knew.

"No, you're not!" Miss Frumkin shouted back.

"God is my father!" Mrs. Herbert yelled.

"I am my mother!" Miss Frumkin screamed, and she marched off stiffly, like a toy soldier that had just been wound up.

After a short period of parading, Miss Frumkin headed for an aqua chair in which a timid-looking elderly woman was sitting. "Excuse me," she said, lifting the frail old lady out of the chair and setting her down on the lap of a patient seated on a nearby sofa. She made herself comfortable in the aqua chair. At one o'clock, after lunch, a therapy aide handed Miss Frumkin two twenty-five-milligram Moban tablets. She swallowed the pills, saying they were eyedrops, and then said, "I was a Buddhist and a born-again Christian, and now I'm trying to get back to my own religion."

Paulette Finestone, who was seated



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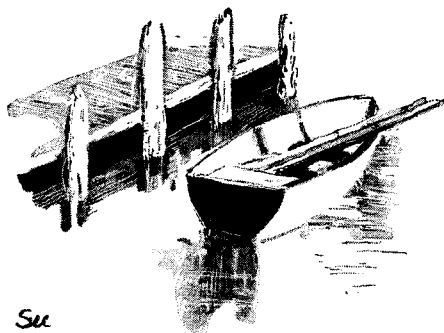
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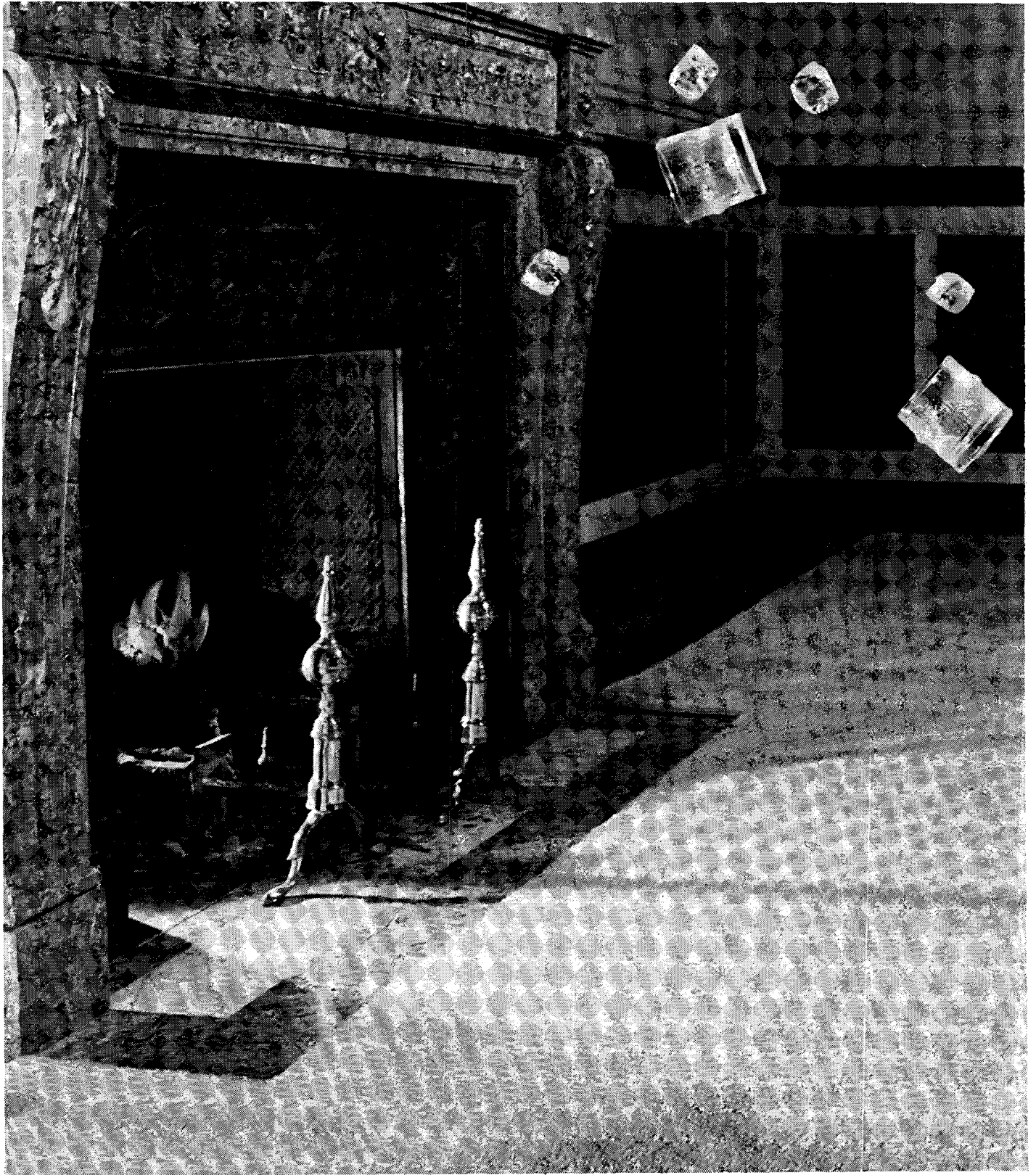
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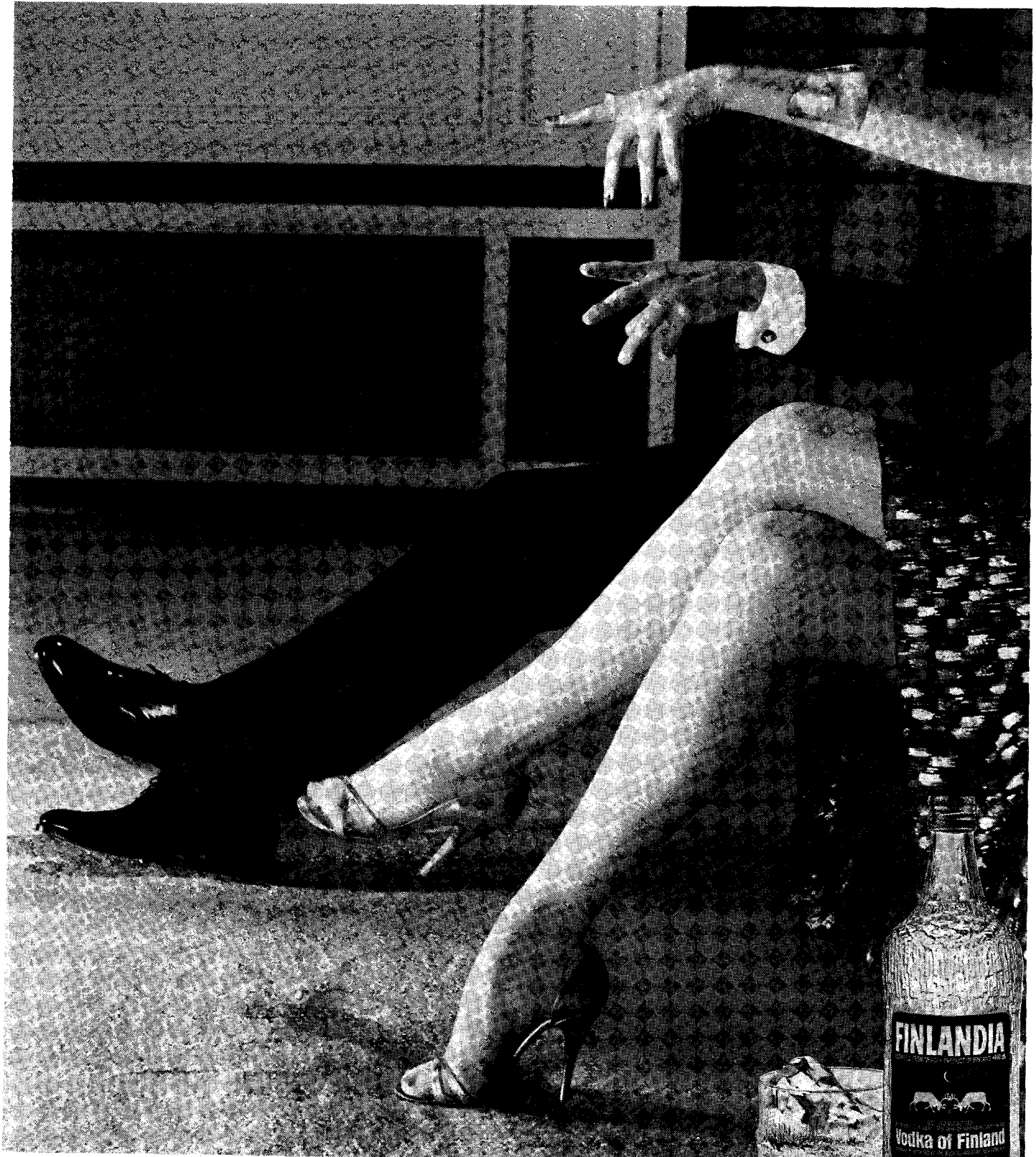


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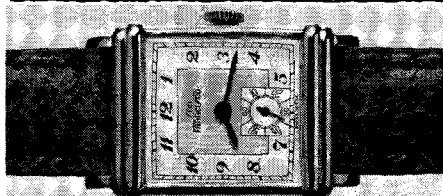
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in an adjacent orange chair, said, "Sylvia, you're Jewish, just like me."

Miss Frumkin shrugged, gave Miss Finestone a recipe for mayonnaise in Yiddish, and said that JE 333 was God's phone number. Then, in a strong, clear voice, she sang, "We three kings of Orient are, raising prices of fuelling your car." Then she said, "Praise the Lord," and, temporarily spent, sprawled sideways across the aqua chair. A while later, she put the words of what she said was the Thirty-seventh Psalm to the tune of "Desiderata." The words were one part Twenty-third Psalm and three parts gibberish. She then embarked on what sounded like an autobiographical odyssey: "I was born in Brooklyn, where the tree grows. Everyone who is anyone was born in Brooklyn. A

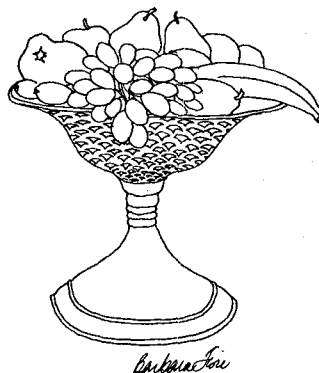
tree grows in Brooklyn, so saith Bugs Bunny. If you don't believe me, ask, ask, ask... The trouble is, we all moved from Brooklyn to Queens when I was nine. My grandmother may have invented the potato pancake, but I invented the egg cream. I went to the High School of Music and Art. Music and Art became a furniture store, so I went to a private school. My sister Joyce is older than me by—well, if I was born on May 5, 1948, and she was born on September 29, 1942, it must be six years and eight months, no, five years and eight months. Well, whatever, five years, six years, eight years, eight months. I once got an eight on a math test. I even had to wear Joyce's old gym suits and how low can you get? Joyce went to an almost Ivy League college. She's a big shot. Jimmy and Rosalynn are always inviting her to the White House. I've lost a lot of weight at Weight Watchers. I want a lifetime subscription to *Weight Watchers* magazine. Grandma came and lived with us. After Grandma died, four weeks after I turned eighteen, Aunt Lottie came and lived with us. I also had an Aunt Goldie. Doesn't every Jewish family have an Aunt Goldie? Uncle Simon threw me into the water at the university settlement camp. The first thing I ever said as a kid was 'See my skinny bones,' because I was Claude Kirchner. I didn't want to play the Wizard of Oz when I was Bob Keeshan. You know what the trouble

was? Our cat Gingersnap died. I tortured Gingersnap. I killed the cat. Gingersnap was a middle-aged unicorn." As Miss Frumkin said the word "unicorn," she paused, got up, and walked toward the mural on the dayhall wall until she was only a few inches away from it—a distance from which she could see it without her glasses. "Is this a nuthouse?" she asked the unicorn in the mural. "Do elephants like peanuts? I fell into the gap. I don't want to come out. I've

been married five times. You want Ringo, I want Paul, and the prince wants me. Elton John is John Yarrow. One thing about Creedmoor, it's like a rainbow. When I leave here, I'm going on a long vacation. Transitional can borrow me, but I always come back. I own the place.

My father built it." Stepping over a woman who was sleeping on the floor, she sat down on a vacant chair and said, "I'm the one loser."

While Miss Frumkin was singing her version of "We Three Kings of Orient Are," Transitional Services' clinical coordinator, Peter Orenstein, and a nurse from Transitional Services were listening to her. They had come to the ward to visit Miss Frumkin. She had ignored them. After watching part of her performance in the dayhall, they were troubled by what they had seen, and asked Stephanie Fulton, the treatment-team leader for 043 and 044, to let them read Miss Frumkin's chart. When they had read it, the nurse said sadly to Dr. Sun, who was in the chart room, "She's so out of contact. She's so out of control. How could we have lost so much ground in three days?" Orenstein asked Miss Fulton to please keep him informed about Miss Frumkin's progress. He said that Transitional Services would try to hold her place for a while, in the hope that she would soon be over this crisis. The nurse wrote a note about their visit on Miss Frumkin's record at Transitional Services. "Sylvia appears to be having an acute schizophrenic episode," the note read. "She was extremely bizarre and inappropriate in appearance and her conversation. She made frequent reference to her sister 'Joyce and her White House invitations.' The face was covered with lipstick and her attention





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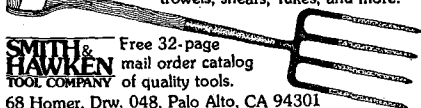
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span was very short. She apparently is prone to agitated behavior, because there had been numerous seclusion orders written on her chart."

That afternoon, Dr. Sun wrote out an order to discontinue the Moban tablets. Moban wasn't of any use to a patient as agitated as Miss Frumkin, he said later. He prescribed four hundred milligrams of Thorazine liquid for Miss Frumkin, to be taken twice a day, in two-hundred-milligram doses. He increased the dosage of the Thorazine injections she was to be given as they were needed for severe agitation from fifty milligrams every four hours to seventy-five milligrams every two hours. And he put down on her chart that she should have another skull X-ray, an electroencephalogram, and a neurological consultation

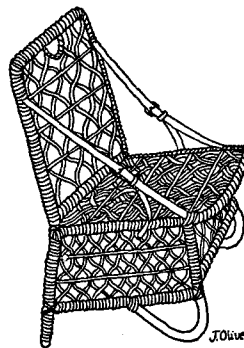
in Building 40. This order was apparently overlooked: months went by and Miss Frumkin didn't go to Building 40 for the skull X-ray, the E.E.G., or the neurological consultation.

Later that afternoon, Miss Frumkin had another hostile exchange of words with Barbara Herbert and a fight with Paulette Finestone after she had grabbed a Bible that Miss Finestone was quietly reading; she sang "Big Wide Wonderful World" in a loud voice; and she outtalked everyone else in the ward. "I created the Muppets," she said just before dinner. "I'm the first woman mayor of Hollywood. I lost more weight than anyone else at Weight Watchers. My cat's name was Strawberry Butterscotch McLean. Strawberry is my favorite flavor. I like strawberry ice cream, strawberry shortcake, strawberry anything. Senior day is drawing to a close. I'm going to marry John Travolta." Miss Frumkin splattered a substantial amount of the food she intended to eat for dinner over her already stained clothes. She was distraught early in the evening but quieted down for a couple of hours after swallowing her two hundred milligrams of Thorazine and went to bed. She didn't sleep well. During the night of the nineteenth, the nurse management team was called twice, Miss Frumkin was given two injections of Thorazine, and she spent a good part of the night in the seclusion room, yelling, banging on the door, and keeping the patients in the dormitory awake.

Soon after Miss Frumkin was let out of the seclusion room on the morning of June 20th, she hit another woman. She spent most of the day back in the seclusion room, where she was served her lunch and dinner. In the evening, a therapy aide opened the door to the seclusion room to give Miss Frumkin her medication. She took the paper cup containing her Thorazine and raised it to her mouth. Just as she seemed to be about to swallow it, she threw it in

the therapy aide's face. The Thorazine hit the therapy aide's right eye, temporarily blinding her. Another therapy aide, who was standing in the corridor behind her, rushed her to a faucet and applied a cold-water compress to her eye. The doctor on call was notified. Miss Frumkin was given an injection of Thorazine and was secluded again. Each time a two-hour seclusion order expired and a therapy aide let her out of the seclusion room, Miss Frumkin attacked the therapy aide and was put back in.

Early on the morning of June 21st, both Miss Frumkin and the seclusion room were filthy. Miss Frumkin refused to take a shower. A nurse from the nurse management team and several aides gave Miss Frumkin a shower, put clean underwear, a clean blouse, and a clean pair of black slacks on her, and washed out the seclusion room. Before they had finished cleaning the room, she had attacked several other staff members, and she was put back in the seclusion room. That morning, Dr. Sun increased her daily medication to six hundred milligrams of Thorazine—two hundred milligrams in the morning, four hundred milligrams before going to bed. At noon, Miss Frumkin was let out of seclusion. She ate lunch in the dining room, addressing her three tablemates as Mary Tyler Moore, Jesus Christ, and Barbara Walters. Upon her return to the dayhall, she took her slacks off and tried to hit several other patients, who managed to dodge her. She was put in seclusion for two hours. When she was let out in the evening, she knocked Paulette Finestone's eyeglasses off her nose; Miss Finestone's glasses broke in half. Miss Frumkin spent most of the night of the twenty-first in the seclusion room, and a good part of the next day as well. It often



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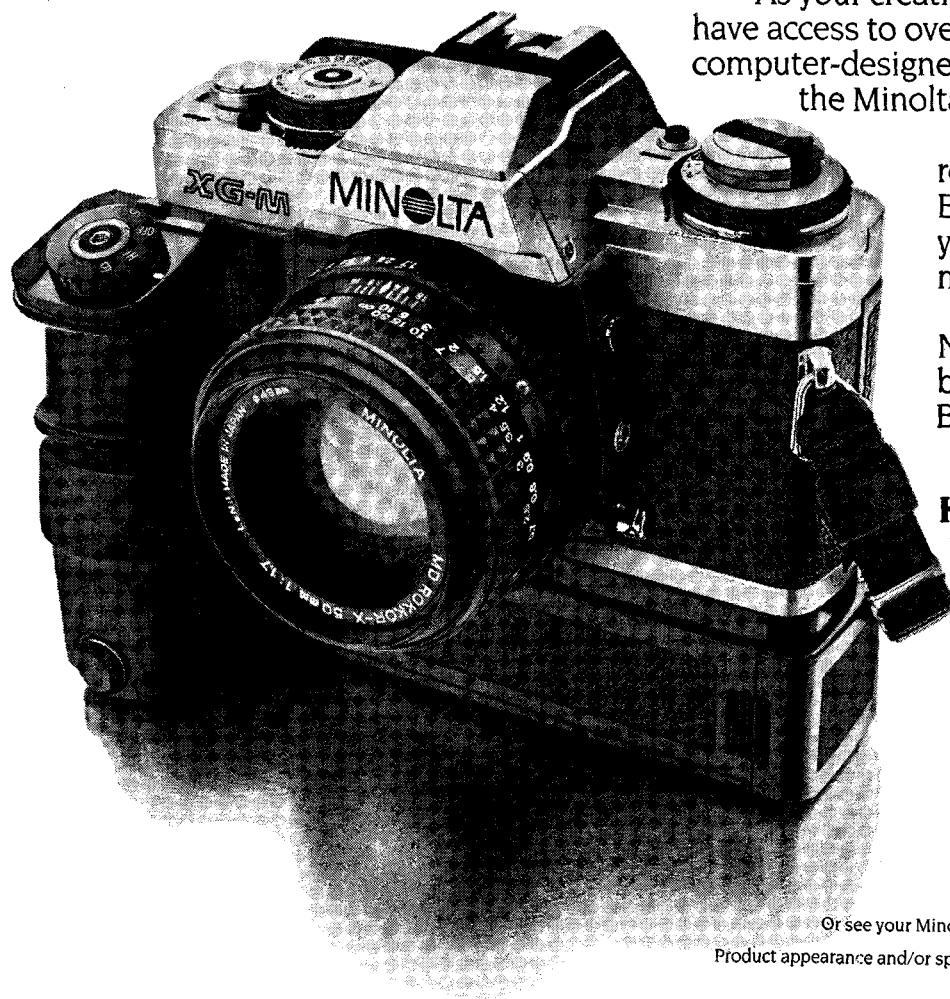
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required several people to give her an injection of Thorazine. She slept in the seclusion room with the door open on the night of the twenty-second. At four-thirty in the morning on June 23rd, she went into the dormitory and attacked some of the patients who were sleeping there. The women started to scream and run away from her. It took two members of the staff to put Miss Frumkin back in seclusion.

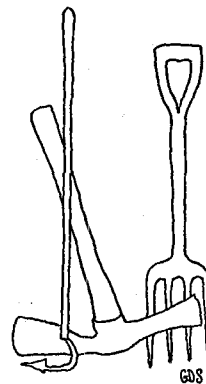
Later that morning, the nurse on Miss Frumkin's treatment team told Dr. Sun that Miss Frumkin was still highly agitated. The nurse reported that she was refusing to take her oral medication, that she lashed out against those who gave her injections, and that she hit and kicked them so badly that it was all but impossible for them to take her vital signs. The nurse brought Miss Frumkin into Dr. Sun's office. Dr. Sun spoke softly to Miss Frumkin, and she calmly let him remove the three stitches from her head. She was calm for fifteen minutes more, then started to rant and rave and was put back in seclusion. She was in and out of seclusion that day and that night. The doctor on night duty, who came to write a seclusion order on her chart at five-twenty on the morning of the twenty-fourth, after the nurse management team had asked him for one, arrived just as Miss Frumkin was waking up. She told him that it made her miserable not to be able to see anything, and asked him if she could have her eyeglasses. On the off chance that she might settle down if she was given her glasses, the doctor asked a therapy aide to get them out of the private-clothing room for her. She put the glasses on. A few minutes later, she threw them on the floor and ran down the hallway, banging on the doors, grabbing things off desks and throwing them on the floor, and hitting patients and staff members. She was put back into seclusion. The doctor who had given her the eyeglasses suggested that Dr. Sun review Miss Frumkin's medication when he came to work on Monday morning, the twenty-sixth.

There was no improvement in Miss Frumkin's behavior on the twenty-fifth or the twenty-sixth. She refused a good deal of her oral medication, took other patients' belongings, and tried to kick and bite

the staff members who tried to stop her or gave her injections. On the twenty-sixth, Dr. Sun increased her medication to nine hundred milligrams of Thorazine. On the twenty-seventh, Miss Frumkin tried to take Barbara Herbert's handbag. Mrs. Herbert bit her on the right cheek and on her back. The bites were cleaned with hydrogen peroxide, and Miss Frumkin was given a tetanus shot. On the twenty-seventh, Dr. Sun increased her Thorazine to twelve hundred milligrams a day. On the twenty-ninth, he increased it to fifteen hundred milligrams—five hundred milligrams three times a day. She was still hyperactive, was still abusive toward patients and staff, and still spent a good deal of time in the seclusion room. On the evening of June 29th, a licensed practical nurse came to the seclusion room to give her five hundred milligrams of liquid Thorazine. The nurse was an attractive West Indian. Miss Frumkin called her Diahann Carroll, told her she didn't like the way she sang, ordered her to "get out of my face," and grabbed the medication and threw it at her, spilling it all over her blouse. She was put back into seclusion. By June 29th, there were fifty seclusion orders on her chart.

Friday, June 30th, was the first day since her admission to Creedmoor, two

weeks earlier, that Miss Frumkin was able to stay out of the seclusion room for twenty-four hours straight. On the morning of the thirtieth, she was wearing a dirty white blouse, a pair of size-18 purple slacks (she insisted that they were size 11), a blue-and-white saddle shoe on her right foot, and a brown pump on her left foot. She was carrying two handbags—her own and one that had been given



to her by Barbara Herbert. She gave Mrs. Herbert's pocketbook away to the first person who asked her for it. She was also wearing Mrs. Herbert's wedding band. She said that Mrs. Herbert had given her the handbag and the wedding band because Mrs. Herbert was sorry she had bitten her so badly three days earlier. Miss Frumkin's fingernails were painted with a silvery-blue shade of nail polish. The day was hot. At ten o'clock, Miss Frumkin was sitting on a sofa with a pretty young woman named Eileen O'Reilly, who had been admitted to Creedmoor three days after Miss



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Frumkin with what appeared to be a drug-induced psychosis. Miss O'Reilly was a college student. In April, she had been admitted to Creedmoor and discharged after a week. In May, she had again been admitted and discharged after a week. When she returned to Creedmoor in June, her delusions had cleared up quickly on antipsychotic medication; most of the drug addicts who are admitted to Creedmoor are symptom-free after a few days of treatment. Miss O'Reilly, who had never been hospitalized before 1978, had decided to stay at the hospital for a while to try to work out some of the problems that had brought her to Creedmoor three times in three months. A psychologist newly hired for 043 and 044



had promised to work with her several hours a week. Meanwhile, Miss O'Reilly had found Clearview boring and depressing. She was an intelligent young woman and a good listener. She had soon decided that Miss Frumkin was the least boring patient in Clearview (it was Miss O'Reilly who had called her "the greatest show on earth") and the most fun to listen to and to observe, perhaps because Miss Frumkin carried everything to such extremes: she talked too much, she talked too fast, she moved like a whirling dervish, and she could always be counted on to do something outlandish. Ten minutes earlier, when one of the male patients asked Miss Frumkin for some of the water she was drinking from a paper cup, she had poured the water that remained in the cup over his head. "You wanted water, now you got water," she had told him.

Miss O'Reilly looked at Miss Frumkin's pocketbook and said that it was too full. Since there was nothing better to do in the ward, she offered to help her clean it out. Miss Frumkin looked doubtful, but when Miss O'Reilly got up and returned with a wastebasket she had found in a corner of the dayhall, Miss Frumkin allowed her to open the pocketbook, turn it upside down, and spill the contents on the sofa between them. The two women went through all the items that had been in the pocketbook. Miss O'Reilly was allowed to put a rusty paper clip, a candy-bar wrapper, a bobby pin that was bent out of shape, a straw with lipstick marks at both ends, and a knotted piece of white satin ribbon into the wastebasket; Miss Frumkin watched her without com-

ment. When Miss O'Reilly threw a couple of dozen cigarette butts in the wastebasket, Miss Frumkin said, "I only smoke when I'm sick. I'm allergic to cigarette smoke when I'm well, and I hate cigarettes then." When Miss O'Reilly riffled through a number of pages torn from magazines and prepared to crumple them and toss them into the wastebasket, Miss Frumkin looked at a page with a shampoo ad that included a picture of a beautiful young blond woman. She said that the woman resembled her sister, Joyce. When Miss O'Reilly put a broken pencil in the wastebasket, Miss Frumkin said she had terrible handwriting when she was sick but almost legible handwriting when she was well. An earring with a

broken clip, a ring that was missing six out of seven fake stones, and twelve cherry pits were relegated to the wastebasket. When Miss O'Reilly tried to throw out a batch of cents-off coupons clipped from newspapers and magazines, Miss Frumkin called a halt to the pocketbook-cleaning operation. "My mother saves coupons," she said, stuffing dollar-off cigarette coupons, ten-cents-off dog-food coupons, and seven-cents-off tuna-fish coupons back into her bag. "My parents are very cheap," she said. Back into her bag also went a well-worn prayer book, a real-estate brochure, a small notebook, a frazzled toothbrush, a ballpoint pen, a calorie book, three paperback books, a bankbook, four used-up tubes of lipstick, and a broken mirror.

Miss O'Reilly had grounds privileges and some money. She told Miss Frumkin that she was going out to a delicatessen on Hillside Avenue for a sandwich and a soda. Miss Frumkin had no money, but she asked Miss O'Reilly to bring her a container of honey-flavored yogurt from the delicatessen. She promised to pay Miss O'Reilly back. When Miss O'Reilly returned with the yogurt, Miss Frumkin rummaged through her bag looking for a spoon. She seemed to be aware that there was no spoon in the bag, but she insisted on rummaging anyway. Finding no spoon, she took out her toothbrush and began to eat the yogurt with the toothbrush. Miss O'Reilly laughed at her. Miss Frumkin didn't seem to mind. "They laughed at Bell and they laughed at Edison," she said, throwing the toothbrush into the wastebasket. She

finished eating the yogurt with her fingers.

"I'm a doctor, you know," she told Miss O'Reilly. "I don't have a diploma, but I'm a doctor. I'm glad to be a mental patient, because it taught me how to be humble. I use Cover Girl creamy natural makeup. Oral Roberts has been here to visit me. My sister's name is Joyce Frumkin, and I like her. My father is five feet two inches, my mother is five feet three inches. They're like Napoleon and Josephine, and they're shrinking. Joyce is five-two. I'm only five foot four and I'm the tallest one in my family. This place is where *Mad* magazine is published. The Nixons make Noxon metal polish. When I was a little girl, I used to sit and tell stories to myself. When I was older, I turned off the sound on the TV set and made up dialogue to go with the shows I watched. The people in Creedmoor are Hobbits. I dictated the Hobbit stories to Tolkien, and he took them all down. I'm the Hobbit. Ask John Denver. He told me I was. I'm the only person who ever got Ringo Starr angry. All the trouble started when my father decided to move from Brooklyn to Queens when I was seven. I went to the eleventh grade twice—once at Music and Art, a public school for gifted musicians and artists, and once at a private school. Jesus told me he was born nineteen hundred and seventy-three years ago. He's my best friend. I call him J. C. I was unhappy at school because I was bad in gym. I was unhappy at school because I was only friendly with the underdogs. I had a car accident when I was fifteen. After that, my mother said, my eyes were never the same. My mother's the real dictator. My grandmother left me all her money. I was named for my grandfather Saul, who died five years before I was born. He was born on Easter Sunday. I'm a week pregnant. I have schizophrenia—cancer of the nerves. My body is overcrowded with nerves. This is going to win me the Nobel Prize for Medicine. I don't consider myself schizophrenic anymore. There's no such thing as schizophrenia, there's only mental telepathy. I once had a friend named Camilla Costello. She was Abbott and Costello's daughter. She said to me, 'You know, Sylvia, I have a lot of friends, but you're my best friend.' I'm working here. I'm



an interne at Creedmoor. I'm in the Pentecostal Church, but I'm thinking of changing my religion. I have a dog at home. I love instant oatmeal. When you have Jesus, you don't need a diet. Mick Jagger wants to marry me. I want to get out the revolving door. With Jesus Christ, anything is possible. I used to hit my mother. It was the hyperactivity from all the cookies I ate. I'm the personification of Casper the Friendly Ghost. I used to go outside asking the other kids to be my friend when I was little. California's the most beautiful state in the Union. I've been there once, by television. My name is Jack Warden, and I'm an actress."

Miss Frumkin, who had been alternately tugging on her bangs and twiddling with the lace on her saddle shoe, got angry with two female patients who approached the sofa on which she and Miss O'Reilly were seated and eavesdropped on her conversation. She took off her brown pump and threw it at one of them. She got up off the sofa and tried to take the belt off the other patient's dress, saying she needed it as a hair band. The two interlopers moved elsewhere. Miss Frumkin retrieved her pump, sat down, and asked Miss O'Reilly to write a letter for her. She reached into her bag and gave Miss O'Reilly her notebook and her ball-point pen. "Take a letter," she said, as if she were accustomed to dictating her correspondence every day. "To Dr. Sun from Sylvia Frumkin," she began. "Dear Dr. Sun: The

above-named patient being of legal age and of sound mind and body does hereby request her discharge as of three days from the above date. If proper action on this matter is not taken, the above-named will begin legal proceedings against this hospital. Yours truly, with love, Sylvia." She told Miss O'Reilly to date the letter June 29th, although, she

said, she knew that it was June 30th. She told her she was doing this because the hospital had seventy-two hours in which to reply to her letter and she didn't feel like waiting more than forty-eight hours. A few seconds later, she told Miss O'Reilly to tear up the letter. "I think I'd be certified on a two-physicians certificate, and I don't feel like putting it to the test," she explained. "I'm better off as a voluntary patient. Besides, it's comfortable here. We don't have to do many



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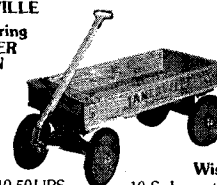
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things we don't want to do, and Dr. Sun is defending me against the forces of evil. Take another letter. This one is for Keith Amerigo, Esquire, attendant, from Sylvia Frumkin. Subject: love and marriage. Dear Sir: When a woman as I am feels as she does about a man such as you are there is no other word to say but that she deeply mourns her love for you and has abandoned all others because she is your only one and you are her only one. With love, Future."

"Sylvia, Amerigo's as queer as a three-dollar bill," Miss O'Reilly said. Miss Frumkin looked at Miss O'Reilly skeptically.

A patient seated nearby commented sarcastically on Miss Frumkin's mismatched shoes. "It's a new style I've invented," she said. "Someday, it will make me famous." Miss Frumkin sat in silence briefly. "I guess wearing two different shoes is going overboard," she told Miss O'Reilly. "I was just doing it to entertain some people." She said she was going to the clothing room to look for either a second blue-and-white saddle shoe or a second brown pump. She returned ten minutes later, barefoot and carrying a pair of gold sandals, and sat down next to Miss O'Reilly. It was time for her to take her midday dose of liquid Thorazine. When a nurse handed her the five hundred milligrams in a paper cup, she said she didn't want to swallow it. Miss O'Reilly urged her to take it. Miss Frumkin did. She then got angry at Miss O'Reilly for making her take her medicine, and wouldn't speak to her for the rest of the day.

IN 1978, 2,759 people were admitted to Creedmoor. The median length of stay was thirty-eight days. Of these admissions, 1,853—sixty-seven per cent—were people who, like Sylvia Frumkin, had been at Creedmoor previously. While Thorazine and the other antipsychotic drugs have reduced New York State's mental-hospital population by approximately seventy-three per cent since they were first tested on a grand scale, in 1954, there is a core of chronic mental patients who have not been permanently helped by these drugs. Many of those released in the nineteen-fifties, sixties, and seventies have had to be readmitted. Some return to the hospital every five or ten years. The pre-Thorazine pattern of first admissions that became last admissions because the patients stayed in the hospitals until they died has

largely given way to a pattern of multiple admissions. In 1976, Hermine Plotnick had reviewed the admissions history of forty-one patients admitted to the Clearview unit in one month. She had learned that thirty-eight of the forty-one were readmissions, and that two of the remaining three patients had come from Hillside; only one patient seemed, from the record, not to have had prior psychiatric treatment. Many families in the middle-income and upper-middle-income sections of the Clearview catchment area, which is the most prosperous catchment area in Queens, did not resort to state hospitals for their relatives until they had spent tens of thousands of dollars on private psychiatrists and private hospitals, and for this reason Clearview's patients often came in with more advanced cases of mental illness than patients in other units.

Nevertheless, few patients came to the hospital as disturbed as Sylvia Frumkin was on June 16, 1978, and most patients, whatever their state upon admission, settled down within forty-eight hours on oral medication and were released without ever getting an injection, seeing the inside of a seclusion room, or meeting a member of the nurse management team. Two people were admitted to Clearview on June 16, 1978—Miss Frumkin and a man named Stephen Lawton. Mr. Lawton was discharged three days later.

Miss Frumkin was the most troublesome patient in Wards 043 and 044 for the first two weeks after her admission. The fact that she was Clearview's most difficult "management problem" was evident from the number of seclusion orders on her chart, from her medication record, from the progress notes that the therapy aides on each shift were required to make every day for the first few days of a patient's stay and at least once a week (more often, if necessary) in subsequent weeks, and from the entries in the ward's communication book. The communication book was a bound notebook, kept on the long table in the chart room, in which staff members were supposed to record pertinent happenings in the ward, primarily for the benefit of the staff on the other shifts and for staff members returning from days off, leaves, and vacations. If a patient had to have a blood-sugar measurement on an empty stomach at nine o'clock on a Wednesday morning, a therapy aide on the Tuesday day shift would make a note of it in the commu-

nication book, so that the Wednesday-morning shift would make sure that the patient wasn't given breakfast. When evening- and night-shift employees found shortages of ward supplies, they listed the supplies they needed in the communication book, so that the day-shift staff could order the missing blankets and mops and other items; the storehouse was open only in the daytime. A Clearview patient who had grounds privileges wandered away from Creedmoor on June 14, 1978. When word got back to the hospital on June 20th that her body had been found in the Hudson River, Stephanie Fulton wrote in the communication book, "We received news today that Jeanne Knight died this morning. Some pts. seem to know about this. Please let them talk about it if they need to. If you are aware of pts. like Sean Flint that were close to her, please try and spend time with them because they will probably take the news badly and need some support. Thank you, Stephanie." Many entries in the communication book concerned patient escapes—so that the staff of subsequent shifts would know for the count made at all three changes of shift that any patients who escaped were already missing—and behavior problems, to alert subsequent shifts to those patients requiring special observation and attention. The patient whose name appeared in the communication book most frequently between June 16th and June 30th was Sylvia Frumkin. Two typical entries read: "6-18-78. Morning Report, 12-8. Sylvia Frumkin became very agitated at 1 A.M. NMT [nurse management team] called. Dr. Mohan Dutt ordered seclusion. Pt. talked all night," and "6-29-78. Morning Report, 12-8. Frumkin remains very agitated and abusive. Pt. is in seclusion."

On June 30th, the therapy aide who did the report for the night shift wrote in the communication book, "Patients quiet, apparently comfortable. Sylvia Frumkin created no problems." Miss Frumkin had been so difficult for so long that it was news that she was no longer news. —SUSAN SHEEHAN

(This is the first part of a four-part article.)

Another caller discloses: "When I lived in Portland, Oregon, for some perverse reason, every time the New Yorker came out, I would steal it. I don't really know why. I'm sorry I did it."—*Wall Street Journal*.

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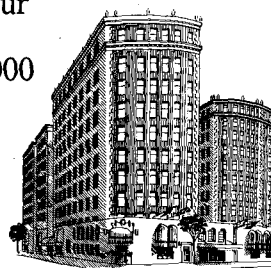
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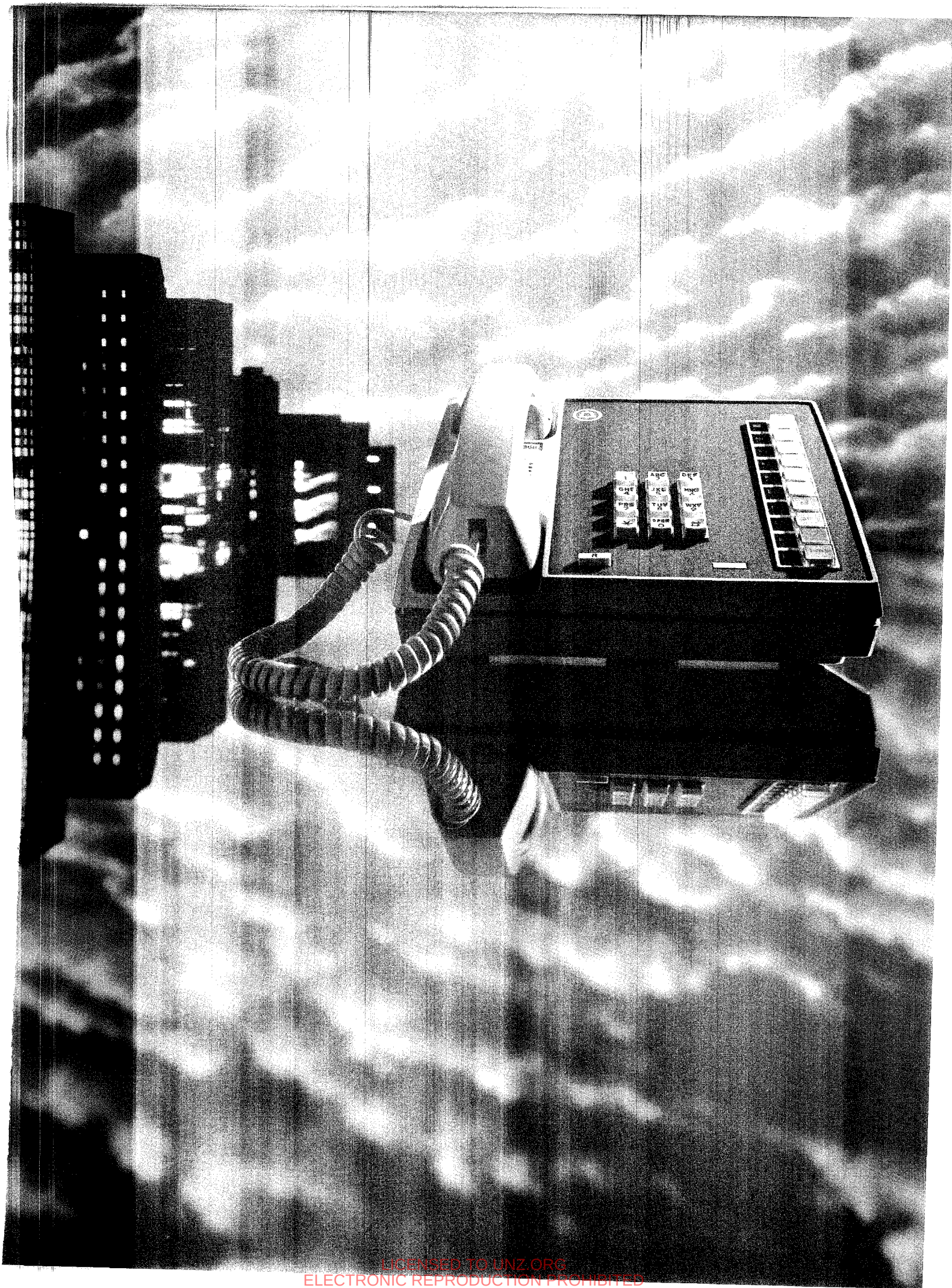
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THE THEATRE

Lena

WRITING to a friend in praise of Ibsen's plays, the youthful Bernard Shaw burst out, "I say, Archer, my God! What women!" I am tempted to echo Shaw when I consider some of the women performing on Broadway this season, among them Lauren Bacall, Elizabeth Taylor, and, opening last week at the Nederlander, Lena Horne. They have in common exceptional energy and stage presence, and to a remarkable degree they are able to convey to us a sense of their knowing precisely who they are. Seemingly, they have learned to take the measure of every day of their lives, and to our profit as well as theirs. They are not only entertaining but hortatory, for what they offer is the possibility that the world can indeed be forced to find room for us and, with luck, to do so on our terms. Miss Horne, in particular, is quite open about who she believes she has been and who she believes she has become; if the note she strikes is one of doubt overcome and self-fulfillment achieved, then (she implies) that note is one that all the rest of us can be encouraged to sound, late if not soon.

Henry James said once that with every passing year he felt an increased fitness to live. How brave one must be to submit year after year to so difficult a test! Plainly, Miss Horne passes it with ease. On opening night, the audience—laughing, crying, cheering—leaped to its feet again and again as she concluded a number, and surely it was the steel-hard and yet playful wholeness of the person that they were applauding, along with her artistry.

The show is called "Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music," and the last five words of the title are inaccurate; Miss Horne is nothing so corseted and refined as a lady, and it isn't "her" music that we listen to but the music of others,

shaped with incomparable robust finesse to her purposes. Twice she sings what amounts to her theme song, "Stormy Weather;" we hear as well "Just One of Those Things," "Push de Button," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered," "I Want to Be Happy," and a dozen or more other cherished standards, by means of which, no matter what our age, we relive a portion of our pasts. The songs are loosely linked by often witty and sometimes rueful recollections of Miss Horne's youth and early middle age. She is now in her sixties, but she has never looked so beautiful, and something uncanny happens as the evening proceeds: from song to song, she appears to grow younger and younger.

Miss Horne is accompanied onstage by a lively young trio of singer-dancers (Clare Bathé, Tyra Ferrell, and Vondie Curtis-Hall) and a big band of unusual merit. The musical direction of the show is by Harold Wheeler, with Luther Henderson serving as musical consultant, and the conductor of the band is Coleridge T.

Perkinson. Miss Horne's wardrobe, which is very pretty, is by Giorgio Sant'Angelo; other costumes are by Stanley Simmons. The scenery, which is minimal but agreeable, is by David Gropman, and the lighting is by Thomas Skelton. The entire production has been staged by Arthur Faria. The show is supposed to be playing a limited engagement. What nonsense! Miss Horne has pushed de button, and I see no reason we should ever let her go.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Music of the Spheres

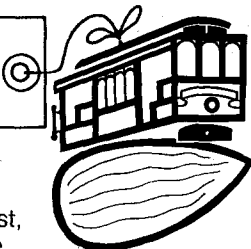
AFTER STARDRIVE," at La Mama, is an enchanting, funny little musical that takes off right at the start and never again touches earth. It was written—words and music—by Kathleen Cramer and O-Lan Shepard (who is Mrs. Sam Shepard), and it is about a young wife's encounter with a man (invisible) from outer space and its aftereffects upon her and her husband and everybody else in the small community they live in. "Everybody else" includes various domestic and farm animals, dogs being especially audible. The action takes place in two sketchy sets—her house, where her



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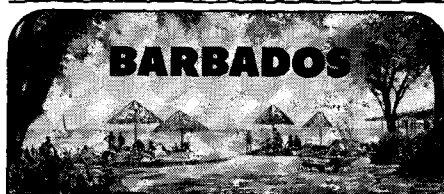
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husband is building an addition to the living room to get more *space* (sight-and-sound cue word), and a small local grocery store. There are weird musical effects and strange lighting, and the mysterious comic mood, sustained throughout, is reminiscent of Sam Shepard's "The Unseen Hand"—another venture into science fiction, which enslaved so many of us eleven years ago.

Every one of the performances seems exactly right in these special circumstances. Deirdre O'Connell (new to me), in the leading role, is delightfully cuckoo, and as singer and actress shows rare star quality, and Walter Hadler (also new to me), as a local veterinary surgeon, is the perfect Shepard actor, as is made especially clear in a scene where, kneeling at stage center and with a peculiar light in his eyes, he scoops up handfuls of potato chips and crams them into his mouth. Ah, the artichokes of "Curse of the Starving Class," the carrots of "Buried Child"! The score and the lyrics are bright and melodic; I can't get the title song out of my mind, and don't particularly want to. The scenery and the costumes are by Linda Hartinian, the lighting is by Anne Militello, the direction by Bevy Ros-ten, and the musical direction by John Woelz. "After Stardrive" will run only through May 31st, which isn't nearly long enough.

"**AH, MEN,**" at the South Street, is an entertainment made up of selections from various men's writings about women, interspersed with pleasing, lively songs by Will Holt. Paul Shyre devised and directed it, and the glamorous Jane White, a good singer and a witty actress, presides as a sort of *commère* over the three actors—Jack Betts, Curt Dawson, and Stephen Lang—who recite and act out the excerpts, beginning with Groucho's about his mother, and Bernard Shaw's

about his mother, and Henry Miller's about his mother, and Lucky Luciano's about his mother. The sons shortly become lovers and husbands and sexual experts and divorcés and parents, with Miss White egging them on, asking the questions and changing the subjects and, in two instances, joining in. With the addition of a shawl and the suggestion of a brogue, she transforms herself in a matter of seconds into a Dubliner—as does Mr. Lang—and we have a scene from O'Casey's "Pictures in the Hallway," in which young Sean, numb with shyness and desire, submits to the courtship of his first girl. Later on, Miss White becomes the anguished Carlotta O'Neill, reading Eugene O'Neill's dedications to her of one play of his after another through the years, and somehow embodying the whole story of that racking marriage, as O'Neill (Jack Betts) stands silent, head bowed.

In these times of the deadly monologue, Mr. Shyre, with minimal direction, avoids the usual moribund effect by investing the proceedings with an air of conversation. The quality of most of his selections is high. When it comes to sexual matters, we hear D. H. Lawrence fulminating, and Bertrand Russell reminiscing about his active adolescence, and Frank Harris bemoaning the end of his potency, and Ned Rorem describing the pleasures of a male Turkish bath. When it comes to marriage, George Burns, the best and funniest writer of the evening (and nicely impersonated by Mr. Betts), tells of his own to Gracie Allen, and horrible Ayatollah Khomeini sets forth his stringent, crazy rules for deportment in bed. A few selections are just a waste of time—who cares what Clifford Irving thinks of anything, or, for that matter, what George Jean Nathan has to say about parents and children?—but the evening is seldom boring.

—EDITH OLIVER

A BLESSING

From what, sometimes, seems an arbitrary form or discipline often come two words that rhyme and, in the rhyming, fully marry the world of spoons and sheets and common birds to another world that we have always known, where the waterfall of dawn does not drown even the haloed gnat, where we are shown how to find and hold the pale day moon, round and blessed in the silver lake of a coffee spoon.

—MEKEEL MCBRIDE

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Birthday

WHEN Andrew Carnegie's Music Hall opened on the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue, ninety years ago, a five-day festival was held to celebrate the event. The Symphony Society Orchestra and the Oratorio Society Chorus gave concerts, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, that included Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Schütz's "Seven Last Words," and Leopold Damrosch's "Sulamith." There was Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and excerpts from Wagner, Mozart, and Massenet operas. In four of the five concerts, Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky conducted works of his own, including the First Piano Concerto, the Suite No. 3 for Orchestra, and the choral pieces "Pater Noster" and "Legend." Earlier this month, Carnegie Hall (as it soon became known) marked its ninetieth anniversary with a gala concert. It was an ingenious idea to go back to the opening celebrations in search of a program but a miscalculation to re-create in its entirety the first concert of the series. The program that opened the festival, on May 5, 1891, seems to have been in the nature of a religious dedication rather than a musical event. The proceedings began with a hymn, the Old Hundredth, and continued with an oration by one Bishop Potter. Then

followed "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3, and a "Marche Solennelle," by Tchaikovsky, which he had written for the coronation of the czar in 1883. The second half presented for the first time in New York a work written for church performance, Berlioz's "Te Deum." The odor of sanctity, or of sanctimoniousness, hangs heavy on this program; its duplication on May 5, 1981, made for a most subdued evening. In place of Bishop Potter, James D. Wolfensohn, chairman of the board of the hall, gave a light-hearted speech. In place of the Symphony Society, the New York Philharmonic played. (This was ironic: though the Philharmonic was described by the concert's organizers as a "descendant" of the Symphony Society, the two orchestras were fierce rivals ninety years ago; it was Toscanini who brought about their amalgamation, in 1928.) The Oratorio Society of New York alone remained of the performers who opened the hall.

In Carnegie, the Philharmonic sounded better than it does at Lincoln Center. The ensemble was firmer and more focussed, as if the players could hear themselves and their colleagues more clearly. As in Avery Fisher Hall, no risers were used for the back of the orchestra, but there was a natural bal-

ance of strings, wind, and brass. The flute and bassoon solos in the Beethoven, which had sounded remote when the piece was done earlier in Fisher Hall, came across brightly and distinctly. When the brass was unleashed, the sound was not harsh. The strings acquired a little warmth from the acoustics, but not so much that their timbre compared favorably with that of the last orchestra I had heard in Carnegie, the Chicago Symphony; the small group of first violins that began the brilliant final section of "Leonore" No. 3 were ill tuned and ill coordinated. Zubin Mehta, who conducted, smoothed out the hymns and made the Beethoven solid and unexciting. The march, which Mr. Mehta had memorized for the occasion, is the least significant work of Tchaikovsky's that was given in the 1891 festival—it is brash and banal. It received an excellent performance.

Berlioz's "Te Deum" was inspired by a vision of Napoleon's armies and was conceived for an occasion of great national ceremony; its first performance involved nine hundred participants. The work is in the post-revolutionary tradition of Méhul and Le Sueur—boldly affirmative, with some moments of surprisingly expressive power. There is nothing wrong with the piece that a ten-second reverberation time and a grand organ cannot overcome; unfortunately, Carnegie has neither. Under Mr. Mehta's sweetly reasonable direction, the music soon settled into a predictable pattern. The massed choral forces of the Oratorio Society augmented by the Westminster Choir and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus were enthusiastic but rough. Jon Garrison's tenor solos were tasteful. The extensive parts for solo organ were played, by Leonard Raver, on the hall's electronic instrument. In the quiet passages, the organ made an artificial, constricted sound; in the loud ones, it made a noise like a supersonic airliner smothered in cotton wool. It disfigured the performance, and argued eloquently for its immediate replacement. The magnificently wide-ranging concerts of Carnegie's ninetieth-anniversary year have provided a finer celebration of the hall's achievement than this anticlimactic birthday concert did.

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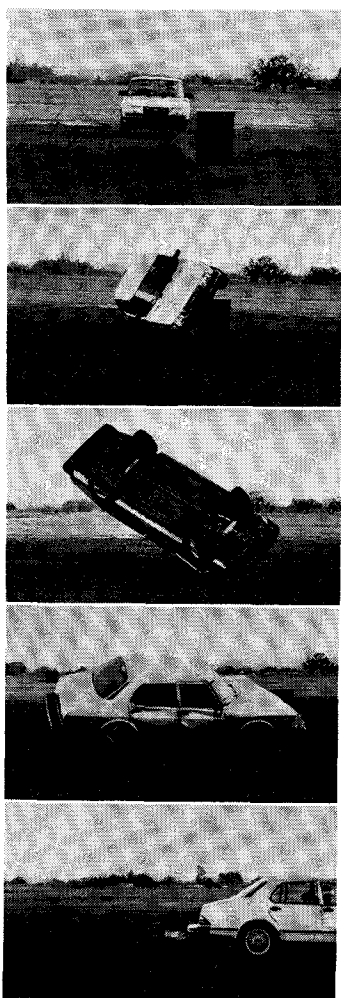
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We all owe a lot to music.

concerned then, as it is now, to present new works: a month before Carnegie Hall opened, it gave the New York premiere of an important Tchaikovsky piece, the *Fantasy-Overture* "Hamlet." In the last few weeks of the present season, the Philharmonic included a variety of new and recent works in programs of extraordinary range. George Crumb was plunked between a Vivaldi concerto and a Haydn Mass; Stockhausen shared a program with Ravi Shankar and Beethoven; a few minutes of Bach introduced a piece by Penderecki.

The longest new work of the season was Ravi Shankar's "Rāga-Mālā," or "Garland of Ragas"—his Concerto No. 2 for Sitar and Orchestra. It was composed for and is dedicated to Zubin Mehta. In the April issue of *Ovation*, Mr. Mehta explained that Mr. Shankar "cannot read our notation," and that "we have a catalyst between us who writes down what Ravi plays and who understands Indian music." In the Philharmonic program book, Mr. Shankar thanked Fred Teague and José-Luis Greco "for transcribing the work and for some valuable suggestions." Forced marriages between the music of the East and the symphony orchestras of the West are not new: Mr. Shankar made an attempt with a concerto for the London Symphony ten years ago, and, also in England, the Indian-born composer John Mayer has written a Concerto for the Instruments of the Orchestra (for the London Philharmonic) and a Violin Concerto (for Erich Gruenberg) that make use of Indian ragas. Mr. Mayer composes as a fully trained Western musician; he has been a violinist in several London orchestras. Mr. Shankar composes as an Eastern musician who has spent much time popularizing that idiom in the West.

Mr. Shankar's new Concerto presented, in fifty-three minutes, four neatly diversified movements, in which solo passages for the sitar were juxtaposed with ragas played by individual members of the orchestra (with whom Mr. Shankar worked to prepare the performance) and with sudden outbursts of full orchestral splendor. Mr. Shankar's own solos were surprisingly few, and short; he rarely had the opportunity to develop an improvisation—at one point in the performance I attended, he came in too soon. The writing for orchestra was barely competent: often it consisted of a single-line drone, a little added coloristic effect (bells or percussion), and the solo

raga. Much of the orchestra sat idle for much of the time or sustained drones with ill-concealed impatience. At one point, the principal cellist took his bow off the string and shrugged; a few conversations and exchanges of raised eyebrows took place among the second violins. If the Philharmonic wishes to increase its audience's awareness of Indian music, perhaps the best idea would be to emulate this summer's program for the Promenade Concerts in London, which includes a concert of real Indian music to last from 11 P.M. to 7 A.M.

The other world premiere at the Philharmonic in the last part of the season was Rafael Kubelik's "Orphikon," a three-movement work for large orchestra which took some thirty-five minutes to play but seemed (as Constant Lambert remarked on an analogous occasion) to last as long as my first term at school. Part of Mr. Kubelik's explanation of the work in the program book ran as follows:

"Orphikon" is based on the idea of integrating vertical and horizontal tone-relations through the existing principle of harmonics... [The composer intended to] correlate vertical scales with horizontal measures and, vice versa, horizontal scales with vertical measures through specifically constructed chords, melodic lines, and rhythmic progressions, and to integrate them into a corresponding form... The thematic material was taken from a consequentially applied source.

The result was unexpected: a wash of late-Romantic orchestral sound, evidently conceived with passion but lacking a sense of direction or development. It rummaged around in an idiom that recalled Bruckner, Dvořák, and a few twentieth-century nationalists, but it failed to come up with any memorable idea. Mr. Kubelik's piece was completed in 1979, and was therefore a known quantity. It would be useful to discover by what process the piece was chosen for performance. The Philharmonic's programs for next season, announced recently, include, alongside premières of works by

Stockhausen, Henze, Britten, and Peter Mennin, premières of works by Mr. Kubelik and George Walker, who also contributed a poor piece to this season.

THE Philharmonic has included an impressive number of contemporary works in the season's repertory, but in Fisher Hall they have often been dispatched with such casualness and placed in such unhelpful contexts that they have made uncomfortable listening. None of the postwar works in Zubin Mehta's programs at the end of the season achieved the effect they should. Stockhausen's "Kreuzspiel," for six players, is a delightful exercise: though many of its elements are rigidly controlled, the composer's manipulation of his material produces a perky, striking ten-minute miniature, which proves that total serialism can be fun. It would work well in a program with Bartók, Varèse, Webern, or Messiaen; here it formed the latter part of an inconsequential first half in which Haydn's Symphony No. 98 was replaced by his "Military" Symphony and then (for reasons of rehearsal time) by the Beethoven Overture that the orchestra had to prepare for the Carnegie gala. "Kreuzspiel" was directed blandly by Mr. Mehta but was played confidently, with a few hiccups in the percussion.

George Crumb's "Ancient Voices of Children," which dates from 1970, is approaching the status of an American classic. It has been performed widely here and abroad, has been recorded, and before this season had been heard in two programs at the Philharmonic—a Prospective Encounters concert in 1972 and a subscription concert in 1973. Praising the latter performance, Andrew Porter commented that each inflection reached the top gallery of Philharmonic Hall. More recently, he wrote of Mr. Crumb's pieces that "they seem to cast a spell; listeners are held hushed, intent on the tiny, delicate differentiations of timbre." It was not so at this Philharmonic performance. Mr. Mehta's resolutely unatmospheric direction and the audience's intolerance caused the gentle sounds of the first section to be almost obliterated by rustles, mutters, and suppressed giggles. There was such a flurry of talk after the second section that Mr. Mehta had to stretch his arms boldly—an inappropriate gesture for the music—so that the mezzo-soprano, Barbara Martin, could begin. Toward the end of the work, concen-





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tration settled, but it was too late. Miss Martin's dramatic singing apart, the performance was inattentive to detail and insensitive to texture.

Krzysztof Penderecki, whose Second Symphony was one of last season's less successful Philharmonic commissions, returned to hear his "Dies Irae" (1967) and the second New York performance of his "Lacrymosa" (1980), in the last subscription program. The styles of the two pieces were starkly contrasted: the "Lacrymosa" (which sets two verses from the "Dies Irae") is a short, slow, triadic, monochrome work, with a pale echo of "Tristan" in its main theme; the "Dies Irae" (which, confusingly, sets not the "Dies Irae" but a collection of poetic and Biblical texts) is a wild, impressive series of outbursts, incorporating the choral techniques of speaking, shouting, and indeterminate singing which Penderecki used in his "St. Luke Passion." Mr. Mehta controlled both works firmly, and Mary Lindsey was a vivid, powerful soprano. The "Dies Irae" was written for performance at Auschwitz, in memory of those murdered there. The texts are unintelligible when sung yet are important to the work, so Mr. Penderecki reasonably suggested that they be read in English translation before the performance. For this delicate task, the Philharmonic engaged the actor Mandy Patinkin, who appeared to believe that the words of the Apocalypse are effective only when screamed with a finger jabbing the air to accentuate the least important parts of each sentence.

In the same concert, Mr. Mehta directed a light, dry account of Bach's minuscule eight-part chorus "Nun ist das Heil und die Kraft," known as Cantata No. 50. After the Crumb work, he had given a suave, enjoyable account of Haydn's Mass "In Tempore Belli": the music swung naturally and gracefully; the New York Choral Artists sang crisply; Kathleen Battle and Tom Krause were outstanding soloists.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

SPORTING NOTES FROM ALL OVER [From the Mexico City News]

On Sunday, March 8th, the Asociacion de Pesca Deportiva La Trucha held a very good tournament in the vicinity of Villa del Carbon, Mexico State. The starting point was Antonio Jaques' Quinta in Atizapan and this was also the place where the weighing took place. After the fishing, refreshments and snakes were served to celebrate the event.

U.S. JOURNAL: CHICAGO

DIVINING THE MYSTERIES OF THE EAST

PEOPLE who are always saying that scholarship is of no use in the practical business of everyday life apparently do not know about James D. McCawley, professor of linguistics at the University of Chicago, who is able to read the signs on the walls of Chinese restaurants. Unlike some of the rest of us, McCawley can enter a Chinese restaurant secure in the knowledge that his digestion will not be impaired by the frustration of watching Chinese customers enjoy some succulent marvel whose name the management has not bothered to translate into English. Unlike some of the rest of us, McCawley does not have to subject himself to puzzled stares from Chinese families while hovering close to their plates in an effort to divine by shape and smell what sort of braised-fish dish seems to be making them so happy. Unlike, say, Bill Helfrich, a bookseller I know who moved to Bar Harbor from New York—presumably driven from the city by the agonies of monolingual eating in Chinatown—McCawley has never been reduced to carrying in his wallet a note that says in Mandarin “Please bring me some of what that man at the next table is having.” McCawley can read the specials listed on the wall. Nobody can hide any crisp-skin deep-fried squab from McCawley. McCawley does not find himself inquiring in painfully enunciated English about mysterious listings only to be dismissed by the waiter with a “You no like.” McCawley can read the Chinese side of the menu. McCawley does not have to make do with translations like “Shredded Three Kinds.” McCawley does not spend half the meal staring at his neighbor’s bean curd with that particularly ugly combination of greed and envy so familiar to—well, to some of the rest of us.

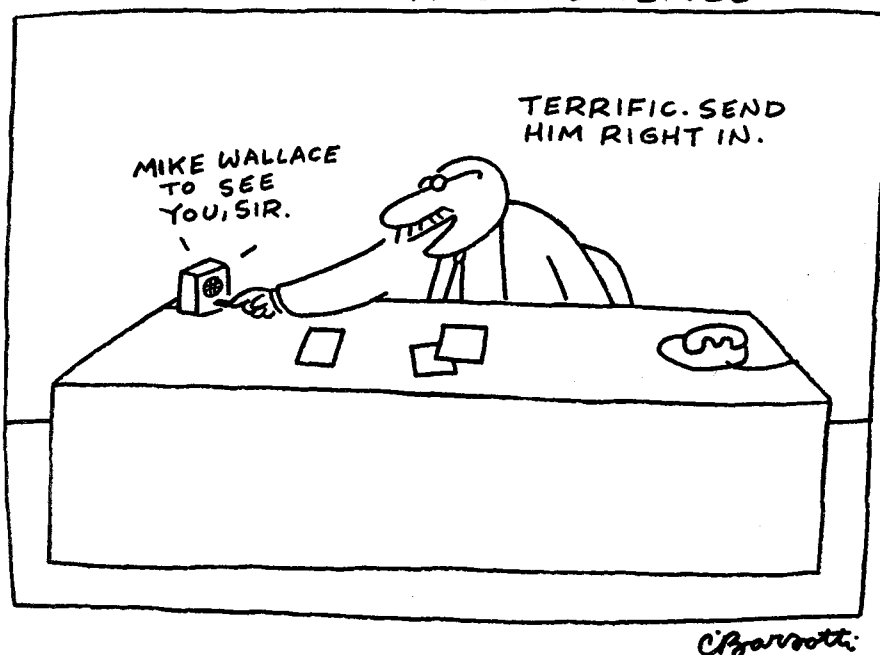
I realize that those who scoff at knowledge for its own sake would argue that McCawley could have learned to read Chinese without subjecting himself to three years of graduate work at M.I.T. in subjects like phonology and lexicography and semantics and syntax. He could have simply stuffed down a short course in Chinese characters at Berlitz, the scoffers would say, like some sales representative about to embark for Peking with the goal of putting a can of Reddi-Wip in every Chinese home.

There is a significant difference. The true scholar shares the fruit of his research through teaching or publication. Students who arrive at the University of Chicago to study linguistics may expect to receive as orientation material nothing more than the customary map of the campus and a list of departmental regulations governing the use of reserved books at the main library, but what they get includes a packet of half a dozen menus from Chicago Chinese restaurants “collected and translated by James D. McCawley.” The menu translations do not even constitute McCawley’s most ambitious work in the field. Among his writings—most of which have titles like “The Role of Notation in Generative Phonology” or “Morphological Indeterminacy in Underlying Syntactic Structure” or “Lexicographic Notes on English Quantifiers”—is a fifty-three-page document called “The Eaters’ Guide to Chinese Characters,” which, through a system of character classification adapted from the Japanese, endeavors to free the non-Chinese-speaking eater forever from the wretched constriction of the English menu. “One of my linguist friends suggested that it might be a service to mankind,” McCawley has said of the guide. “And to him in particular.” McCawley has even offered to teach a course in Chinese-menu reading as part of the university’s extension program, but it has apparently been

delayed by some difficulties in arriving at a suitable title. According to McCawley, officials of the extension program thought that Menu Chinese was not a course title appropriate to an institution with the august academic reputation of the University of Chicago, and were not impressed when he, attempting to take their concerns into consideration, offered as an alternative title Aristotle, Freud, and the Chinese Menu.

It seems to me that McCawley’s scholarly achievements in the field of Chinese menus are all the more impressive in view of the fact that he doesn’t happen to speak Chinese. His doctoral thesis required him to learn Japanese, and many Japanese characters are close to Chinese characters—or were before some postwar simplification in writing that, fortunately for McCawley, a lot of owners of American Chinese restaurants were not in China to find out about. Starting in the early seventies, McCawley simply built on his knowledge of Japanese characters, with the help of a lot of research into Chinese cookbooks and some extensive field work in Chinese restaurants. In other words, “The Eaters’ Guide to Chinese Characters” is the result of what some people might call a hobby—albeit a hobby that happens to result in a service to mankind. McCawley does not see it that way. He does not draw severe distinctions between his outside interests—principally food and music—and the field in which he makes his living. A lot of his colleagues seem to feel the same way—linguistics being, for one reason

MAN WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE



or another, a field that attracts a lot of musicians who like to eat. A graduate student of linguistics whom I met with McCawley—we were all eating in a Korean restaurant—told me that when she was studying at the University of Michigan the newsletter of the Linguistics Department seemed to consist mainly of recipes. At the annual party McCawley throws for St. Cecilia's Day, honoring the patron saint of musicians, he is ordinarily able to put together a small orchestra of linguists. (The other annual party he gives is on October 9th, in celebration of the only national holiday anywhere having to do with linguistics—the commemoration in Korea of the day in 1446 when Hangul, the Korean alphabet, was officially adopted.) When McCawley's students published a sort of antic Festschrift in his honor ten years ago—it was called "Studies Out in Left Field: Defamatory Essays Presented to James D. McCawley on the Occasion of His 33rd or 34th Birthday," and it included a large section called "Pornolinguistics and Scatolinguistics"—the title on the cover was superimposed on a Chinese menu. In the same spirit as the Festschrift, McCawley once presented to the University of Chicago Hillel Foundation's annual Latke-Homantash Symposium a paper on "Some Hitherto Unrecognized Implications of the Chinese Terms for Latkes and Homantashen"—though after several readings I'm not certain I understand precisely what those implications are.

I suspect that part of what has led McCawley's students to admire him enough to do a Festschrift in his honor is his ability to discover a scholarly meeting, a concert, and an interesting restaurant in the same city at the same time. Discussing the Philosophy of Science Association meeting in Toronto, he may digress on the advantages of having a Toronto colleague whose research in Chinese syntax has enabled him to know that the proprietors of what seems to be a Szechuan restaurant on Spadina Avenue are actually natives of Jiangxi Province who can, upon request, turn out a proper Jiangxi banquet. Right in his own department, of course, McCawley has access to colleagues who, for example, may have done enough field work in the dialects of southeastern Europe to become expert in Greek cuisine, and he has no rigid notions of interdepartmental rivalry that might prevent him from dipping into the Department of Far Eastern Languages

and Civilizations if the need should arise. There are, after all, linguists who have no particular interest in foreign languages or foreign cultures or foreign food, and there are linguists whose field work has not given them an expertise obviously transferable to the gastronomic challenges of Chicago. For instance, one of McCawley's colleagues, Jerrold Sadock, has done a lot of work on Greenlandic Eskimo, and there are as yet no Greenlandic Eskimo restaurants in Chicago. It is not a cuisine whose absence distresses McCawley, since the recipe Sadock remembers best begins, "Kill and gut one seal, stuff the body cavity with auks, sew up, bury in sand, dig up in six months."

I TELEPHONED McCawley not long ago to say that I'd be grateful for an opportunity to see him in action. Although the course he teaches at the University of Chicago, Justification of Linguistic Units, sounds worthwhile, the course I was hoping to get a head start on was Aristotle, Freud, and the Chinese Menu. It turned out that we could fly to Chicago together, since he was planning a short trip to New York. As I understand the purpose of his visit, he had agreed to deliver a lecture called "The Non-existence of Syntactic Categories" at Columbia University and at the Bell Laboratories, he was desperately interested in attending two Janáček operas that the City Opera was about to produce on successive evenings, and he wanted to sample the goat curry at a Trinidadian restaurant on Nostrand Avenue in Brooklyn. I suggested that we meet the day before our flight for a tea lunch at a place in Chinatown called H.S.F.—giving him a chance to pick up some Chinese ingredients at the Kam Man supermarket on Canal Street and giving me a chance to get some translation done closer to home than Chicago.

My translation needs at H.S.F. did not have to do with menus. Tea-lunch—or dim-sum—restaurants are about the only places in Chinatown that do not drive me mad with linguistic frustrations, since the food-service system common to all of them might almost

have been designed to soothe the fears of monolingual gluttons. Waiters pass up and down the aisles with carts or trays holding small plates of dumplings or shrimp balls or noodles or some other dim-sum specialty, the customer takes a plate of whatever appeals to him, and a waiter slightly senior to the passers arrives at the table at the end of the meal to tally up the bill by counting the number of plates on the table—a system that somehow does not tempt too many customers to gain the double benefit of more china and a smaller bill by slipping some of the plates into their pockets. Although I have never met a dim-sum passer who spoke English well enough to explain what was inside the dumpling he was passing, my method of eating a tea lunch requires no Chinese: I simply take some of absolutely everything offered. My purpose in luring McCawley to H.S.F. was based on a suspicion that a Chinese wall sign I had noticed there was in fact not a list of special dishes but an explanation of some changes in the restaurant which have struck some of its customers as distinctly un-Chinatown. H.S.F. used to be called Hee Seung Fung. Not long after it started going by its initials, it was redecorated in a rather sleek style that was suspiciously lacking in pagodas. It opened a branch uptown. Eventually, it made some of its dim sum available for a time in frozen form at Bloomingdale's. I figured that the wall sign said something reassuring to Chinese-speaking customers—"Don't be put off by the trendy flash done for the benefit of the wide eyes, because we're still just folks," or words to that effect.

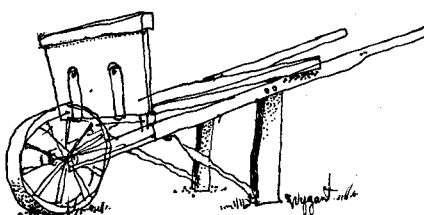
McCawley turned out to be a man with a heavy mustache, full sideburns, and shoulder-length dark hair. He looks like a sixties radical gone not quite respectable. He lived in Glasgow until he was six and in Chicago after that—giving him a way of speaking so much his own that it is probably of no interest to those of his sociolinguistic colleagues who study accents and dialects. I explained the task at hand as we entered H.S.F.

"Two?" the waiter who approached us said.

McCawley stopped in his tracks and stared at the wall sign. "The first column says black-bean steam fish something or other," he said. "Whatever that last character is."

"Are you sure it doesn't say anything about Bloomingdale's?" I asked.

McCawley, without saying whether

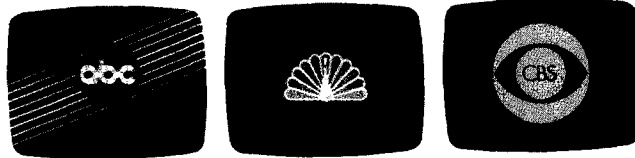


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or not he knew the Chinese character for Bloomingdale's, assured me that the wall sign simply listed some of the specialties that could be ordered at dinner. He tried the first column again. "What the bloody hell is that last character?" he said, turning to the waiter who had greeted us.

The waiter looked blank for a moment. "Two?" he said.

UNTIL I spent a couple of days in the company of James McCawley, I had not thought of Chicago as an Oriental city. Among wandering eaters, it is probably best known for the pirouettes its restaurants manage in what other cities think of as the straightforward business of turning out pizzas. Displaced Chicagoans regularly talk of their yearning for authentic Chicago pizza or deep-dish pizza or double-crust pizza or a pizzalike object known as a panzerotti. McCawley alone seems to treat Chicago as a sort of prairie Hong Kong. His "Notes on Access to Interesting Food in Chicago," prepared for the students and faculty of the Linguistics Department, lists as its ethnic categories Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Thai, Indian, and Other. He was able to pick his way through an Indian menu pretty well even before he started studying Hindi in preparation for a trip to India this summer. Although he celebrates Korean Hangul more confidently than he reads it, a steady supply of Hangul readers seems assured by the fact that Koreans are particularly drawn to graduate studies in linguistics—a natural result, perhaps, of being let out of school year after year in honor of an alphabet. In addition to a fair-sized Chinatown, Chicago has any number of Korean restaurants and several Thai restaurants and a clutch of Indian restaurants, including one valued so highly by McCawley that he has arranged to have it cater the annual meeting of the Chicago Linguistics Society. With McCawley in Chicago, I ate Mutter Panir at the Moti Mahal Restaurant, and Yook Hoi at a Korean restaurant called Cho Sun Ok, and Panang Nue at Friend, a Thai restaurant—all the while confident that I was eating what I was intended to eat rather than some chop-suey equivalent put on the English menu to pacify the passing meter reader or paper-supply salesman who happened to drop by because he suddenly got hungry while on his rounds. McCawley would simply find a scrap of paper (usually a deposit slip from

his checkbook), write our order in the appropriate alphabet, and hand it to the waiter along with an English "Thank you."

Our Chinese meal was at a place called Chinese Deli. Its non-English-speaking customers presumably call it something else. McCawley said that in Australia he once came upon a restaurant that was called the Epping Chinese Restaurant in English and was identified by its Chinese characters as a restaurant called Occidental Food. A wall sign in the Chinese Deli listed all sorts of dishes that were not on the English menu. Among the delicacies available to readers of Chinese characters, McCawley announced, were chicken feet with black beans and salted mustard greens with goose intestines. For the first time, I began to have doubts about the advantage of being able to read Chinese characters. I like to think that I'm as fond of chicken feet as the next fellow, but goose intestines are the sort of thing that makes me suspect that those Chinese waiters were correct a number of times when they said "You no like." But I put aside my doubts. The store of mankind's knowledge was not expanded by scholars who failed to seek because of fear of what they might find. McCawley had been kind enough to give me a copy of "The Eaters' Guide to Chinese Characters," and I intended to apply myself to learning how to use it. "Will I really be able to read the wall signs in Chinatown?" I asked.

"If they're printed," McCawley said. "Script is a little more difficult." The growing use of modern simplifications adds another difficulty, he explained, not to speak of the euphemisms that Chinese often use in describing food. For instance, before we left H.S.F., McCawley had told me that the final character in the sign he found troublesome was "cloud," which might have been a euphemism for fish stomach or might not have been. Later, he decided it was a non-standard character for wonton.

On the way back to New York, I studied the guide. It looked as if it required about the application necessary to get through a graduate course in phonology at M.I.T. It occurred to me that I might be ignorant forever. I decided I would ask McCawley to do one more translation for me, from English to Chinese—a note that said, "Please bring me some of what that man at the next table is having."

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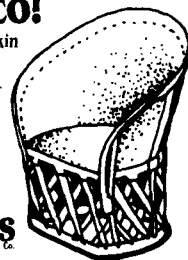
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CONCERT RECORDS

Unfair Neglect

OF all the eminent composers in history, the Neapolitan Savio Mercadante is perhaps the most undeservedly neglected. He composed sixty operas, all of them seldom performed and none of them, as far as I know, recorded. He had the misfortune to be a contemporary of Giuseppe Verdi, whose immense popularity perhaps overwhelmed his own. But he was a composer of considerable stature, comparable to Verdi if not his equal. RCA Victor has released two of Mercadante's concertos, performed by Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and the English Chamber Orchestra, Claudio Scimone conducting (ARL1-3727; single disc). There are a couple of other minor works of his on records, too, but all this is merely a drop in the bucket. Mercadante deserves a greater representation on records, especially where his operas are concerned. It hardly needs to be said that M. Rampal, whose superb flute playing is well known, does the solo parts of these concertos admirably, and the supporting chamber orchestra provides an excellent accompaniment.

ASIDE from its ubiquitous overture, Rossini's "William Tell" is not heard much nowadays. A new recording of the complete opera has been issued by London (OSA 1446; eight sides), and it is a beauty, owing largely to a splendid cast, including Sherrill Milnes as Tell, and Luciano Pavarotti, Elizabeth Connell, Della Jones, John Tomlinson, Ferruccio Mazzoli, Mirella Freni, Piero De Palma, Cesar Antonio Suarez, and Nicolai Ghiaurov, with the Ambrosian Opera Chorus and the National Philharmonic Orchestra of London, Riccardo Chailly conducting. As usual with this opera, the male singers tend to dominate, and Milnes and Pavarotti (in the role of Arnoldo) stand out.

The complete Brahms and Schumann String Quartets are given a sensitive and highly refined performance by the Guarneri Quartet (RCA ARL3-3834; six sides).

Among other recent items are Duo and Solo Piano Music by Madeleine Dring and Germaine Tailleferre, performed by Leigh Kaplan and Susan Pitts (Cambria Records C-1014; sin-

gle). The music of both women, one English and the other French, is light and fashionable in the manner of the nineteen-twenties and thirties. Dring's music consists of polite jazz; Tailleferre's reminds one slightly of Ravel. This record can be obtained by mail order from Cambria Records, Box 2163, Palos Verdes Peninsula, California 90274.



Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach's Concerto in E Major, Wq. 14, and Concerto in G Major, Wq. 43, No. 5, along with Mozart's Concerto in D Major, K. 107, No. 1 (an arrangement for orchestra of one of three piano sonatas by Johann Christian Bach), are performed by the English Concert, with Trevor Pinnock as harpsichordist and conductor (Vanguard VSD 71265; single). The vigor of these very late baroque items suggests the coming of the Romantic period. Beautifully performed.

The Musical Heritage Society has released a contemporary item. On side 1 is Frank Lewin's "Innocence and Experience," a cycle of songs, with texts by William Blake, for soprano and chamber ensemble, conducted by Yehudi Wyner. (Susan Davenny Wyner is the singer.) Side 2 is called "Music for the New Family of Violins," also by Lewin, and is for an orchestra consisting of stringed instruments newly invented by the physicist-luthier Carleen M. Hutchins using recent technological discoveries (MHS 4102; single). The songs are impressionistic and mildly enjoyable. I do not find much difference between these new instruments and the old ones, except perhaps for greater reverberation.

Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach's Concerto in A Major, along with Vivaldi's Concertos in G Major, P. 120, and G Minor, P. 369, and François Couperin's "Pièces en Concert," have been recorded by Lynn Harrell, cello, with the English Chamber Orchestra, under the baton of Pinchas Zukerman, who is, of course, better known as a violinist (Angel SZ 37738; single). The playing is stylish and well phrased. Everybody wants to be a conductor. Now it's Zukerman. Well, good luck to him!

One of those great Slavic choral and solo productions, the Pontifical Mass from the Trinity-St. Sergius Monas-

tery of Zagorsk, has been released by Archiv Produktion (2533 451; single). This is a documentary recording made during the Feast of All Saints. The singing here is memorable.

LOUIS-NICOLAS CLÉRAMBAULT is an almost forgotten French Baroque composer whose career straddled the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His cantatas "Orphée" and "Médée" have been recorded, for the first time, by Rachel Yakar, soprano, Reinhard Goebel, violin, Wilbert Hazelzet, transverse flute, Charles Medlam, viola da gamba, and Alan Curtis, harpsichord (Archiv Produktion 2533 442; single). Miss Yakar scrupulously reproduces the vocal technique of the baroque era. The result is rather emotional and entirely pleasing.

Brahms' Quartet, Opus 25, as orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg, is performed by the Junge Deutsche Philharmonie, Hans Zender conducting (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 198; single). Unlike some of Schoenberg's other orchestrations, this one is fairly conventional, but it is quite effective. It is excellently performed.

That whizbang Russian pianist Lazar Berman does Rachmaninoff's Variations on a Theme by Corelli, with some Rachmaninoff preludes attached (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 276; single). As might be expected, the performances are brilliant, and also thoughtful.

Haydn's String Quartets, Opus 20, No. 5, and Opus 76, No. 2, are performed on instruments of the period by the Quartetto Esterházy (Telefunken 6.42354; single). The instruments of Haydn's period are not exactly ancient, however; the first violin, for example, is a Stradivarius. In any event, the performances are luminous and carefully thought out.

Weber's Clarinet Concertos Nos. 1 and 2 are not as well known as they deserve to be. But it is no news that Benny Goodman is an able performer of classical works. In a recent RCA reissue, he appears as soloist in these two concertos, with the Chicago Symphony, under Jean Martinon (AGL1-3788; single).

Antonio Vivaldi was such a prolific composer that a great many of his works sound very much alike. His Violin Concertos, Opus 8, Nos. 5-10, are performed on Vanguard by the English Concert, with Simon Standage, baroque violin, and Trevor Pinnock, harpsichordist and conductor



"You will find that our colleague to my left is no receiver of idées reçues."

(VSD 71273; single). The instruments used are those of Vivaldi's time. The performances are superb, but the music follows predictable patterns, and is routine Vivaldi. The same composer's Concertos for Oboe, R.458, R.462, R.534, R.535, and R.536, are performed by the champion oboists Heinz Holliger and Maurice Bourgue, with I Musici as accompanists (Philips 9500 742; single). The compositions are a cut above those violin concertos, and their higher quality is combined with an exceptionally sensitive performance, with the result that Vivaldi seems like another composer.

WE live, of course, in the middle of a period of technological advances, and it has been reflected in the recording industry in new methods and new claims. One of these methods, a sophisticated revival of a nineteen-fifties technique, is exemplified by two Original Master Recordings issued by the Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab, which specializes in half-speed mastering. (The master tape is made at half speed, and the pressing cycle takes longer than for commercial records, but the discs are played back at normal speed.) One offers Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" (MFSL 1-506) and the

other Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony (MFSL 1-512). All I can say is that the fidelity is extraordinary. "Carmina Burana" is performed by the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus and the St. Clement Danes Grammar School Boys' Choir, André Previn conducting, with Sheila Armstrong, Gerald English, and Thomas Allen as soloists. The Tchaikovsky recording is by the Berlin Philharmonic, under Herbert von Karajan. These are limited editions.

AMONG some other interesting single discs to appear recently are the following:

French Flute Concertos, performed by James Galway with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under the baton of Charles Dutoit (RCA ARL1-3777). The works are by Ibert, Poulenc, Chaminade, and Fauré—a mixed bag. The Ibert Concerto is in the fashionable mode of 1934, which is to say, decadent; the Chaminade Concertino, Opus 107, is quite charming; the Poulenc Flute Sonata was originally written for flute and piano and has been ably orchestrated by Sir Lennox Berkeley; the Fauré "Fantaisie" is a similar combination of instruments, orchestrated by Mr. Galway. The

works are all difficult, and Mr. Galway plays with his usual brilliance.

Bach Cantatas, "Mein Herz schwimmt im Blut," BWV 199, and "Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen," BWV 51, sung with remarkable baroque control by Edita Gruberova, with the Deutsche Bachsolisten, under the baton of Helmut Winschermann (RCA ARL1-3715).

Liszt's "Totentanz," "Malédiction," "Hungarian Fantasia," and Fantasia on Beethoven's incidental music for the play "The Ruins of Athens," performed with the utmost dexterity by the young French pianist Michel Béroff (Angel SZ-37761). If anything by Beethoven needs a fantasia on its themes, it is the score for "The Ruins of Athens," which I had the somewhat vexed honor of seeing staged at the Vienna Opera in 1923. Beethoven wrote some of his worst music for this drama.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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THE ART WORLD

To Watch or Not Watch

DOES video art exist? The question sounds naïve, considering the large number of people currently working as video artists—working with videotape, that is, for purely visual rather than dramatic, narrative, or documentary ends. The Kitchen, a SoHo center that has been a prime outlet for such work over the last decade, shows tapes by ten different video artists each month; this adds up to about a hundred artists a year, and Mary MacArthur, The Kitchen's director, thinks that that may be about a quarter of the total number of video artists who live in or near Manhattan. The Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney Museum both run active video programs. "Experimental" videotapes—meaning videotapes by artists—are frequently shown at both places, and they will figure prominently in the first National Video Festival, next month, at the Kennedy Center, in Washington, D.C. (Its sponsors are the American Film Institute, which has largely ignored video up to now, and the Sony Corporation of America.) Acceptance of the cathode-ray tube as a fine-art medium seems to be well advanced. After viewing quite a few tapes by video artists in recent weeks, though, I am still not sure that there is, or can be, such a thing as video art.

At the recent Whitney Museum Biennial, videotapes by thirteen artists were shown in a room on the second floor. There were two monitors, showing the same tape at the same time. In front of each monitor there was a sofa. Viewers wandered in and out of the room. Some stood, some sat on the floor. The people who sat on the sofas, I noticed, tended to fall asleep almost immediately. Museum-going is a tiring business, granted, but nothing brings on a nap quicker than a semi-dark room, a sofa, and a little video art. To say that video art is boring is to miss the point of it, I know, I know. Art today demands the active participation of the spectator, as the spectator is forever being reminded; if we are bored, it just means that we are refusing to take part in the process. But how does one take part in a viewing process such as "Zukofsky's Bow," to choose one example from the Whitney's program? In "Zukofsky's Bow," by William Anastasi, a blank television screen is invaded at irregular in-

tervals, from its bottom edge, by the tip and sometimes as much as the upper half of a violinist's bow. Presumably, the bow is being employed by Paul Zukofsky, the well-known virtuoso, to make music, but no music can be heard, or any other sound, and the viewer never comes close to a glimpse of the well-known virtuoso's hand. The screen is blank a good part of the time. The piece lasts for thirty-six minutes.

Other tapes at the Whitney contained more visual incident, to be sure. Kit Fitzgerald and John Sanborn's "Olympic Fragments," a brisk, colorful, ten-minute collage of scenes shot at the 1980 Winter Olympics, was fun to watch, and so was Nam June Paik's four-minute "Lake Placid 80," in which Paik subjected network footage of the same Olympics to his inimitable brand of electronic distortion and wild juxtaposition. The sort of special effects that are unique to video—multiple superimpositions, lateral and vertical stretchings of images, fragmentation of color and shape and outline—were a prominent element in several tapes, which ranged from literal street scenes to abstract colors and shapes. There was even a conceptual tape, in which the artist Taka Iimura, shown on the monitor alongside a television-set-within-a-set on which he also appeared, held inscrutable discourse with himself ("You are Taka Iimura." "I am Taka Iimura." "You are not Taka Iimura"). The most impressive tape at the Whitney, Bill Viola's "Chott el-Djerid (A Portrait in Light and Heat)," juxtaposed views of barren, snow-swept plains in Saskatchewan and central Illinois with a

long sequence in the Sahara Desert. Viola used a telephoto lens on his video camera to show the watery effects of desert mirages. It was interesting and strange, and also quite napping.

Ten years ago, video art seemed inevitable. A whole generation had grown up looking at television, and when the first portable, relatively inexpensive video cameras appeared, in the late sixties, that generation's artists found them all but irresistible. Nam June Paik, the Korean-born musician who became the chief pioneer and colonizer of video as artist territory, had prophesied in 1965 that "someday artists will work with capacitors, resistors, and semiconductors as they work today with brushes, violins, and junk," and for a while events seemed to bear him out. Richard Serra, Bruce Nauman, Keith Sonnier, and a number of others who had established major reputations as painters or sculptors began making videotapes. Joan Jonas and other "performance" artists progressed from documenting their performances on video to creating events to be seen on video alone. Howard Wise, whose Fifty-seventh Street gallery had featured work by kinetic artists, closed his gallery in 1970 in order to devote himself exclusively to the developing video movement; his Electronic Arts Intermix provides editing facilities for video artists and a distribution network for tapes. Leo Castelli and Ileana Sonnabend set up a joint distribution system for videotapes by their people. University art departments acquired video equipment, although in many cases video remained under the academic aegis of journalism or "communications." The fast-breaking technology of television held artists in thrall. They dreamed of large-screen video "installations" in public or private spaces; they talked of getting access to some of the new channels soon to be opened up by cable and satellite transmission—vanguard art on the home screen! Video was so much easier to work with than film. The results could be played back immediately, and if you didn't like them you simply reshot the tape, erasing it as you did so. The process often led to, shall we say, an attitude of self-indulgence. "If I see another videotape of someone shaving pubic hair, I will go mad," Mary MacArthur remarked the other day.

The initial euphoria gradually subsided. Working with videotape turned out to be pretty expensive after all, and,



as the technology improved, the costs climbed higher. The amounts that could be charged for the purchase or rental of videotapes (museums, colleges, and libraries were the only real customers) rarely equalled the expense of making them. Nobody seemed to want to invest in large-screen installations. Cable and satellite broadcasting, which were said to be just around the corner in 1970, did not arrive on schedule. Now one hears that 1980 was the watershed year for cable, and that we have at last entered television's New Age, but it seems unlikely that video artists are ever going to gain significant access to broadcast TV in any form. The economics of television are against it. Meanwhile, undaunted, a second generation of video artists is in place. Serra, Nauman, and most of the other big names who latched on to video in the seventies are no longer making tapes, but a host of recent art-department grads—young people whose aesthetic orientation is exclusively in video—are committed to the medium. If four hundred or more of them live in this area, there is a comparable number on the West Coast, with pockets of activity in Chicago, Minneapolis, and other cities. At least, nobody can accuse them of careerism.

The majority of these young people are not committed to video art as such. Documentaries and personal narratives of one kind or another probably account for more than three-quarters of the videotape they turn out, and this is surely where the future (if any) of independent noncommercial video must lie. Fitzgerald and Sanborn's "Olympic Fragments" is an example of what can be done to shake up the documentary form. Joan Logue has invented the video portrait—the camera focussed unflinchingly on a stationary person or persons for twenty minutes, during which the subject reveals more than could be surmised from any still photograph. (One of her portraits, of the composer John Cage, struck me as an altogether captivating narrative.) William Wegman has opened up a corridor of humor that others might do well to explore. Wegman made a number of very short videotapes that are really blackout comedy routines for him and his dog, a weimaraner named Man Ray. In "Spelling Lesson," for example, Wegman explains to an extraordinarily attentive Man Ray that the only word Man Ray missed the last time was "beach," probably because he confused it with Beech Nut



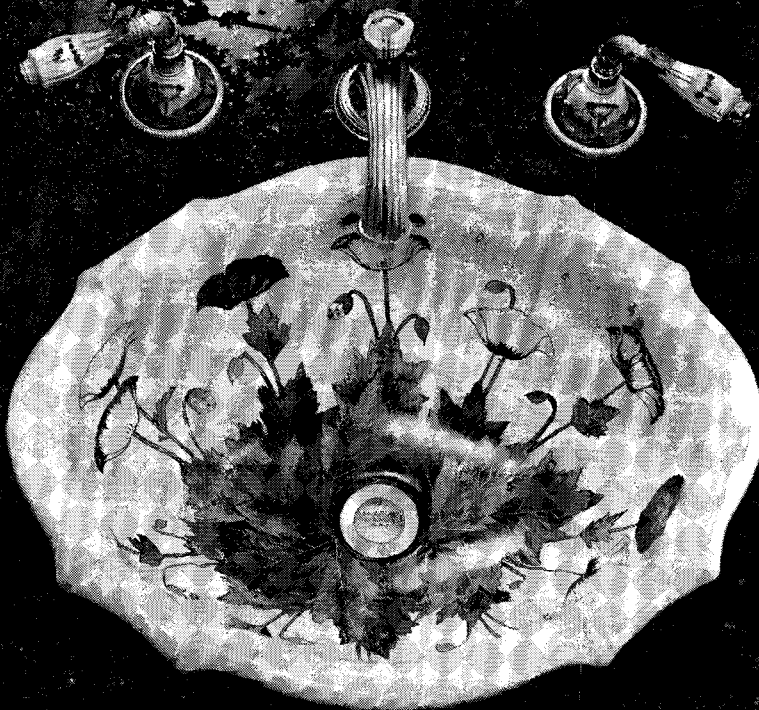
"Things just never worked out for us. When you were under shallow cover, I was under deep cover. When I was under shallow cover, you were under deep cover."

gum (Man Ray looks deeply mournful); the word, Wegman says, is "b-e-a-c-h." Another recent approach, not without humor, is Robert Wilson's "Video 50," a series of a hundred vignettes, each thirty seconds long, and each a tiny skit complete in itself. Wilson, who is known for his extremely long operas and theatre pieces in vastly slowed-down time, has suggested that the hundred skits could be shown as individual "spots" inserted in regular TV programming or could be viewed together as a fifty-minute whole. Maybe television's New Age will find it needs Logue, Wegman, Wilson, and other creative independents. What the New Age is not going to need, I am almost sure, is video art.

The notion of using video as a purely visual medium seems like a wrong notion to me, for the simple reason that video takes place in time. Visual artists, who are trained to deal with space, often have a very uncertain grasp of time, and of the demands of

time-defined arts such as theatre. This was painfully evident in the sixties, when artists put on "happenings": the only happenings that did not bore spectators silly were the ones that lasted about three minutes. Time is more personal than space, maybe because we have less of it. Most of us are extremely reluctant to give up control over time—over "our" time, as we say. We will do so under certain circumstances, to see a play or hear a concert, but, having relinquished that control, we expect our time to be dealt with in a manner that pays dividends; if we are to participate actively in the spectacle before us, we want it to be a spectacle worthy of our time—a spectacle invested with imagination, intelligence, and surprise. When we go to a museum or a gallery to look at pictures, on the other hand, we are in complete control of time. One painting may "hold" us for a spell, but the act of looking at it is entirely voluntary, and the time spent remains our own. Ordinary television-watching is similar

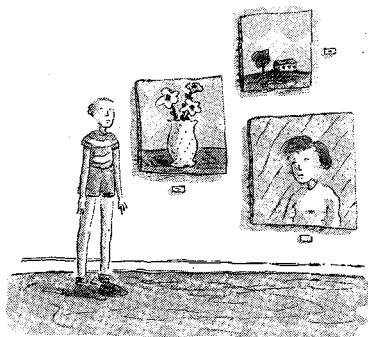
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in this respect. "I think I'll watch a little TV," we say, without a thought of surrendering to TV time. It is not like going to the movies. We watch TV with the lights on in the room; we move around, answer the telephone, go out to the kitchen, feed the dog, glance at a magazine. We put up with the most god-awful drivel on television, because we know we don't have to.

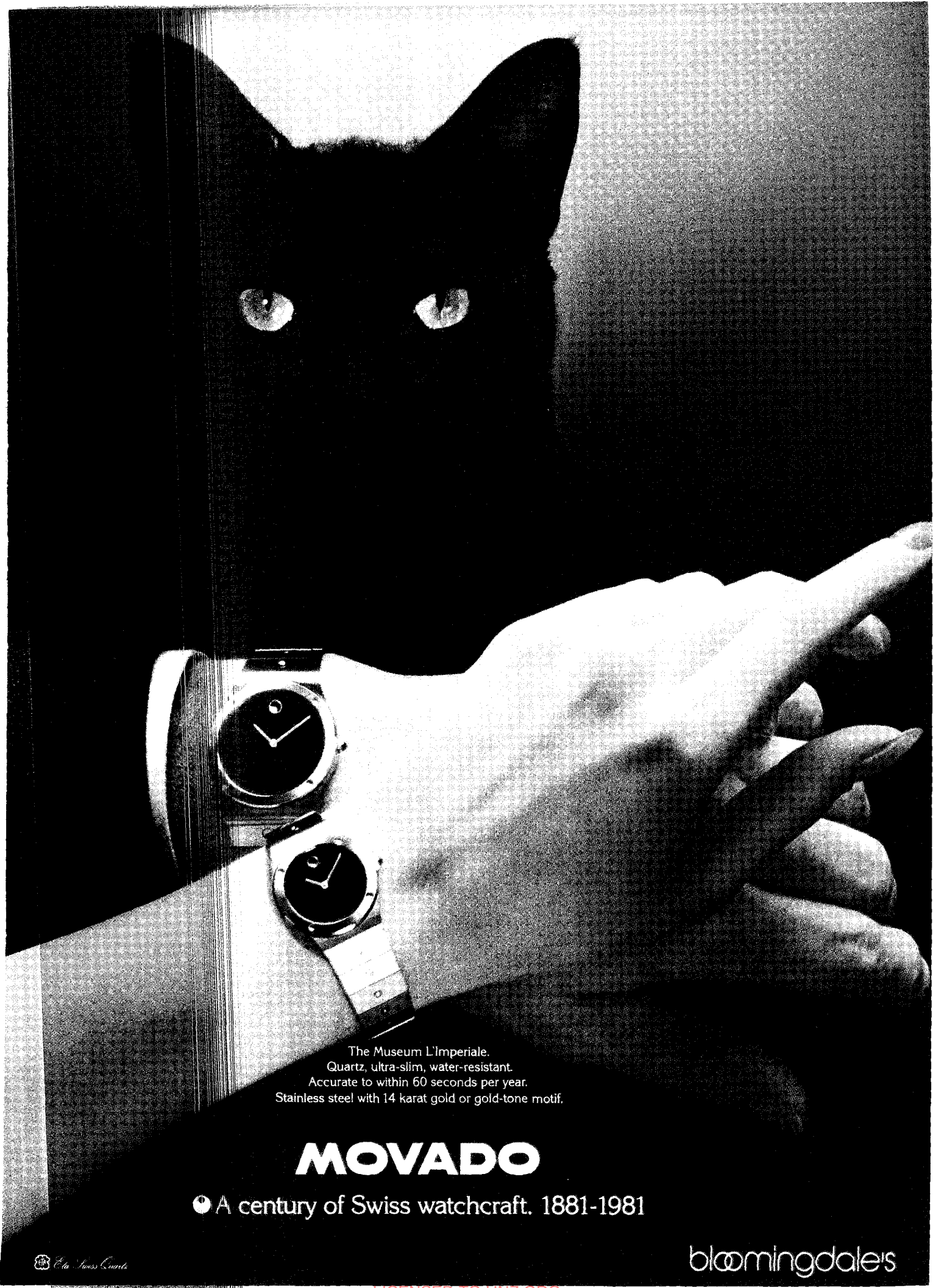
Video art asks for the kind of concentration that we are expected to give to painting and sculpture, and it also asks us to give up our time to it. Nothing I have seen to date comes anywhere near to justifying those demands. Nam June Paik, who has thought as astutely as anyone about the medium, and whose videotapes are certainly not boring ("I come from a very poor country," Paik once said, "so I have to entertain all the time"), has more or less decided that he will not ask viewers to surrender control of their time anymore. He now devotes his main efforts to installations such as his "Hanging TV: Fish Flies in the Sky," which consists of twenty or more TV monitors attached to the ceiling, each one showing a different tape; the viewer may lie down on a mattress to observe this galactic spectacle, but no time span is specified. "You are free to watch or not watch," as Paik puts it. These and other Paik installations will be shown at the Whitney next spring, in a major Paik retrospective that may do for video art what new clothes did for the emperor.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

SOLO FLIGHT

Winifred Madison, M.A., author, and Guille Libresco, Ph.D., psychologist, Davis —No matter what our status is, life is a "single affair". We enter solo and leave the same way. Why not do this with confidence and joy? This conference explores the truths, pleasures and opportunities involved in being single. Barbara Mousalam, famed sensitive of the Bay Area, will set the tone for a satisfying way of being. Guille Libresco, psychologist, will talk on Being One; Joan Calloway on Dressing with Spirit; G.L. Silversan, columnist for the *Davis Enterprise* on What to Do Saturday Night; Michael Phillips, business advisor to artists in the Bay Area, Glide Memorial Church, on the Seven Laws of Money; and Julie Portz, R.N., on Holistic Health Advice. The conference will end with a demonstration of how to prepare the Chinese delicacy *dim sum* by chef David Soo Hoo of the Ming Tree Restaurant, Sacramento. Please bring sack lunch. —Catalogue of extension courses at the University of California, Davis.

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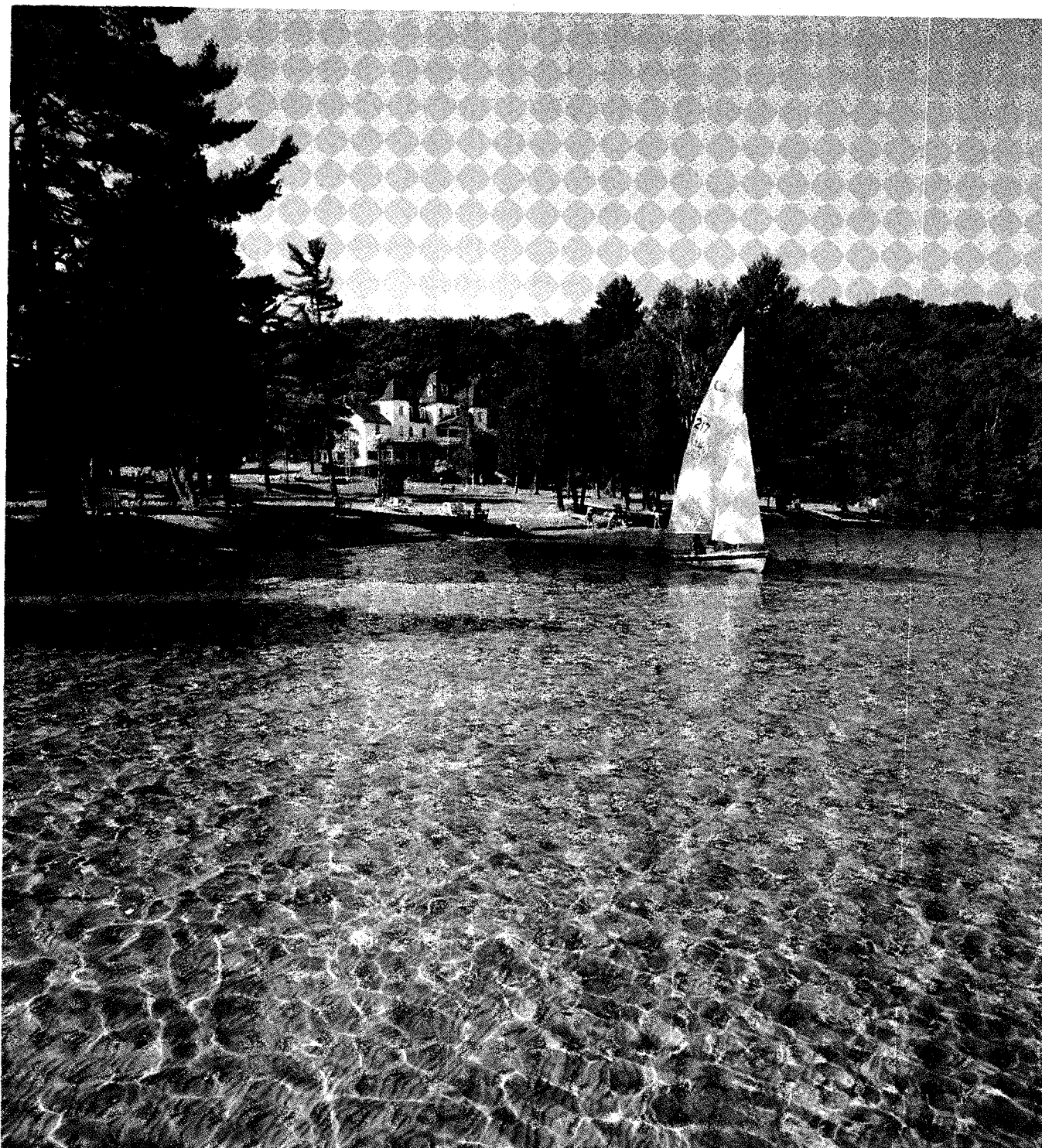
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BOOKS

Borges



IN the twenties, Jorge Luis Borges was a poet who took at once to the manner of "ultraism," a literary cult he came upon among avant-garde writers in Madrid when he travelled there, with his father, as a young man. The son was out to create an Argentine variation of a style that sought bizarre and startling metaphors. As he wrote later, a trolley car would be seen as a man shouldering a gun, the sunrise became a shout, in the evening the sun was "crucified in the west." By the late thirties, his enormous and wonderfully random reading in English, Spanish, and French had equipped him to be a dashing literary essayist—all originality—as well as a laconic adapter of "tough" stories either set in scenes of low life in Buenos Aires or drawn from traditional Argentine sources. The poet faded, and—partly because of crises in his personal life—Borges was seeking another direction. His father's death left him without a living mentor, and at about this time he found that his own gifts had, in their turn, attracted a young writer who became a disciple, and who shared his bent for fantasy; fantasy was declared to be older than literature, for, as Borges' biographer Emir Rodríguez Monegal has written, it followed "the order and the logic of magic, not of the chaotic 'real' world." Borges and Adolfo Bioy Casares, the young disciple, decided to collaborate on a series of detective stories, "Six Problems for Don Isidro Parodi," now translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni (Dutton; \$11.50). This sportive diversion looks like a "cure" for a writer who was feeling his way toward a durable and serious manner.

It is strange now to imagine a writer as distinctive as Borges working with anyone, yet the collaboration excited him. The result was indeed bizarre, and something like a boisterous lark or bout of wrestling with his friend. They were united by a pseudonym, H. Bustos Domecq—combining names of their great-grandfathers—and one can see how the lark was one of those holidays or accidents that stir a writer's latent powers. Part of Borges' intention was to create an Argentine literature for the Argentines, by satiriz-

ing the habits of a new society. About the collaboration, he has written in his "Autobiographical Essay":

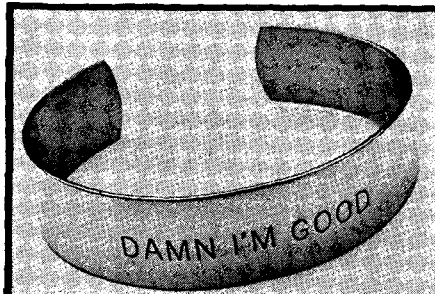
Bioy was really and secretly the master. He and I attempted many different literary ventures. We compiled anthologies of Argentine poetry, tales of the fantastic, and detective stories; we wrote articles and forewords; we annotated Sir Thomas Browne and Gracián; we translated short stories by writers like Beerbohm, Kipling, Wells, and Lord Dunsany; we founded a magazine called *Destiempo*, which lasted three issues; we wrote film scripts, which were invariably rejected. Opposing my taste for the pathetic, the sententious, and the baroque, Bioy made me feel that quietness and restraint are more desirable. If I may be allowed a sweeping statement, Bioy led me gradually toward classicism.

Their wild spoofing, punning, and parodying made them shout with laughter as they wrote, but no one laughed in Buenos Aires. The book was thought to be a bore. And the tangled plots of the tales do suggest headlong film scripts written to drive

a director mad. The book certainly flopped. The earliest readers in a very self-satisfied establishment did not grasp that it parodied traditional Argentine illusions and the effects of the exposure of a new-rich society to the ideological turmoil of Europe in the thirties and forties. Alfonso Reyes, the Mexican critic, was one of the few who saw the hidden point of the tales. As for the classicism of Borges, one can now see many signs of the metaphysical writer who would soon after write masterpieces like "El Aleph" and "Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius." Many passages bring to mind the mingling strains of Poe, Chesterton, and the philosopher Berkeley, and suggest the strengthening hand of the Borges we know. Mere "mysteries" have no philosophical overtones. We cannot guess who had the ingenious idea of choosing for the infallible detective Don Isidro a man serving a twenty-one-year sentence for a murder



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committed by someone else. The police politely allow guilty, falsely accused, or self-accused persons to visit the master in his cell, where his role as a detective is entirely cerebral: he can never visit the scene of the crime; he has to decide on hearsay. Don Isidro is a sort of non-perambulatory Father Brown who does his psychological sums in his head. The authors even go to the impertinent length of introducing a criminal adroit enough to disguise himself as Chesterton's famous priest. Don Isidro soon sees through that.

Each tale begins with a misleading situation, which becomes sometimes so crammed with clues that the plot is hard to follow until we reach the acute, if improbable, solution. Part of the fun lies in the pompous introduction to the tales by a ponderous Academician, who also turns up occasionally as a character in the book. He is one of those Argentines of the period who scattered French clichés through their talk; he swears by his "*parole de gentilhomme*," speaks of Don Isidro's "*trouville*" as an Argentine "achievement," and sneers at immigrants and at Jews. He inserts only one small criticism in his rhetorical praise of the book:

But all is not flowers. The Attic censor in me condemns without appeal the tiring extravagance of colorful but episodic brush strokes—an overgrown thicket that clutters and obscures the Parthenon's sharp outline.

So they often do. The real strength of the authors lies in their power of gaudy caricature—and chiefly in the torrent of affected vernacular or self-dramatizing disclaimer which the visitors to Don Isidro pour out. The tales are told by a procession of loud talkers. "Ultraism" also plays its part in the metaphors. One Carlos Anglada says in Don Isidro's cell that he is inclined to "let myself drift on the ferry boat of my verbiage. A River Plate H. G. Wells, let me row upstream in time. I shall disembark on the possessive marriage bed." In the tale "Tadeo Limardo's Victim," a swanking hoodlum is attacked by a man who "came at me like boiling milk." In the same story, the despised Limardo seems "like a loaf that nobody wants to buy," and yet slowly spreads over the place "like spilled oil." He is eventually killed and lies stretched on a bed "deader than a salami."

These phrases come from characters who are continually in voice. Some are from literary coteries, some are new-

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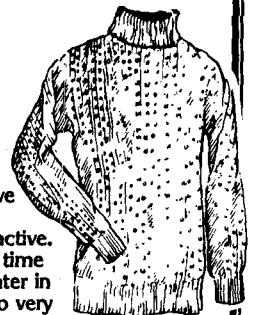
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rich millionaires, some are giddy or loose women or shifty thieves. In the opening story—which is far too fantastic—the talker is a dull, obsequious fellow who seeks to join a peculiar secret society and has to recite the names of the governing constellations of astrology as if they were items in a card trick, but elsewhere all the theatrical voices of Buenos Aires are heard. Their language is flung about either like grotesque bouquets or like dirty linen. One cannot guess which collaborator contributed the lines, but Borges was certainly out to establish the real voice of the new Argentine. It would not be the voice of Madrid, for all his devotion to Cervantes and Quevedo, or that of the strange assortment of English writers he admired, from Sir Thomas Browne to Wells, Chesterton, and Conan Doyle.

Where we begin to detect the later Borges is in the serious concern for intellectual enigma, in the view of fiction as a game dignified by fateful, ancient overtones, and, of course, in the faked bibliographical footnotes with which, as a prisoner of his municipal library, he made the hours more bearable. If we take the case of Limardo, in his sleazy hotel, there is first the fact that he is a stranger who is despised. Suddenly, in an astonishingly dramatic scene, he preaches the sacredness of marriage vows to the astounded crooks. Why? Has he come to kill the lover of his faithless wife? How can such a coward, so easily put upon, bring himself to such an act? The excellence of this tale lies in its exposure of the minds of the evasive, watchful crooks, who are comically watching one another and diddling one another as they do so. Don Isidro sees that Limardo had come not to kill but to provoke his own death:

It was true that he had brought a gun to kill someone, but that someone was himself. He had come a long way. For months and months, he had begged for abuse and insult in order to strengthen his nerve to kill himself, because death was what he longed for. I also think that before he died he wanted to see his wife.

That last sentence is devastating, for the reader has already seen that it is the wife who kills Limardo in defending, as she supposes, her lover. That extra turn of the psychological screw is surely pure Borges.

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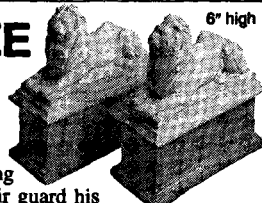


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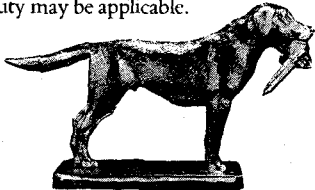
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who has risen to great wealth and has assumed the rank. Don Isidro broods in his cell: the old Commendatore has known for years that Ricardo is really a bastard, the son of his faithless wife by another man. The father's vengeance lies in destroying the young man by covertly encouraging his vices, secretly buying mistresses for him—creating, in fact, a man who is a deceived fraud. The old man spends all his wealth so that this son will get nothing. Worse, he sees to it that the son hears the hollowness of his pretensions as a lover. Don Isidro ends the tale on a Borgesian note of ambiguity:

The realization that his whole life was a farce both bewildered and humiliated Ricardo. It was as if suddenly you were told you were someone else. . . . He never said a thing against the Commendatore, whom he still loved. But he left a farewell letter that his father was sure to understand. That letter said, "Now everything has changed and will go on changing. . . . No other father in the world has done what my father has."

I think Father Brown-Borges wrote that suicide note.

The collaborators continued their parodying fit for a few years, until they found themselves getting wilder and more baroque, and then gave up. But they had exploited the fantasy life of the Buenos Aires of their time. Almost at once, the real Borges saw what he wanted to be: a "classicist" in metaphysical fable and conundrum. Their meanings go far beyond the dramas of his own city.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ZUCKERMAN UNBOUND, by Philip Roth (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$10.95). In this episodic sequel to "The Ghost Writer," the fledgling writer Nathan Zuckerman now struggles with the wealth, fame, intrusions, and estrangements bestowed upon him by the enormous success of his fourth novel, "Carnovsky." Zuckerman's parents, his Newark, his discardable shiksa consorts, his pangs of guilt and impatience, his love for the classics of Western thought, and his fondness for forties trivia may be somewhat familiar to faithful readers of Mr. Roth, who has evolved from the broad-shouldered domestic realist of "Letting Go," the frenzied fantasist of "The Great American Novel," and the unbuttoned psychodramatist of "Portnoy's Complaint" into something of an exqui-

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sitist, moving, in his last four novels, among his by now highly polished themes with ever more expertness and care. The comic diatribes seem almost engraved, they are so finely turned, and the polarities between id and superego, Jew and goy, artistic honesty and human decency are as beautifully played upon as the melodies in a Bach fugue. Always one of the most intelligent and energetic of American authors, Roth has now become one of the most scrupulous, and the grateful, amused, enlightened reader would be a churl indeed if he complained at the narrowing, almost miniaturized, scope of Roth's bejewelled and frisky world. Warning: This short work bears on its jacket flaps a plot summary almost as long and gratuitous as a master's thesis. Ignore it or forfeit all surprises, pleasant and unpleasant.

THE SHOOTING PARTY, by Isabel Colegate (Viking; \$11.95). This novel, by a writer well established in England, is her first to reach this country in some years, and it is most welcome. It is a novel of unusual force and flavor. The time is October, 1913, the last autumn before the Great War, and the setting is the splendid Oxfordshire estate of Sir Randolph Nettleby, a middle-aged baronet. A number of aristocratic sportsmen (including two lords) and their ladies have assembled for a two-day pheasant drive—an elaborately contrived drama staged by Sir Randolph and his excellent gamekeeper, Glass. There are two rival guns, there is a young girl looking expectantly toward her first romance, there are a couple of discreet extramarital affairs, Lady Randolph and her daughter and granddaughter and her bridge games, the servants and the beaters recruited from the village. There is tension and the unfolding of character and a sense of mind and manners, and without ever raising her voice or underlining a word, Miss Colegate also manages to suggest the impending end of an era—to compose a gentle requiem for a time now far more distant than a mere sixty-eight years ago.

GENERAL

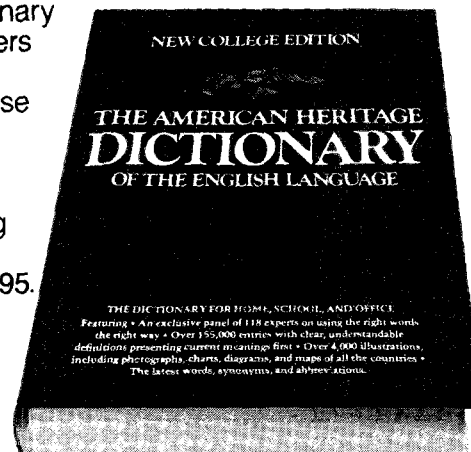
JOURNEY TO NOWHERE, by Shiva Naipaul (Simon & Schuster; \$13.95). A couple of weeks after Pastor Jim Jones persuaded nine hundred of his followers to take their own lives in

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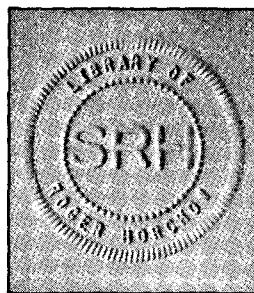
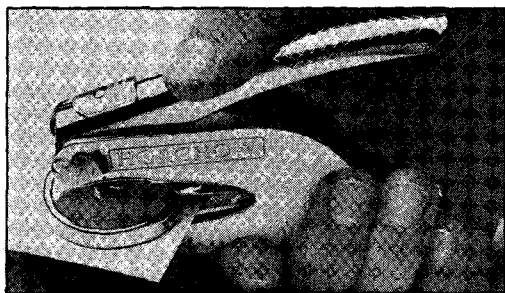
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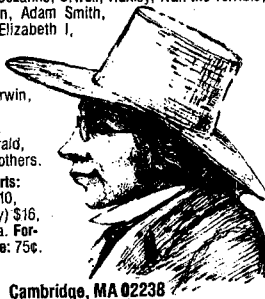
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Jonestown, Guyana, Mr. Naipaul installed himself in a Georgetown hotel. He talked about the mass suicide to people around town, and he got included on a government-sponsored flight to Jonestown, the jungly "earthly paradise" to which Jim Jones had moved his People's Temple from the United States, but just as we think we are in for yet another journalistic account of "the Jonestown tragedy" we perceive that Naipaul has his sights fixed somewhat higher. After some witty and scathing animadversions upon the government of Guyana, he takes us to California and there carries out his wider inquiry, into other evangelical retreats from the intellect, to which the grisly end of the People's Temple, he believes, was a logical sequitur. Some of this discussion—of est, of the born-again, of the heritage of the flower politics of the sixties—is very funny, but Naipaul is not after cheap laughs. One feels that he is holding his notable talents as an ironist and satirist in check, because he feels that his subject—the willing surrender of the mind, and its political ramifications—is too serious and too dangerous for jokes.

A LIAR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, VOLUME VI, by Graham Chapman (Methuen; \$13.95). Required reading for "Monty Python" fans. The last sentence of Chapter Nought ("So what could have been the story of a kind-hearted, respectable medical practitioner, isn't") and a—finally—terminal footnote to Chapter One ("It's difficult to pin down, but while there have been some quite interesting passages in this chapter, it all seems a bit *disjointed* and self-conscious—the footnotes especially") suggest what Chapters Two through Seventeen prove: that a man who claims to be a liar will sometimes, in spite of himself, tell the truth (which in the case of Graham Chapman ranges from a holiday spent reading "Claudius the God" in the back seat of his parents' Ford Anglia, as the North Sea splashed against the windows, to the Tunisian set for "Life of Brian"); that a man who once co-wrote thirteen "Monty Python" programs, thirteen scripts for the comedian Ronnie Corbett, and eleven episodes of "Doctor at Large" in the course of one year knows that a funny story need not depend upon silly footnotes for laughs; and that the words of a

Python are best uttered in the manner of everything from (depending upon the chapter) a snivelling twit to an addled bobby—in the manner, that is, of a protean Python.

EDITH SITWELL, by Victoria Glendinning (Knopf; \$17.95). The late poet (1887-1964) was the daughter of a sour baronet and an extravagant, indifferent, and handsome mother with ducal ancestors. Born plain, sketchily educated, Edith Sitwell was forced through the routines of high society without success, partly because she was ill at ease and partly because she was six feet tall and appeared odd. She took refuge in literature. Her first poems were published in 1913, and the following year she moved, with her former governess, to a small apartment in London. Miss Sitwell was alienated from her parents, and although she and her brothers, Osbert and Sacheverell, were devoted, they were often physically separated. Her governess-companion in time became a burden, and her love-hate relationship with the painter Pavel Tchelitchew became a torment. This excellent biography is, among other things, a study in loneliness. The author has drawn on published and manuscript sources, and her critical evaluations are sound. She explains that Miss Sitwell's combativeness and touchiness were due to a solitary person's feeling that her work was all she had in the world, so that she was a degree more anxious about acceptance or esteem than most poets. Still, all Sitwells seem to have enjoyed their scraps.

THOSE DRINKING DAYS: MYSELF AND OTHER WRITERS, by Donald Newlove (Horizon; \$9.95). *Mea culpa*, Mr. Newlove cries out in exultant despair in this memoir of twenty-five glassy-eyed years of alcoholic bondage—*mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*. He says that he started drinking because he wanted to be a writer—another Thomas Wolfe or Dostoevski—and that it was his upstate-New York understanding that drink and literary distinction went hand in hand. So he drank, and wrote piles of dazzling gibberish: "Drunkspeare was blooming, my stack of winewords filled a deep drawer in my bedroom desk, my winethumbed rejection slips..." His self-flagellation is a little painful (it is, of course, a form of bragging), but the picture he draws of his moral and physical and intellec-



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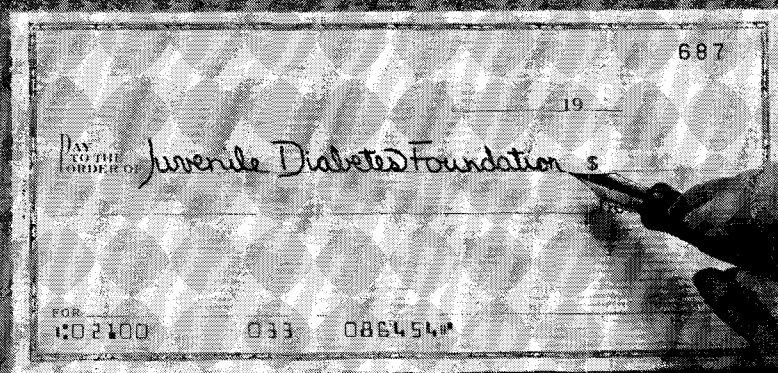
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tual degradation is only too convincing: he truly hit bottom. Then, two-thirds of the way through his story he finds sanctuary in an organization that appears to be Alcoholics Anonymous. Thus saved and recovered, he turns for the remaining pages on a legion of other drunken writers—Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Jack London, Roethke, Malcolm Lowry, Tennessee Williams, and, especially, Robert Lowell (whom he speaks of meeting only once)—and lectures them on their folly, on their failure to discover A.A., on their failure to cast off their chains as he did.

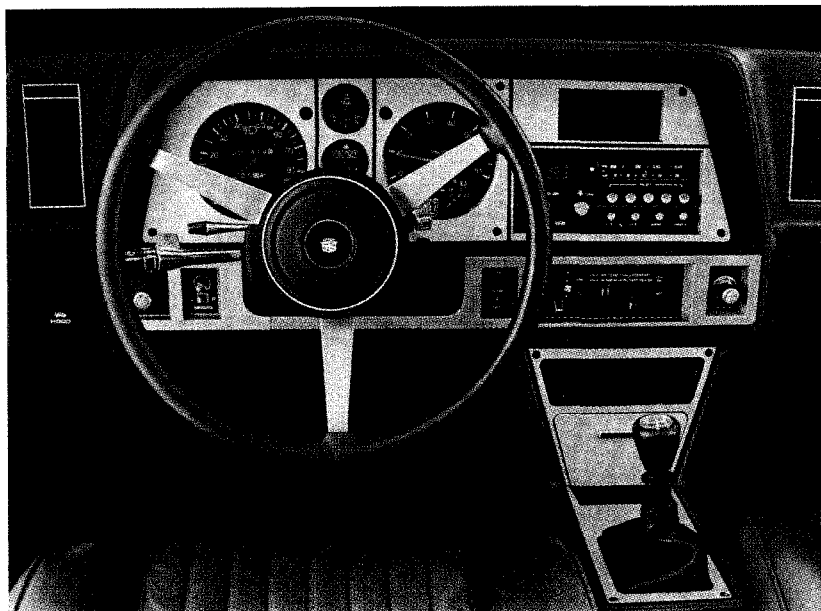
NOTE: "Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number," Jacobo Timerman's account of his twenty-nine-month imprisonment for criticizing the Argentine government in his newspaper, *La Opinión*, has been published by Knopf (\$10.95). A large part of the book first appeared in these pages. . . . Whitney Balliett's "Night Creature: A Journal of Jazz, 1975-1980" has been published by Oxford (\$15.95). Most of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, in somewhat different form.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

FREE FALL IN CRIMSON, by John D. MacDonald (Harper & Row; \$10.95). In this (his nineteenth) diverting brush with mayhem and murder, Travis McGee observes, "Nine out of ten adult males would find it impossible, thank God, to shove a knife into the belly of a fellow human, even if their own life seemed in danger." Well, here that No. 10 adult male is on the prowl for McGee, his hands already stained with the blood of six other fellow human beings, three of them comely young women. The action involves a rich old man dying of cancer who is speeded to his grave by certain parties aware of the complicated details of his will. McGee is called in, deals with some motorcycle thugs and a runaway balloon, and survives to deliver his usual rough justice.

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Well, all work and no play, you know.



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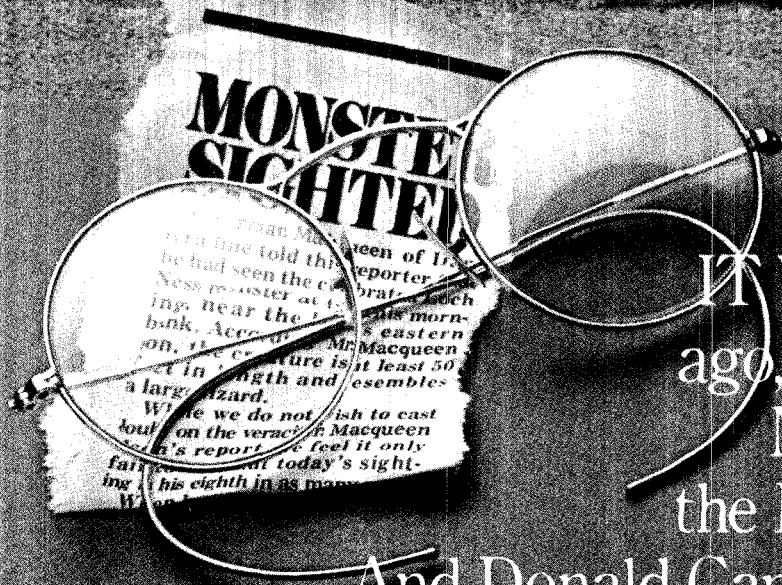
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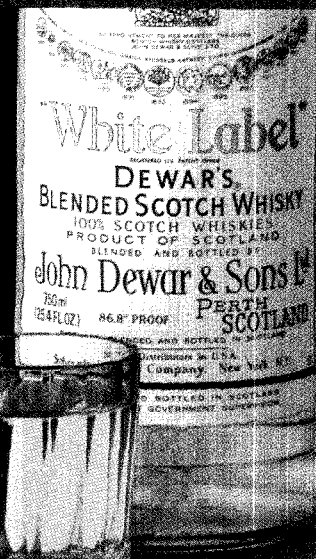


IT WAS seventeen years ago, in August, that Norman Macqueen says he saw the Loch Ness monster.

And Donald Campbell still says he didn't.

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